



Rob. Cullis Hauberg

LECTURES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

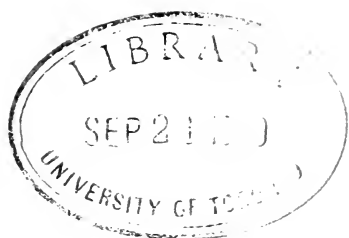
FROM NOVEMBER 1852, TO FEBRUARY 1853.

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET AND CO., BERNERS STREET

HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

1853.



23

LONDON:
STRANGEWAYS AND WALDEN, Castle St. Leicester Sq.

PREFACE.

THE favour with which the publication of the Lectures delivered annually before the YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, in Exeter Hall, has been received from time to time, renders a Preface unnecessary in regard to its ordinary uses.

On this occasion the Committee desires simply to explain to those who were not present at the delivery of this (Eighth) Course of Lectures to Young Men, that the Rev. Samuel Martin and Mr. J. Sheridan Knowles were each prevented by severe illness from affording their promised aid.

Instead of the Lecture on "Oratory," by Mr. Sheridan Knowles, the Committee was enabled to secure the valuable paper on "Irish Eloquence," by the Rev. George Croly, LL.D., Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook; while in the place of the discourse on

“Opposition to Great Inventions and Discoveries,” which Mr. Martin was unable to prepare, it is through the kindness of the Rev. James Hamilton, D.D., F.L.S., permitted to publish a Lecture delivered by him on the jubilee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, entitled, “What Fifty Years have done for the Bible; and, What the Bible can do for ourselves.”

The Committee feels it to be a grateful duty to record its thankfulness to the distinguished friends of truth who have again rendered to the Association their valued assistance; and it humbly commends this permanent record of their labours to the blessing of Him for whose glory they were undertaken.

T. HENRY TARLTON,

HON. SECRETARY.

*Young Men's Christian Association Library and Offices,
7 Gresham Street, City, March 19, 1853.*

CONTENTS.

WONDERS OF THE BIBLE.

By the Rev. HUGH STOWELL, A.M. of Manchester.

R. C. L. BEVAN, ESQ. IN THE CHAIR.

THE PROPHETS OF SCEPTICISM.

By the Rev. WILLIAM LANDELS, of Birmingham.

JOHN MORLEY, ESQ. IN THE CHAIR.

WELLINGTON.

By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D.

J. C. COLQUHOUN, ESQ. IN THE CHAIR.

GOLD AND GOLD-SEEKERS.

By the Hon. and Rev. H. M. VILLIERS, A.M.

J. G. SHEPPARD, ESQ. IN THE CHAIR.

IRISH ELOQUENCE, AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE SPEECHES OF CURRAN.

By the Rev. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D. Rector of St. Stephen's,
Walbrook.

WM. MORLEY, ESQ. IN THE CHAIR.

THE PRECURSORS OF THE ENGLISH REFORMATION.

By ALFRED ROOKER, Esq. of Plymouth.

JAMES NISBET, ESQ. IN THE CHAIR.

SINCERITY, IN ITS RELATION TO HUMAN ACTIONS, AND
TO MATTERS OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

By the Rev. SAMUEL D. WADDY, of Sheffield.

J. W. GILBART, ESQ. F.R.S. IN THE CHAIR.

ANGLO-SAXON COLONIES.

By the Rev. JOHN STOUGHTON.

HENRY TUCKER, ESQ. IN THE CHAIR.

BAXTER AND HIS TIMES.

By the Rev. J. C. RYLE, A.B. of Helmingham, Suffolk.

THE HON. ARTHUR KINNAIRD, M.P. IN THE CHAIR.

COLERIDGE AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

By the Rev. WILLIAM M. HETHERINGTON, LL.D. of Edinburgh.

B. P. BAKER, ESQ. IN THE CHAIR.

YOUNG MEN FOR THE AGE.

By the Rev. WILLIAM BROCK.

GEO. HITCHCOCK, ESQ. IN THE CHAIR.

WHAT FIFTY YEARS HAVE DONE FOR THE BIBLE; AND,
WHAT THE BIBLE CAN DO FOR OURSELVES.

By the Rev. JAMES HAMILTON, D.D. F.L.S.

The Wonders of the Bible.

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. HUGH STOWELL, A.M.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

NOVEMBER 16, 1852.

THE WONDERS OF THE BIBLE.

ART has its wonders, and they are great; Nature has hers, and they are incomparably greater; but the greatest of all wonders are the wonders of Revelation. "Thy testimonies," exclaimed the Prophet-King, "thy testimonies are wonderful." To unfold some of those wonders, is the delightful task which I have undertaken on this occasion,—a task which would be as easy as it is delightful if all were prepared to "savour" and to "discern" "the things of the Spirit of God." But as music to the deaf, or beauty to the blind, so are "the deep things of God" to "the natural man." Faint, unimpressive, unreal, at best, must be the conceptions which can be conveyed to such an one of those things which he may conjecture, but cannot perceive. How urgently, then, does it concern each one of us, to breathe forth from the depth of his heart to God the prayer of the sweet Singer of Israel, "Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

On approaching the holy Book, we are arrested at once by its marvellous antiquity. Some portions of Holy Scripture are older than any other writings which the world contains; written, most probably, in the

mother-tongue of earth—the tongue of Paradise, they have survived other contemporaries, and stand forth alone, amidst the wreck of the early records of the world. Like the fabled pillars of Seth, which were said to have outlasted the ravages of the flood, these monuments of divine faithfulness have outlived the desolations of ages, and continue to the present moment unmutilated and undecayed. The Bible, so far as the most laborious investigations can enable us to determine, comes down to us alike free from serious erasure on the one hand, and important interpolation on the other; we possess it in all its pristine purity and in all its primitive integrity. And this will be felt to be the more astonishing when we call to mind that it has thus endured, despite of hostility the most implacable; despite of assaults the most unremitting; despite of confederacies the most determined; despite of every artifice that hell and earth could devise for its destruction: kings have fought against this citadel of truth; nations have combined to lay it in the dust; traitors have striven to betray it to its enemies, whilst open adversaries have beleaguered its walls with an assiduity only equalled by their malignity,—yet the fortress of our faith rears its battlements in the midst of us unshaken, unimpaired, and impregnable.

Not by physical violence alone has the book of God been assailed: ridicule has exhausted all its shafts against it; profane wit has launched all its darts against it; perverted reason has brought all its artillery to bear upon it; yet it has encountered all, it has endured all unimpeached and unimpeachable. Copies of it have been destroyed times without number, they have been hunted out, in order that they might be burned: in a thousand

instances they have been cast into the flames along with the martyrs who sealed the Book with their blood ; and yet, like the mystic bush which it chronicles, though enveloped with flames, it has remained unconsumed, a manifest token that He who dwelt in the bush dwells in the Bible.

Nor is it less impressive when we take up this venerable volume to recollect, that, as it has survived the assaults of all its foes, so has it come down to us, stamped with the deepest reverence, embalmed with the fondest affection, of the noblest and the best of every age. When we commune with the Bible we hold communion, through its medium, with the holy men of all generations, " the glorious company of the apostles," " the goodly fellowship of the prophets," " the noble army of martyrs,"—all that in every age and in every clime have had fellowship with God and delighted in his truth. All these made the Bible the friend of their bosom, the pearl of their hearts, their joy in their sorrows, their counsellor in their perplexities, their comforter in depression, their light in every hour of darkness, and their companion in every hour of loneliness. They bedewed it with their tears, embalmed it with their prayers, and many of them sealed it with their blood ; they " counted all things but loss for the excellency of its knowledge," despised everything earth could offer to lure them from valuing it, and braved everything earth could threaten to scare them from holding it fast. How delightful is it, then, to press to our hearts a Volume thus associated with the hallowed memories of " so great a cloud of witnesses"—the men " of whom the world was not worthy !" They " have set to their seal," that " the law of the Lord is perfect, converting the

soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple;" that "the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart;" that "the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes;" that "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

But if, after gazing with admiration on the sacred Book, overawed by its ancientness and ravished by its saintly remembrances, we proceed to open its pages, we are at once arrested by its style, its tone, its spirit.

Its style throughout is diverse from that of every composition beside,—so diverse, that the simplest peasant who has learned to love it can distinguish it immediately from every imitation. There is an instinctive perception of their divinity in the mind of one who is imbued with the Holy Scriptures, which enables him to discriminate at once between human traditions or apocryphal writings and the writings of the holy men who wrote "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Even as a person of discernment can at once distinguish the most exquisite performances of art from the glorious originals in nature, so that he can never mistake the canvass for the landscape, or the breathing marble for the living man, even so the versed in Holy Scripture can never confound the loftiest productions of genius with the autograph of Deity. There is that about the Bible which unequivocally bespeaks it to be the finger-work of Him that built the earth and garnished the heavens. The traces of divinity in his word are more manifest than the traces of divinity in his works.

The style of Holy Scripture is everywhere characterised by a directness, an inartificialness, a truthfulness, a transparency, all its own. It is immeasurably remote from everything that looks like *finesse*, plausibility,

sophistry, elaborateness, or frivolity; all is natural, all is easy, all is earnest: no hydraulic pressure was employed to force up the waters of life,—they gushed forth as from a fathomless fountain, in order that their “streams might make glad the city of our God.”

The style of Scripture is further distinguished by a wondrous combination of unearthliness and majesty on the one hand, with human tenderness and pathos and expressiveness on the other. Hence in the texture of the Book of God (as is beautifully shown in that admirable volume, which I would commend to the attention of every young man, and especially of every young man whose mind is at sea on the vital question of the inspiration of the Bible, Gaussen’s “*Theopneustia*”),—in the texture of the book of God there is throughout an interweaving of the human with the divine, and of the divine with the human. There is so much of human affection and human emotion; of the expression of human hopes, human fears, human sorrows, human joys, human struggles, human perplexities, human infirmities, and all the complicated experience of the human heart, as to make its pages abundantly intelligible and exquisitely interesting and touching to human kind; and yet all this is interwoven with so much of divine dignity and elevation and purity and power, that they amaze whilst they delight, and overawe whilst they captivate. Even as the Eternal Word became incarnate that he might be manifested to man, so his revealed word was made human that it might come down and come home to mankind. Thus, whilst this blessed Book uncurtains the heights of heaven, it at the same time brings them within the range of mortal ken. It condescends to every mind, it appeals to every heart. The style of

7

Scripture is suited to all persons, all ages, all countries. As it is with water, everywhere found, it is good for all; or as with bread, the commonest of food, it is adapted to every taste; so is it with the bread and the water of life; they are alike fitted for the savage and the sage, the philosopher and the peasant, the child just learning to lisp the name of Jesus and the hoary saint just taking his flight to the paradise of God. Hence it is that you will find the Bible arrest and impress the thoughtful infant, arrest and impress the earnest philosopher, arrest and impress the wild Caffre, arrest and impress the degraded Hottentot, arrest and impress the effeminate Hindoo. It speaks a language which every spiritual mind can understand, and which every renewed heart can feel. It is a revelation for mankind,—not for one tribe, or one nation, or one class; with it, as with its Author, “there is no respect of persons;” “there is neither Jew nor Greek, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free,” but the Bible is the book of all, as Christ is the Saviour of all, and as God is the Maker of all. It ordinarily stoops to the simplest whilst it sometimes soars above the sublimest intellect. As it has been beautifully said by good Bishop Hall, “If there be depths in it in which the elephant can swim, there are shallows in which the lamb can wade.” Like the waters of the ocean, which overflow the fathomless abyss, yet at the same time fill up the limpet-shell, so the waters of this river of life, whilst they can deluge the mind of an archangel, can also drop into the heart of a child, and there become a well of water “springing up into everlasting life.” Or, to change the figure, as the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, not only floods the firmament with his radiance, but at the

same time shines down through the casement into the poor man's hut, and lights up his lowly dwelling, so this lamp of life can dazzle with its effulgence the loftiest of created minds, and yet shine through the understanding of an unlettered widow, to light up her heart with that "dayspring from on high" which shall "shine more and more unto the perfect day."

Nor is the style of Scripture more marvellous than is the tone of Scripture. There is about it a certain indescribable grandeur, a majestic power, which belongs to no book besides. We feel, when we enter the temple of inspiration, that we are ushered into the immediate presence and are listening to the indubitable accents of him that made us; we feel that "the voice of the Lord is mighty in operation, the voice of the Lord is a glorious voice!" The tone of Scripture throughout is authoritative and uncompromising. The Bible recognises no fellow, and endures no rival; it demands unhesitating faith, unconditional submission, undeviating obedience. It sustains this key-note in all its parts, whether from the gentle instrument of John or the glowing instrument of Paul, whether from the sounding harp of Isaiah or from the plaintive lyre of Jeremiah, you still hear the same divine air; it is man speaking, yet it is God speaking by man; it is man writing, yet it is the mind of God he writes. And this tone is maintained throughout with a congruity, an ease, and a naturalness, which could characterise no authorship save his who created us, and has an infinite right to challenge our belief and command our obedience.

In perfect keeping with the tone is the spirit of Scripture. That spirit is ever one—ever divine. There is unity in diversity, there is diversity in unity. We

glory in the diversity, it shows the genuineness of the writings : we rejoice in the unity, it shows the divinity of the supreme Author ; it proves that, however various the instruments he employed, they were all harmonised by one master-hand into one glorious chorus. Multitudinous as were the chords of the harp of revelation, they were all tuned to one key-note—all swept by one hand. And not more surely does the unity in diversity which characterises the works of creation bespeak one Creator than does the unity in diversity which distinguishes the records of grace bespeak one author. If the argument is clear and sound in the one case, it is equally sound and clear in the other.

Advancing from the outer courts into the interior of the temple, we are forthwith overawed by the memorials of stupendous signs and wonders with which it is emblazoned. The miracles which attested the Bible are amongst the main pillars on which its authority rests. The religion of revelation, and that alone, was ushered into the world accompanied with such credentials ; challenging submission, and professing to authenticate its divine origin by the doing of works which no man could do “ except God were with him.” You will find, on examination, that it was not so with any of the multiplied fictitious systems of faith which have been palmed on mankind. They did, indeed, some of them, make a boast of pretended prodigies, but this was always after they had been introduced into the world, and not in order to their introduction. It was when the imposture had gained a certain power and spell over its votaries that its propagators ventured to adduce their lying wonders. They did not dare to put them in the foreground, and they invariably took care so to shroud and to cir-

cumstance them that they should elude detection by baffling investigation. The distinction here between all false signs and the miracles which endorsed the word of God is broad as the distinction between night and day. All the miracles which impostors ever pretended to work were stealthy and equivocal, performed amongst a few prejudiced and interested followers, the effects not unfrequently of a kind of legerdemain: there was nothing about them of openness or fairness, of dignity or beneficence. On the contrary, the miracles of the Bible were wrought in the simplest and most unequivocal manner; in the face of multitudes, in the broad light of day, challenging scrutiny, and defying criticism, witnessed by foes as well as by friends,—witnessed by those who had every opportunity of testing them by their senses—that final foundation of evidence to man. Too much weight can hardly be attached to this fact; for if we deny the testimony of the senses we deny all certainty whatever, and cast mankind abroad on a starless, shoreless deep. Whether it be by the outrageous figment of transubstantiation, or by the subtle spiritualism of modern sceptics evaporating the miracles into myths, that you set aside the witness of the senses, you in effect sap the basis of all knowledge, for the senses are the inlets of all information, so that if their evidence were to be destroyed man would be left little better than the mole, groping in darkness beneath the ground.

The miracles of Scripture were many of them of the most conspicuous and definite description. The sun stood still in the heavens,—the moon paused in her career,—the waters of the mighty deep were divided,—the dumb spake to astonished multitudes,—the leper was cleansed,—the demoniac was set free,—the blind

beheld their deliverer,—the dead sprang to life again. These signs were wrought to attest the truth of revelation; and it was utterly impossible if they had been forgeries, that they should not have been exploded. They were not done in the presence of obtuse or partial witnesses; many of them were done in the midst of men of the acutest intelligence, who were at the same time most deeply interested in detecting and most intensely bent on the detection of imposture, if imposture there had been. Yet so manifest and indisputable was the reality of those supernatural works, that it was never doubted, much less denied, in early times. Ascribed to Satanic power those wonders sometimes were, but their genuineness was never called in question. It was reserved for the effrontery of modern infidelity to brand them as fictitious, and scout them as impossible.

Hume and Spinoza were among the first to presume to denounce the miracles as unreal, because, forsooth, they were impossible. Strange discovery, that the Omnipotent cannot alter his own laws, or suspend the action of causes which he himself originated and still sustains! As if anything were “too hard for God!” If he made all things, can he not remake and remodel them at his will? If he made the sun to run his race, and the moon to know her seasons, can he not control them as seems him good? Admit Omnipotence, and then to speak of great or little, arduous or easy, practicable or impracticable, is sheer absurdity. To talk of the impossibility of a miracle, therefore, is neither more nor less than disguised atheism: the man who so prates had better throw aside the transparent veil, and say with his lip what the fool saith in his heart, “There is no God.’

The mighty deeds which pillar revelation stand alone in their beneficence as they do in their reality; they were not wrought to amuse or to amaze, on trivial occasions or for unworthy purposes; they were wrought to display the grace as well as the greatness of him that wrought them.

Take another view of the miracles of the Bible. The men who did them and avouched them—the prophets and the apostles—were either honest or dishonest men. If honest, they could not have lent themselves to the vile fraud of palming on mankind as the finger-prints of God what were in truth the artifices of impostors; if dishonest, they would never have forged credentials to authenticate a system so unsparingly condemnatory of themselves, and, above all, condemnatory of all hypocrisy and deceit.

We are, therefore, shut up to the conclusion that they were unimpeachable witnesses of what they had heard, what they had seen with their eyes, what they had looked upon, and what their hands had handled. To satisfy your minds the more, single out one miracle from the rest—the crowning miracle, the resurrection of our Lord; that sign by which he was “declared to be the Son of God with power;” was it possible, think you, that all those who beheld him after he was risen, many of whom saw him eat and drink in their presence, spoke to him face to face, marked the prints of the nails in his hands and feet, gazed upon him as he ascended up into glory—was it possible that the five hundred who saw him at one time could have been mistaken, or that, not having been deceived themselves, they could have concurred to deceive mankind? I hesitate not to say, that if there was mistake or imposture in this case,

there is no certainty in anything that is recorded in the history of the world. Nor let it be said, — “If we had beheld, we would have believed.” Nay, if you “hear not Moses and the prophets,” Christ and the apostles, “neither would you be persuaded though one rose from the dead.” It is not want of evidence, but want of inclination, that causes unbelief. It is that men *will not* be persuaded; it is not that they lack sufficient proof to persuade them. They may argue that they have not seen, and therefore will not believe. But in reality the evidence of the miracles of Scripture is just as full and as unequivocal to us as it was to those who were present when they were wrought (and if the documents which record them were authentic then, they are no less authentic now); for if those miracles were genuine when they were avouched by those who recorded them, they are equally genuine still.

It does not appear to me, therefore, that the proof of the mighty wonders wrought by prophets and apostles ought to be deemed less irrefragable or satisfactory to us in these latter days than it was to those who had ocular demonstration of their reality. The evidence is less sensible; but is it, therefore, less sure? It may less arrest the thoughtless; but is it, therefore, less fitted to assure the thoughtful?

If from the miracles of Scripture we turn our attention to the disclosures which it makes, here we are filled with fresh amazement, and ought to be filled with deepest awe and adoration of Him who reveals such marvellous things. What should we be without the Bible? What should we know without the Bible? What would the sky be without the sun? What would the man be without his understanding? There was a

fable amongst the ancients, that there fell from heaven a mysterious mirror, endued with such strange properties, that you needed but to turn it forward, and it reflected all the future; to turn it backward, and it reflected all the past; to turn it upward, and it revealed all above; to turn it downward, and it disclosed all beneath; to turn it towards your own breast, and it reflected all within. This, we know, was but a splendid fancy, a beautiful conceit of poesy; but what they imaged in fiction we possess in fact; what with them was a day-dream, is with us a glorious reality. The word of God is that marvellous mirror, fashioned and burnished by infinite skill, which has been committed to man in order that it may reveal to us eternity past, foreshadow to us eternity to come, unshroud to us the horrors of the world of woe, uncurtain to us the splendours of the world of light, and unbare to us all the mysteries of the complicated world within us — reflecting a man on his own self, till he is forced to exclaim, “Come, see a book that told me all that ever I did.” Is not this the book of God?

The disclosures of the Bible — we know not where to begin, and we shall hardly know where to end — they are so vast, so varied, so astounding, — the difficulty lies in selection. Yet where ought we to commence, but with that which is the commencement of all things? The Bible, and the Bible only, reveals to us the great God in the fulness of his perfections. There he is disclosed in his own light; he appears worthy of himself. Congruity and consistency throughout characterise the Deity as manifested in the Scriptures. Nowhere else is He so represented. The wretched fictions of pagan mythology, the wild conjectures of sceptical philosophy,

the monstrous imaginations of reason left to herself, and groping her way amid the blotted pages of creation to find out God—all these revolt us at once by their unworthiness, their absurdity, their mixture of meanness with majesty, of earthliness with etherealness, of the human with the divine. How infinitely dissimilar the God of the Bible! He shines forth in such “perfect beauty,” that we feel at once, “This must be he that made us.” There is no darkness at all in him. He is all light, all love, all purity, all justice, all truth, all holiness. We may challenge the infidel to find out one passage in the whole compass of this book in which anything is predicated of the Divine Being, or anything ascribed to him, that is not in harmony with his glorious perfections.

And what shall we say of that matchless mystery therein—and only therein—shadowed forth—the Trinity in Unity, and the Unity in Trinity, of the Eternal Godhead! How naturally, how practically, is this fathomless mystery disclosed; not dogmatically, not abruptly, not in such wise as to stagger the lowly mind, but experimentally, as bearing on our faith and life, as involved in the works of God; and above all, in his crowning work—the work of Redemption by Immanuel! The atonement—the covenant of atonement—gloriously reflects and radiates this mystery. Oh, the infinite grandeur, grace, and harmony, with which the doctrine is there unfolded! Never so as to lead us to imagine that there are three gods,—that would betray us into idolatry; never so as to “confound the persons or to divide the substance” of the Triune God. The more we enter into this abyss of brightness, not to fathom, not to comprehend, but to receive, believe, adore it;

or, to change the figure, the more we hang upon this triple pillar, which sustains all our hopes, and all our peace, and all our salvation, the more shall we feel that the book which discovers the mystery in such sublimity and congruity can be none other than the book of our Creator, Redeemer, Sanctifier,—God.

As this volume unfolds to us the mysteries of the Divine nature, so it lays open the marvels of the Divine works and ways. It takes us back to what was ere Time began its career, ere the earth and the world were made ; it gives us glimpses, so to speak, into the abyss of an antecedent eternity, when the Deity dwelt in his own solitary infinitude, before he had created anything for his glory. It then gives us intimations of the creation of the higher heavens, and of angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim ; “ principalities, and powers in the heavenly places.” Bringing us down to this lower sphere, it enables us to gaze upon the stupendous erection of our own heavens and earth. We behold, first, the vast chaotic mass out of which the glorious architecture was evolved — a mass composed, it may be, of the ruin of former worlds ; for Scripture throws no certain light on that much-mooted question — it never gratifies mere curiosity ; we are simply told, “ In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth ; and the earth was without form, and void.” Then, with what a graceful ease, with what a superhuman brevity, with what a matchless majesty, is the progress of the structure painted ! We seem to stand beside the Creator, and to behold each stage in the great work, until the “ top-stone is brought forth in triumph,” and “ the morning-stars sing together, and the sons of God shout for joy.”

There is not in the compass of composition anything comparable with the first chapter of the book of Genesis. If there were no other proof that the book of which it is a part must be divine, this proof of itself ought to weigh with a submissive mind. None but God could have described his own handy-work as it is described in this vestibule of the temple of inspiration.

Scarcely less marvellous are the records of the course of God in his dealings with the children of men. How august the march of his providence—how wondrous his interpositions in behalf of his people—how astounding his visitations on his adversaries! Mystery indeed,—clouds and darkness are represented as folded around him, but we catch many a glimpse within the thick curtains, and see that righteousness and truth, mercy and grace, are the habitation of his throne.

Then, in the next place, wondrously does the Bible reveal the heaven of heavens, the dwelling-place of God, that world of light, and love, and purity. The sketches of heaven which are given in these pages, how ethereal are they, and yet how real; how sublime, and yet how apprehensible; how vivid, and yet how chaste; how refined, and yet how fraught with all that is fitted to ravish the imagination and captivate the affections! Compare the descriptions of heaven given in this volume with all the gross visions of Elysium with which Pagan mythology abounds, or with the sensuous pictures of Paradise which Mahommedanism displays; and they are as unlike as is the blue sky of God's own firmament to the sky daubed on the tavern sign-board. It needs no argument to prove the former real; it needs none to prove the latter fictitious.

Equally grand is the discovery which the Bible makes to us of heavenly beings — the “mighty angels,” who “excel in strength”—those ministering spirits sent forth to minister to “the heirs of salvation”—those “flames of fire” in the presence of their Maker, “that do his commandments, hearkening to the voice of his word.” Beautifully consistent throughout, exquisite in purity and dignity, is the portraiture of these celestial intelligences. So are the faint etchings given us of the spirits of just men made perfect—of their happiness, of their state of expectancy whilst they wait for their “perfect consummation and bliss both in body and soul.” And passingly ravishing are the pictures of what heaven shall be when “the whole ransomed Church of God is saved to sin no more;” when, resplendent in Christ’s image, “the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the firmament, and as the stars of heaven for ever and ever.” How infinitely worthy of the pencil of the Spirit of God the delineations of the heavenly city which adorn the sacred pages!

Nor less marvellous are the fearful revelations which they make of the world beneath. All is solemn, all is graphic, all is congruous. There are dark features of physical torment; but there are still darker intimations of spiritual agonies—the stings of conscious guilt, “the worm that dieth not”—which convey to the heart a thrill of horror such as no merely mortal pen could inspire. The representations of the state of the lost, as well as the delineations of the state of the saved, authenticate the Bible.

This book, and none beside, throws light on the dark mysteries of Providence, and on the strange paradoxical properties and circumstances of human nature.

It solves the enigma of the world's condition, fallen under the curse yet sharing the blessing, condemned and yet redeemed. It accounts for this mingled state of things, where good and evil seem to blend at random, and where events appear to gainsay one another. It tells us how "God made man upright, but man sought out many inventions;" how "God made man in his own image," but man submitted to the great enemy and fell from his high estate. It tells us whence it is that we ourselves are composed of such a jarring mixture of better desires and baser appetites, lofty aspirations and grovelling passions, noble ideas and pitiful infirmities. It tells us why this portentous war within our breasts between conscience and concupiscence—the yearnings of our immortal spirits and the cravings of our animal nature. It furnishes a clue to guide us through the whole labyrinth of God's amazing dealings with our ruined race.

In these pages only can we trace the history of the Church of Christ through all the vicissitudes of past and coming ages, amid all the judgments that have fallen upon or are in store for the apostate and ungodly. Nowhere else can we discover why and how it is that the stupendous "mystery of iniquity" has so long brooded as a dread incubus upon the Church. Its origin, its duration, and its downfall, are pictured in the book of Revelation so clearly, that he who runs may read. An insight is given us into the reasons of God's long-suffering forbearance towards her whose robes are red with the blood of his saints. But we are fore-shown her coming desolations, and assured that her destruction will be the harbinger of the fulness of the Gentiles and the salvation of the Jews. Then we are

told of after and brighter days, when the Church shall put on her beautiful garments and sit as a queen; when the truth shall be everywhere triumphant, and every knee shall bow to Jesus; when the curse shall be rolled away from the earth, and the ground shall yield her increase; when war and strife shall be heard no more, and the whole world shall be as one family, under one Father, one fold, under one Shepherd. We are told of the good times that are coming,—times which patriarchs have sighed for, and seers have sung, and prophets have painted, and the holiest and best of all ages have anticipated. Nor pausing here, it tells us of the great winding up of all in the judgment of the last day, when God will—

“Vindicate eternal Providence, and justify his ways to man,”—

when every mouth shall be stopped and every tongue be dumb before God; when the universe shall confess that he is “righteous in all his ways and holy in all his works,” that not one jot or tittle of all that he spake and wrote fell to the ground, but that all came to pass, even to the uttermost.

Thus, as it began with the world's first birth, it closes with its second, “with the times of the restoration of all things,” when from the funeral pyre of the existing system shall emerge the “new heavens and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness,” and “the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and he shall dwell amongst them.”

Pass we now to the strange and startling revelations which this volume makes to man of his own self. There is about the Bible a certain quick and piercing power, which bad men have been forced to own, and which

good men effectually feel. I can find no language in which to describe this property of Holy Scripture but that which itself supplies. "The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Who has not felt it so that has listened earnestly to it whilst faithfully preached and plainly applied to the conscience? How many has it pricked to the heart, as it did the multitude on the day of Pentecost, and forced them to cry out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" How many has it roused, like the trembling jailor, to exclaim, "What must we do to be saved?" How often have profane men trembled beneath its strokes, and gnashed their teeth, because they could not evade the conviction that it is divine! How repeatedly has it unmasked the heart of the darkest hypocrite, and detected the hidden purposes of the most finished impostor! So marvellously does Holy Scripture carry with it to man's inner consciousness a demonstration of its divinity. It is only He that knows what is in man, that knows "the things of a man," the mysteries of that strange, disordered, complicated miniature world each breast contains—it is only He that could have thus laid the depths of human nature bare, and tracked through all its windings the labyrinths of that "heart which is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

But as the word of God is thus wonderful in its discoveries of the heart of man, so it is no less wonderful in its disclosures of the duty of man. It was in reference to the divine law more especially that David prayed that he might have his eyes opened to behold its

wondrous things. The will of God for the governance of man—how astonishing the revelation of it in these pages! The whole law, in its depth, and height, and breadth, and length, is compressed into ten short commandments; nay, we have the whole, exceedingly broad as it is, extending to all motives, all feelings, all thoughts, all tempers, all words, all deeds, all relations, condensed into two brief sentences—love to God and love to our neighbour. This royal law, which is in some sense infinite, is brought within the grasp of a child, and a few plain words comprehend the whole duty of man. Who but he that is boundless in wisdom could have thus concentrated the essence of his will into one short word—even love, for “love is the fulfilling of the law?”

Wondrous above all, however, is the manifestation of the mystery of redemption contained in this book. Here, after all, is the great centre of revelation,—here is the soul of the system,—here is the key-stone of the stupendous arch. Take away Christ, and the Bible is a mass of confusion, a maze without a plan. The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy—the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of the law—the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of sacred history—the testimony of Jesus is the sole theme of the holy evangelists, the grand subject of the epistles, the pervading element of the Apocalypse—the testimony of Jesus is all and in all in the Word of God. It was given from first to last for this end, to unfold to fallen man the way of reconciliation through the blood of God incarnate made one with us, that we might be made one with God—made our brother, that he might suffer in our stead, and, by the “one offering of himself once

offered," for ever take away the sins of all that should believe in his name. This is the glory of revelation. Were not this truth disclosed, all else were vain. In vain the disclosures of a heaven which we could not reach, and of a hell we could not shun; in vain the disclosures of the high estate from which we had hopelessly lapsed; in vain the disclosures of the judgment-seat from which we could not appeal, and before which we could entertain no hope; in vain the disclosures of that law which we were unable to keep, even as traced on the broken tablets of our mind, how much more when developed in all its fulness and perfection; in vain were all these discoveries, but that all are subservient to, converge upon, and centre in, the cross of Jesus—that hope of earth, that joy of heaven! Lay this to heart. You can never understand the Bible unless you understand it as the revelation of Jesus Christ; it is so from the first verse in Genesis to the last verse in the Apocalypse. Guided by this clue you can thread your way through all its intricacies, and find harmony where all seemed discord, and order where all seemed confusion before. It is when Christ is revealed to the soul as the sun of his word that the word becomes radiant with light and full of beauty. Yet what a mystery is redemption! There are those who stagger at its greatness—there are those who repudiate its mysteriousness. We glory in that mysteriousness. "Without controversy, *great* is the mystery of godliness." It could not but be great in order to the achievement of so great a purpose; it could not but be great to meet the requirements of God on the one hand, and the fathomless exigencies of man on the other; it could not but be great to harmonise divine justice with

divine grace, divine truth with divine love, to make God just in justifying, to exhibit his hatred of sin in the very exercise of his compassion to the sinner, to enable him to admit us into heaven with more of glory to his law than would have redounded to it by consigning us to hell. Blessed mystery of the cross, whose depth cannot be guaged, whose height cannot be spanned! And what shall we say of the incarnation of the Eternal Word? The Word which was with God and which was God—that Word made flesh and dwelling amongst us, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh; feeling our feelings, thinking our thoughts, speaking our language, mingling in our society, identified with our affections, sharing our sorrows; one with us in everything, sin only excepted; and yet in that humanity “all the fulness of the Godhead bodily abiding,” so that, though obscured, it was in no sort extinguished; though enshrouded by the mantle of mortality, still indicating that uncreated glory which he had when he dwelt in the bosom of the Father from everlasting;—this is the wonder of wonders and the mercy of mercies. Incomparable mystery! The proud may scorn it, the unbeliever scoff at it, or the worldly-wise ask “how can these things be;” but the lowly believer trembles, yet rejoices at it, receives it and adores, and adoringly exclaims with Thomas, “My Lord and my God!” He sees and worships in Jesus of Nazareth Him by whom and for whom all things were created—him who upholds all things by the word of his power. Consider his character. Was such ever conceived, much less delineated by man? Who could have painted a person perfect in all things, yet in all things human? Who could have painted a person in whose whole course there should not be dis-

cerned one speck or detected one flaw? The bitterest scorner, the most malignant enemy of the cross, never pointed out even an imaginary blemish in the character of Jesus. And listen to the language that flowed from his lips; how consistent with perfect manhood—how consistent with perfect Godhead! Here, however, I need not enlarge. I endeavoured, however feebly, to set before you last year the excellencies of His discoursing who “spake as never man spake,” so that to tread again the same ground is unnecessary.

Rather let me turn your minds to the mighty mystery of Christ's work—the mystery of the atonement! What so wonderful as that infinite sacrifice once for all offered for us and that divine obedience once for all rendered in our behalf which so completely expiated the penalties of the law on the one hand and fulfilled the requirements of the law on the other, that the believer is not accepted in virtue of a patch-work righteousness, in virtue of a mixture of the pure gold of heaven and the clay of his own best doings, is not accepted by his sanctification working out his justification, but is accepted, once and for all and for ever, in the righteousness of God incarnate—a righteousness purer than that which angels wear—a righteousness so perfect, that when God shall present his people before the presence of his glory in the last day they shall be presented faultless, for the Omniscient himself can find no spot in the righteousness of his only-begotten Son, that robe which by faith they have wrapped around their souls, and with which of his mere grace he has invested them—the wedding-garment, in which arrayed they shall sit down as worthy and as welcome guests at the marriage-supper of the Lamb! And then, how naturally,

how beautifully, from this free justification through Jesus springs the love that works all holy obedience, purifies the fountains of action, regulates the streams of conduct, lightens every burden, and endears the cross. The natural history, so to speak, the divine philosophy of Christian obedience is this, "We love him because he first loved us;" "The love of Christ constraineth us;—because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and he died for all, that they who live should not thenceforth live to themselves, but to him that died for them and rose again." Thus, the power of love springing from free grace, effectually writes the laws of God upon the fleshly tables of the heart; the believer does righteousness because he is righteous, obeys in liberty because he obeys in love, serves devotedly because he is freely forgiven,—justified without money and without price. Horrible is the mangling of this glorious truth by the infatuated Church of Rome. If I love Protestant truth for one thing more than another, it is because of that glorious "article of a falling or a standing church," which was brought out afresh in all its pristine splendour at the glorious Reformation by the noble band of modern martyrs—that doctrine on which they lived, for which they suffered, and by which they died.

Another wondrous peculiarity in Holy Scripture is the way in which the great facts of revelation give birth to the grand doctrines of revelation; how the latter spring out of the former, and the former uphold the latter. And how powerfully do the doctrines enforce the duties! There is an exquisite cohesion throughout. The loftiest motives are brought to bear on the simplest duties. Thus the infinite condescension of Jesus, from the throne

of deity to the accursed cross, is the constraining motive to humility and brotherly affection: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." There is a sublimity, therefore, in the principles of Christian obedience as marvellous as is the perfection of its standard.

There is a further wonderful characteristic of the disclosures of this blessed book which must not be overlooked. Divine truths are unfolded in such wise that they maintain an admirable balance. One is set over against another, so as to secure a practical equipoise. Thus the sovereign purposes of God are always revealed side by side with the personal responsibility of man. If it be clear, on the one hand, that a man if saved is saved wholly of grace, it is no less clear, on the other hand, that if a man is lost he is lost wholly of self and unbelief. In this manner these two doctrines beautifully counterpoise each other and preserve the equilibrium of truth. So with the doctrine of free justification. Whilst we are clearly taught that we are justified wholly without our works we are no less clearly taught that we shall be judged according to our works. Thus judgment according to works keeps in check, so to speak, justification without works, and secures a practical result from what otherwise the deceitful heart of man might have perverted to antinomian lasciviousness. Even as in nature God employs antagonistic forces to produce the most admirable equipoise, and the centrifugal and centripetal forces keep the planets in their spheres and maintain the harmony of the heavens; so these doctrines of revelation, conflicting as the unbelieving deem them to be, irreconcilable as some shortsighted, presumptuous men dare to style them, beauti-

fully preserve the body of true believers in a happy balance between licentiousness on the one hand and self-righteousness on the other,—between presumption resulting from abuse of divine sovereignty, and self-confidence arising out of a denial of the freeness of divine grace. How marvellously is this balance of doctrines maintained throughout the Scriptures of truth!

Time allows me to do little more than glance at the historic wonders of the Bible. The histories recorded on the inspired pages stand alone as in their comprehensiveness so in their condensation. They sometimes contain a volume in a verse, a library in a chapter. Look at the interminable tomes of human chronicles, and look at the incomparable compression of the divine records. We have in continuous chain the history of the Church and people of God from the earliest ages, as well as that of the chief events in the course of the world, so far as they were interwoven with the annals of the Church: we have all this comprised in the three books of Moses, the books of Joshua and Judges, and those of Samuel, the Kings, and the Chronicles. Who that reads this history but must feel that there is in it a power and a depth, an amplitude of range with a brevity of detail, a graphic force with an unstudied simplicity, which render it utterly unlike all history besides?

There is, however, a still more distinctive peculiarity about Scriptural history. It gives us causes as well as results; it lays bare the hidden springs of all that is passing on the stage of the world! It lifts the curtain and shows us what is behind. We are wont to look merely at the machinery of second causes: Scripture history discloses to us the master-working of the great first cause. It exhibits a presiding and retribu-

tive Providence, overruling all the strange vicissitudes, revolutions, wars, famines, and pestilences, which befall the nations of the world. It is here alone we obtain an insight into the true cause of national events, of a people's rise or a people's fall. In this historic stream, as in a glass, we see mirrored the reasons of God's dealings with men, whether individually or in communities. It is here, too, that we discover that subordinate spiritual agency which is so largely, though so latently, employed or permitted by God in the affairs of earth; devils at work fulfilling, whilst they think to frustrate, his will; angels at work as his ministers, carrying out his purposes and doing his behests. All this is brought out to view by the historic pen of inspiration.

Let us take the lamp of God to enlighten us in the study of national events in the present day, we shall then comprehend much that would otherwise be incomprehensible, and solve much that would otherwise be inexplicable; we shall be able to account for the rise of many a mighty despot, and to discern the purpose he is to serve: we shall then, too, perceive how the Lord prepares the mighty deliverer as well as the dread destroyer, even as we have seen in the history of our own land as connected with a neighbouring nation. Who can doubt that the God who raised up the despot of France to scourge guilty Europe raised up the great captain of our age in order that, when the desolater had served the divine purposes, he might be broken to pieces as a potter's vessel that was done with,—flung on the top of a lonely rock, there to abide as a terrible memorial to the world of how God raises up a man to answer his designs, and then casts him aside like a potsherd when that design is accomplished?

The Bible, therefore, viewed in this light is the book for our statesmen, our legislators, and our captains, to make them wise for their public as for their personal duties. It does not less enlighten on national than on private questions. It does not less tell us what is the duty of man in his corporate than in his individual capacity. Never is anything politically right or true that contravenes the Bible ; never is anything politically false or wrong that accords with the Bible. This is proved by the whole inspired history given us in these pages ; it has been proved by all who have applied the Bible to explain public events ; they have found it to be the key which unlocks all the mysteries of revolutions and changes, and how assuredly will this be demonstrated when nations shall be no more and time shall be no longer ; then, when we shall look back from the battlements of the world of light upon the chequered scenes of this world, we shall see that, whether with nations or with individuals, whether with churches or with states, everything fell out in accordance with the Bible, and that it was in perfect conformity with his word that the Almighty ruled among the inhabitants of earth as well as amongst the armies of heaven, amongst mighty men on their thrones as well as amongst peasants in their lowly dwellings.

What, then, should we be, what should we know, what should we do, without the Bible ? Annihilate this book and all that we have derived from it, and you will leave us as if in a deep pit full of miry clay, dashing our heads against its precipitous sides, with not a ray of light to stream down upon us in our horror and desolation. Annihilate this book and all that we have derived from it, and where will be our acquaintance with

God? where our knowledge of heaven? where our conceptions of spiritual beings? Annihilate this volume and all that we have derived from it, and what should we know of earth's origin? what of the heavens above and the earth beneath? what of man and his sublime creation,—what of his pristine innocency, his probation, and his fall? what of the introduction of moral and physical evil? what of the solution of our present strange, mysterious state? Without this blessed revelation, what should we know of the history of the Church,—yea, where would be its very existence? what should we know of all that is future? what should we know of the world's coming destiny? what should we know of the judgment to come? what of a hell for the guilty or of a heaven for the justified? what about our loved departed friends? where would be the hope which forbids us to sorrow over the grave of the saints as those who weep in despair? what should we know of ourselves and our own mysterious nature? what of our duty to God? what of the depth of our ruin or of our hope as sinners? what should we know of the precious blood that cleanseth from all sin? where would be our consolations in sorrow? where our refuge in despondency? where the star of our midnight hour? where the solace of the distempered pillow? where would be the lamp to irradiate the dark valley? where the bright prospect of glory beyond? where the ravishing anticipation of the resurrection from the dead? where the magnificent foreshadowings of the new heavens and the new earth wherein righteousness shall dwell? Oh, how little do men, even believing men, realise what they owe to the Bible! Abstract from the world all that it has directly and indirectly derived from this source, and no language could exaggerate

rate the thick moral, mental, and spiritual darkness into which we should be plunged. Where, then, would be those tiny tapers which infidel philosophers have lighted at this heavenly lamp, and of whose brightness they have become so enamoured that they would fain extinguish the light divine in order to hide their theft, and glorify themselves as the authors of a splendour which they first filched and then bedimmed? What would those pale and smoking lights avail us amid the fearful gloom? No more than sepulchral lamps which reveal the horror they cannot dispel. It is not too much to say, that whatever we have that is high and intellectual in culture, pure and refined in moral sentiment, delicate and tender in domestic endearment,—whatever distinguishes us from the savage tribe, the horde of cannibals, the herd of idolaters,—whatever makes England the mart of commerce, the citadel of truth, the home of freedom, the envy and the admiration of the world, she owes it first and last and altogether to the Bible. Bereave her of a free Bible, strip her of all that the Bible has given her, and you would reduce her to the wretched state of her early times, when our unclad forefathers hunted the wild beasts for their food, immolated their own offspring on the altars of their idols beneath the oak-tree's shade, and worshipped the mistletoe as a god. Realise, my young friends,—strive to realise, what we owe to the Bible. It cannot be anything less than the book of God, since all our intellectual, moral, and spiritual light issues from it, even as all the light which irradiates the natural world pours forth from the sun in the firmament.

Turn we now to another marvellous feature of this blessed book, a feature akin to and in some measure identical with that just adduced. What more asto-

nishing than that "sure word of prophecy" contained in these pages, to which we "do well to take heed as to a light shining in a dark place?" As it has been remarked that revelation alone holds forth miracles as its credentials in its introduction to the world, the same remark may be repeated in reference to the prophecies with which it abounds, and on which it largely rests its authority. Mahomet hazarded no prophecies. The equivocating oracles of antiquity do not deserve to be dignified with the name of prophecy. Prophecy so absolutely and exclusively bespeaks the omniscience that foresees and the omnipotence that accomplishes all things, that religious impostors have for the most part had enough of dread, if not of decency, to deter them from tampering with so perilous a kind of evidence. There stretches through the word of God one continuous chain of prophecy, the first link in Paradise and the last link in heaven. It reaches from man fallen in Eden to man restored and perfected at the right hand of God; and such is the clearness of the predictions on the one hand, and such on the other the exactitude of their fulfilment in all instances where the fulfilment is consummated, that it may be truly said that prophecy is history anticipated, and history is prophecy fulfilled. This coincidence has been happily compared to the taches and loops in the tabernacle of witness, which exactly corresponded each to the other; and so there stretches along through all generations a series of predictive taches, which in succession, as events hasten on, receive one by one their loops of fulfilment, and shall continue to receive them, until at last all the loops shall have been attached to their taches, and then it shall be seen that not a single tache lacked its corresponding loop. In relation to the accomplishment of prophecy we may be said to have the

advantage of the primitive saints, whilst in relation to the miracles they had in some sort the advantage of us. If they, as eye-witnesses of the miracles, must have felt them to be more impressive than we at this distance can easily do, yet we have a large amount of prophecy fulfilled or fulfilling which to them was all future. The glory of the prophetic scriptures is an ever-accumulating glory; the evidence they furnish gathers strength from year to year and from century to century; their accomplishment presents a continuous miracle, one always appealing to our senses as well as to our understandings. Unbelievers ask for a sign, something which they can behold. We bid them look into the prophetic page, and then look into the world around them, and, lo! there are signs on every hand. Can you turn to Edom, and see no miracle there? Can you contemplate Babylon, and discern no miracle there? Can you gaze on Nineveh, and discover no signs and wonders there? Go to the British Museum and ponder the gigantic relics of Nineveh which have been disinterred from their mighty sepulchre and brought to light in these latter days to confound the sceptic and confute the gainsayer. Go to the wilderness of Sinai and study the mystic inscriptions written with a pen of iron and graven on the stupendous tablets of the rocks—inscriptions, we have little doubt, rich in memorials of the wanderings of Israel in the desert, and of the prodigies wrought for them in their deliverance out of the house of bondage. Or, bend your steps to Tyre and mark the naked rock where the fisherman spreads his net, and from which the very earth is scraped away. Or, betake yourselves to Syria, to Palestine, to Jerusalem, and, lo! miracles meet you at every step. Nay, tarry at home, and note the Jew that passes your door and looks imploringly in your

face ; observe that strange, mysterious man, with his distinctive features, his antique aspect, his individuality of character and peculiarity of mien, all bespeaking him of remotest lineage and portentous history. Consider that people scattered over the whole earth like oil flung abroad upon the face of the ocean, everywhere diffused but nowhere blended ; clearly distinguishable however intermingled ; “ peeled,” persecuted, and trodden under foot, yet ready to stand forth a mighty nation disentangled from all other kindreds so soon as the voice shall be heard that will summon them to their own desolate land and bid Jerusalem shake herself from the dust and put on her beautiful garments, lay aside the weeds of her widowhood and clothe herself in bridal attire, enlarge her lap and expand her bosom to receive the multitude of her returning children, while she exclaims, in the amazement of her heart, “ These, where have they been ? ” God has kept them for their land and their land for them. The man who can walk amid the desolations of Judea, or gaze on the outcasts of Israel, and then doubt whether the books that foretold all this were written by the God that performed all this,—such a man would not “ be persuaded though one rose from the dead.”

In reality, every man to whom the Word of Life is known may make proof of the truth of its prophecies ; for what is every promise but a prophecy ? What is every threatening but a prophecy ? Prove the promise, and its fulfilment will be to you the fulfilment of a prediction ; or dare the threatening, and the infliction of the punishment it threatens will be to you the realisation of a prediction. By the former means every believer is constantly accumulating fresh assurance. For if he is told, “ Ask and ye shall receive,” and he asks and does

receive, he not only has the blessing he asked for, but he has also another seal set to the faith he exercised in asking.

Wonderful, too, are the verifications of prophecy furnished by the very enmity and antagonism of wicked men to the truth. Were the Church all pure, where would be the predicted growth of the tares together with the wheat? Had the multitude of mankind believed the gospel, how would this have accorded with the prophecy of the crowd that should throng the broad way that leadeth to destruction; or with the representation of the few who should find and follow the narrow way that leadeth unto life? If the Church of Christ had gone on in a pure and peaceful expansion till it had overspread the earth, what would have become of the mysterious foreshadowings of apostasy in the Book of Revelation? Where would have been found the mystic Babylon, the cruel persecutrix, the "mother of harlots, and of abominations of the earth?" Where would have been the foretold tragedies to be enacted on the stage of the visible Church? Where would be the final triumph of God in the destruction of "the mystery of iniquity" and the vindication of his saints, confessors, and martyrs? If, therefore, those things which seem most strange and paradoxical, most startling and perplexing to human reason, yet verify and fulfil the word of prophecy; if the scorner is unconsciously bringing it to pass, and the infidel and the persecutor are conducing to its accomplishment; if all that is attempted to countervail and withstand it only speeds on its triumphs, what shall be the effulgence which will burst forth from the prophetic page in the final consummation of all it foretold—when "the mystery of God" shall be finished, and we shall look back from amid

the brightness of heaven on the whole concatenation of predicted events and see that not a link was wanting, not a juncture broken?

We have now, though very slightly, scanned the Temple of Revelation, and directed your attention to a few of its wonders. It remains that we should lead you briefly to contemplate some of the marvellous things which the Bible has achieved in the world.

Behold the spread of Christianity. Who were employed in its diffusion?—The learned, the eloquent, the great, the men of subtlety, the men of rank, the men of power? No; God chose the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, and the foolish things to confound the wise, and the base things of the world, and things which were despised, yea, and things which were not, to bring to nought the things that were; “that no flesh should glory in his presence.” The treasure was lodged “in earthen vessels,” and most of them fashioned out of commonest clay. Thus the excellency of the power was the more manifestly shown to be of God. Gloriously did that little band of simple, unlearned fishermen march forth and encounter the hostility of the world. The priest and the sophist, the philosopher and the politician, the polytheist and the atheist, were all embattled against the gospel. To the Jew it was a stumbling-block, and to the Greek foolishness. The worldly wise exclaimed, “What will these babblers say?” and the sceptical, “They seem to be setters forth of strange gods.” Besides all these, arrayed against them, the soldiers of the cross had everywhere to contend with the corrupt heart of man. They came not to make peace with sin, but to wage a war of extermination against it. They came not to flatter, but to humble; not to indulge man, but to require him to

deny himself; not to allure men, as Mahomet did, to a paradise of sensuality, but to teach a religion that binds its disciples to "crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts," to bow the pride of their reason and the iron sinew of their will at the feet of the Crucified—a system which challenges the completest submission of the understanding, whilst it demands the unsparing mortification of the passions. They entered into no compromise with their opponents; they never sophisticated or disguised the distasteful truth. They knew of no reserve; they determined to know nothing amongst Gentiles or Jews but Jesus Christ and him crucified. Yet they had no arm of flesh to sustain them, no rulers of this world to countenance them, no armies to clear their way, no wealth to bribe adherents; nothing fitted to overcome hostilities or disarm prejudice. But there was a secret power which accompanied the doctrine of Christ, that made it mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds of ignorance and wickedness and unbelief, and to the bringing every imagination of the thoughts of the heart into captivity to the obedience of Christ. Hence the gospel won its widening way not only throughout the land of Judah, but among the Jews, wherever scattered, and all abroad in pagan countries, till, ere the apostles were all of them gathered to their rest, their line had gone out through all the earth, and their words to the ends of the world; till the Jew and the Greek, the Barbarian and the Scythian, the bond and the free, those of Cæsar's household, the captive in the dungeon and she that ground at the mill, had alike been made free by having been taken captive with the love of the Redeemer. The religion of Jesus has exercised a commanding influence upon the world,—an influence incomparably greater than any religion besides

ever exerted. In vain does the infidel point to what he calls the parallel case of Mahometanism. Mahometanism taught mankind to deny no lusts, to forego no indulgence; it flattered, beguiled, and pampered them; yet, with all this, it could make no progress till it used the sword of the warrior. The triumphs of Mahomet were not the triumphs of truth or the achievements of reason; they were the triumphs of the scymitar, the conquests of military missionaries with garments rolled in blood. Christianity, on the contrary, knew nothing of carnal weapons; the sword of the Spirit was her only sword; she triumphed by "the foolishness of preaching." No other religion that ever appeared in the world gained its victories by simple indoctrination,—by appeals to the reason, the conscience, and the heart.

How amazing the effects of Christianity in the world! We are far too little alive to the results. Take our own country as an exemplification—would that it were a fairer one!—of what a free Bible accomplishes. Look, for instance, at the condition of woman among us as compared with her state in pagan or Mahometan lands. What has raised the female sex wherever Christianity exerts its genial influence? What but that Gospel which shows us, that if by woman came the curse by woman came the cure of sin; that if she was first in the transgression, she was also first in the redemption of mankind; that if of her came sin, of her came the Saviour of sinners, "who is over all, God blessed for ever?"

Look, again, at the mollifying and mitigating power of Christianity on the laws of our country and on the spirit of our institutions. Trace its benign efficacy on the social relationships of life, on those of husband and wife, parent and child, the rich and the poor, the master

and the servant. There are, indeed, those who dare to contrast our state in these respects unfavourably with heathen lands, or with nations which flourished before the Christian era; but they who do so must be either grossly ignorant or grievously disingenuous. Let one fact suffice. In the vast empire of Pagan Rome during her palmyest days there was not a solitary charitable institution to be found; in your own London there are more than three hundred such institutions,—all of them the offspring of the Bible, that bond of peace, and fountain of love.

Consider next the elevated and elevating character of our religious worship. If you explore idolatrous countries, and see the horrible orgies of impurity and cruelty which compose the services there offered to incarnate demons and impersonated lusts, and then come back to our own favoured land—not to the semi-pagan temples of ‘the Man of Sin,’ but to the pure, simple solemnities in the sanctuaries of Protestant Christians—what can be more striking than the purity, the spirituality, the chasteness, the sincerity of the worship which owes its birth to the Bible?

And what shall we say of the refinement of taste and sentiment, the sacredness of domestic ties, the order and tranquillity which characterise our country? True, these things are not as they ought to be. The multitude are not truly Christians, yet even they are influenced by Christianity; and the indirect efficacy of the Bible on the masses of the community, on the laws of the land, and on the rulers of the people, cannot be estimated; it is the salt in the midst of the body keeping it from corruption; it is the holy seed which is the substance of the nation.

Then look at the effects of Christianity where alone

they are to be seen in their full force and energy ; look at them in the souls of those to whom the Gospel has come, not in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance. Notice the transformation wrought in the sinner when he becomes a saint. Explore the missionary stations amid the dark desert of heathenism, where, instead of the thorn, there comes up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier, there comes up the myrtle-tree. What a moral miracle takes place, whether it be on the frozen Greenlander, or the scorched African, or the wild Caffre in his native woods, or the New Zealander ensanguined from his cannibal banquet ! The Gospel still boasts its triumphs and its trophies ; it has lost none of its primitive might ; when accompanied by the Spirit, it is the same resistless engine which bowed imperial Rome at the foot of the cross ; there is nothing else that can raise a degraded, or civilise a barbarous, race ; it alone can make the savage gentle, the ferocious meek, the cruel tender, the ambitious lowly, the sensual self-denying, the churl liberal, the hard-hearted tender-hearted ; it alone can make the slave of passion become the free-man of Christ, the victim of Satan a child of God, the heir of earth and ashes an heir of glory, and honour, and immortality, the worm that crawls in the dust to have his conversation in heaven, and to look and live for the coming of the Saviour, who shall change his vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, and will plant him, once a brand plucked out of the fire, as a tree of righteousness in His paradise above, there to bear fruit for ever to the glory of the riches of His grace.

Time would fail us to speak of the efficacy of the Bible in binding up the broken-hearted, in comforting the mourner, in staunching the widow's wounds, and

drying the tears of the fatherless. None so desolate but it can cheer, none so oppressed but it can sustain. See how it bears up the persecuted Madiai at this moment, imparting to them a joy in their dismal dungeon, akin to that which made Paul and Silas wake the midnight echoes of the prison at Philippi with songs of praise, although their backs were reeking from the scourge, and their ankles chafed in the stocks! The same spirit animates Rosa Madiai, and breathes throughout her beautiful letter, which animated the noblest of the martyrs in the martyr-days of the Church. You have heard of their happiness. Doubtless they are ten times happier in the noisome dungeon than the Duke of Tuscany in his royal palace, or those lordly hierarchs who skulk behind the civil power, which they urge on to fulfil their merciless purposes.

Ere we close, let us pause for a moment at the bedside of the dying believer, and mark the marvellous power of the Bible as manifested in the hour of nature's extremity—that hour so near to us all, and so big with indescribable solemnity—the hour when heart and flesh shall fail us, when every earthly anchor shall be weighed, and every earthly joy shall fade—when we must go forth all alone through the valley of the shadow of death into the dread eternity beyond. In that awful hour surely it is only truth that can stand—it is only what cannot be shaken that will endure. Search the records of the closing scenes of God's saints, and find, if you can, an instance of one who bewailed at that crisis that he had trusted the Bible—find, if you can, one whose dying breath testified that he had believed a cunningly-devised fable, which had proved as a bruised reed when he leaned upon it in his agony. I have read and heard of, yea, and witnessed, not a few who

bemoaned, with bitterest regret, that they had not more prized and obeyed the Bible; but I never read, nor heard, nor saw, one who believed that he had too much valued, followed, magnified it. Many a time has it crowned the deathbed with a light from heaven, converted the flames of martyrdom into a chariot of triumph, and swallowed up death in victory. The testimony of the dying surrounds the word of God with a halo of glory; countless are the clouds of witnesses which attest its power! What should we do in the terrible hour without the lamp of life, the charter of salvation, the title-deed to heaven?

And now, my young friends, the wonders of the Bible have been little more than touched upon by the lecture to which you have listened. Were I to dwell upon them till to-morrow's dawn, yea, protract my address till to-morrow's eve, we should not have exhausted the theme. Indeed, no finite mind can exhaust it—the Infinite alone can know all the mysteries of His own counsels. It remains that I offer you a few words of affectionate advice. Take into your hands and press to your hearts, this night, the book on which your minds have been dwelling, with more fulness of assurance than ever that it is the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, and that it consists of truth without mixture of error or shade of imperfection. Hold fast your confidence in it, though some will tell you that you have but a version of it, and others that you have but a copy out of unnumbered copies. Thank God, its Author has been its Guardian, and He who gave it to His people has so influenced and directed them to preserve it with godly jealousy, that all the three-and-fifty manuscripts which Griesbach consulted and collated in the preparation of his edition of the Greek Testament presented not a

single error, interpolation, or omission, which seriously affected one vital doctrine ! Thank God, next to the marvels which the Bible contains in itself, is the marvel of its perfect preservation, amid chances and changes and hostility and peril, to the present day ! And, believe me, our version of the Bible is one of the purest and best in existence ; so that if you cannot have the privilege of searching the original, rejoice in the translation which you possess, for it is abundantly “able to make you wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.”

Cherish with all your heart the conviction that this book is throughout inspired of God, that it contains nothing which is not of God. There is no standing-place for the foot of faith but this simple acceptance of the doctrine of inspiration. Only admit that, possibly, some passages are not inspired, or that the inspiration of certain portions is partial and subordinate, and you at once dislocate the whole temple of divine truth ; for if it is left to you, or me, or any man, or all men, to say what is inspired and what is not, all certainty of inspiration is gone, and the entire revelation is at the mercy and caprice of mankind. What would then be left ?—on what would all agree ?

Hold fast, therefore, the assurance that not only every stone in the building, but every fraction of cement which unites the stones, yea, every grain of sand which enters into the composition of the cement, is divine. Let me entreat you to take your Bible for your guide, companion, and comforter. “When you go it shall lead, when you sleep it shall keep you, and when you awake it shall talk with you.” Do not rest content with a naked assent to its truth : you must have a living faith in its power. It is one thing to admit that it is divine,

it is another thing to hide it in your heart. Attain to the witness of its divinity in yourselves—to that experimental witness which nerved the martyrs for the stake and sustained them in the flames. Covet that witness—it is so simple that a peasant can appreciate it—so assuring that without it the profoundest theologian is unsafe. Strive to possess that witness, for then you would stand firm, though the whole world should desert Christianity: you would be found faithful amid the faithless—you would die for the truth, though you should be left all alone to seal it with your blood.

And let me entreat you to hold fast the great principle that Holy Scripture, and Holy Scripture only, is your infallible rule. Hold up your Bible in the face of Popery; hold up your Bible in the face of Neology; hold up your Bible in the face of Tractarian traditionists. Never be ashamed of, and never shrink from, reiterating the watchword of genuine Protestantism—"The Bible, the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants." The Divine Word repudiates all additions, endures no competitor, knows of no companion. Creeds, formularies, and articles are to be brought to the Bible, the Bible is not to be brought to them; we are to judge them by the Word of God, not the Word of God by them. Maintain the unshared supremacy of the Bible. Whatever magnifies it is of God; whatever disparages it is not of God. The hostility of the enemies of Christ, who are most opposed to each other, is converging upon the Scriptures. Let, then, the fellowship and friendship of all who love Christianity be concentrated on the point of attack. If all the battalions of darkness are assailing the fortress of our faith, let all the hosts of truth man its ramparts and defend them to the death. Heresies, antagonistic in all else, are confederated by their enmity

to the Bible. See an exemplification in two brothers, of disastrous notoriety, who stand as types and representatives of the two greatest antagonisms to the Bible. The one has plunged into the abyss of superstition; the other has drifted on the starless ocean of universal doubt. I consider the "Theory of Developement" broached by the one brother to be nearly as bad as the "Phases of Faith" and the "History of the Soul" by the other brother. They both alike, though in opposite directions, and seemingly irreconcilable methods, tend to disparage and fritter away the fulness, finality, and perfection of the written Word of God.

Whilst you guard the Gospel carefully, see that you diffuse it freely. Let that glorious institution, whose sole object is to give the Word of God, without note or comment, without abatement or accompaniment, to every child of man, command the love and the large-hearted support of every member of the Young Men's Christian Association. Let all the members, as one man, support the British and Foreign Bible Society. Its simple object ought to endear it to every man who loves the Bible. The Bible is not for us alone; it is for the world. We are keepers and stewards of it for mankind. There is a beautiful anecdote, which I lately heard, of that great man whom the nation has just followed to his tomb; that great man of whom we are assured that in his declining years, at least, he always had a Bible with him, and always made use of it—a fact more interesting than all the pomp and parade of a nation's honour and a nation's sorrow crowning his sepulchre. He was one day thus accosted by a flippant young divine, who thought, perhaps, to win his approval by the flippancy of his remark:—"Your Grace, how absurd are the proceedings of those Quixotic spiritualists who are sending

out Bibles and missionaries to convert the Hindoos ! Your Grace knows, as well as any man, that it is a vain dream to think of converting the Hindoos." "No, sir," said the great Captain, with characteristic straightforwardness ; "What are your marching orders ? Are they not, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature?'" The incident was told to me as genuine, and I have no reason to doubt its genuineness. It carries with it a kind of intrinsic proof of its authority ; the remark is so characteristic of the lips from which it is said to have fallen.

Finally, and above all, never study the Bible in the confidence of your own wisdom, or in the pride of your own understanding. Come to it as little children, and study it on your knees. Many a difficulty which you cannot solve whilst standing, you will find easily soluble when kneeling. What will not yield to the force of human reason will yield to the power of simple faith ; and what human learning cannot illumine, the Spirit of God will irradiate for the lowly suppliant. May we not well, then, as we implored the Divine blessing before opening this Lecture, bring it to a close in the words of one of our most precious prayers ?—"Blessed Lord, who hast caused all Holy Scriptures to be written for our learning, grant that we may in suchwise hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience and comfort of thy Holy Word, we may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life which thou hast given us in thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ." Amen.

The Prophets of Scepticism.

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. WILLIAM LANDELS,

OF BIRMINGHAM,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

IN EXETER HALL,

NOVEMBER 23, 1852.

THE Lecturer deems it due to himself to state, that the following lecture was not read, but spoken, after a necessarily hurried preparation, and is now printed, with scarcely more than a few verbal corrections, from the reporter's notes. To the candid reader, this will suffice to account for the looseness and other defects of style which he will not fail to perceive.

THE PROPHETS OF SCEPTICISM.

IT may be necessary at the outset to define the limits and the object of this lecture, as the desire for brevity has led to the selection of a title which does not very accurately represent its subject. To gratify the popular taste for sketches of eminent men is no part of my aim. I shall not attempt any analysis of the mental powers or moral qualities of leading sceptical teachers, nor shall I give a comparative estimate of their literary status and influence, of the degrees of their infidelity or hostility to Christian truth. Gifts such as I am not conscious of possessing are necessary for this task; and, moreover, I have an impression that, however efficiently performed, it would prove more pleasing than profitable. It might interest those who are addicted to criticism, but it would scarcely harmonise with the solemn and earnest tone by which this Society has been, and I trust ever will be, distinguished, or with the momentous objects which it seeks to promote. Neither shall I expound, pass in review, or attempt any refutation of, the various theories which they hold and teach. It is no small inducement to the adoption of such a course, that their exhibition would almost suffice to demonstrate their fallacy.

It would not be difficult, I think, to point out glaring contradictions in some of their most popular productions ; and, at all events, it were easy to show that they are as directly, if not as fiercely, at variance as were Herod and Pilate ; and that, like these two worthies, they are only united in their hostility to Christ. I have, however, selected for myself a different task, which will be more than sufficient to occupy the time allotted to me ; and attractive, therefore, as is the course just indicated, I must strictly abstain from it, except in so far as it may be rendered conducive to my purpose of directing your attention to the statements and predictions of sceptics in relation to the position and prospects of Christianity, and advancing such considerations as may suffice to convince you, that on this subject the prophets of scepticism prophesy falsely.

I use the term "scepticism" in its conventional sense, as denoting every shade of unbelief, and as applicable to all, however widely they may differ from each other, who are agreed in their denial of the divine authority of Scripture. The term "Christianity" I also use in its popular acceptation, not as denoting the absolute religion which we are told is to be found in all systems and among all tribes, being revealed directly to the human consciousness ; but that system of precepts, doctrines, and ordinances, which is unfolded and enjoined in the pages of the New Testament.

You are, no doubt, aware of the contemptuous manner in which Christianity is treated, and of the predictions which are uttered as to its fate by sceptical teachers of the present day. Differing widely in their estimate of its worth, and as to the means by which they would fill the void which its destruction would occasion,

they are agreed in the opinion that its power has departed, and that its end is drawing nigh. While some madly rage against it, as the greatest curse of the world, and loudly clamour for, and insanely exult in view of, its anticipated downfall, the most influential generally treat it with respect. And though, like the others, they desire and predict its overthrow, they would not, like them, exult over its ashes, but compliment it into its tomb, and pay to its memory the tribute of decent funereal rites. It is not with them *per se* a pernicious thing,—it has only become effete. It has been outgrown by the intelligence of the age. Once conducive to human progress, they say, the thinking portion of society has advanced far beyond it. It is only among those who are too indolent to think for themselves that it now finds its adherents, and even they adhere to it more as a relief from the labour of thought than from any living faith in its principles. It is with its own disciples a form from which the power has departed, and, like all other forms which have lost their vitality, it must soon become obsolete. Its intellectual discrepancies having been detected by the acumen of this enlightened age, it has lost that moral influence by which alone it can maintain its hold on the minds of men. Thus one of the most influential of them asks,—“Whither has religion now fled? * * * Instead of heroic martyr-conduct, and inspired and soul-inspiring eloquence, whereby religion itself were brought home to our living bosoms to live and reign there, we have ‘Discourses on the Evidences,’ endeavouring, with the smallest result, to make it possible that such a thing as religion exists. * * * Considered as a whole, the Christian religion of late ages has been continually dis-

sipating itself into metaphysics ; and threatens now to disappear, as some rivers do in deserts of barren sand."*

We might suppose that, considering the good it has effected, its threatened disappearance is a calamity to be deplored ; but they assure us, on the contrary, it is a consummation devoutly to be wished. They admit its salutary influence, none can recognise more readily or rejoice more heartily in its glorious results ; but it has lived its day, it has fulfilled its mission, and to attempt to prolong its existence would be to convert it into a greater curse than ever it has proved a blessing. The mailed encasement, they would say, although serviceable to the insect in its chrysalis state, would become injurious, could it by any possibility continue to unfold it after it has reached that stage of its progress when it should burst from its captivity to flutter in the sun-beam. The swaddling-clothes of the child are useful in its infancy ; but if wrapped in them at a more advanced age they would become its winding-sheet. So Christianity has been of great use in bringing man thus far, in aiding in the developement of his intellectual and his moral nature ; but it becomes injurious and intolerable if you subject him to its restraints, now that he should advance to a higher degree of perfection. Thus one has seen " clear, honest, aspiring minds hampered and baffled in their struggles after truth and light ;" " tender, pure, and crying hearts * * * hardened, perverted, and forced to a denial of their noble nature and their better instincts by the ruthless influence of some passages of Scripture which seemed in the clearest language to condemn the good and to denounce the true."† And

* Carlyle.

† Greg.

then, having borne testimony to its injurious effects, he proceeds complacently to tell us of what shall take place when the Bible remains, but “no longer as an inspired and infallible record.” Another from whom we have already quoted intimates, in no indistinct manner, that he has outgrown the need of the Bible:—“Rituals, Liturgies, Creeds, Sinai Thunder; I know more or less the history of these; the rise, progress, decline, and fall of these. Can thunder from all the thirty-two Azimuths repeated for centuries of years make God’s laws more godlike to me? Brother, no. Perhaps I am grown to be a man now, and do not need the thunder and the terror any longer! Perhaps it is not fear, but reverence alone that shall now lead me!” And as it has grown useless for him, so, he tells us elsewhere, it has ceased to be of any service to others:—“No fixed highway more the old spiritual highways and recognised paths to the Eternal, now all torn up and flung in heaps, submerged in unutterable boiling mud-oceans of Hypocrisy and Unbelievability, of brutal living Atheism and damnable dead putrescent Cant: surely a tragic pilgrimage for all mortals; Darkness, and the mere shadow of Death, enveloping all things from pole to pole; and in the raging gulf-currents, offering us will-o’-wispis for loadstars,—intimating that there are no stars, nor ever were, except certain old Jew ones, which have now gone out.”*

To the same effect, though not so strong, is the only other specimen of their predictions which we adduce. “The ‘*inspiration of the Scriptures*,’ in the popular sense of the words, is even now a declining doctrine in the Church herself. * * * A belief in *miracle and pro-*

* Carlyle.

phesy is becoming still less and less necessary as the means of inculcating a faith in the invisible things of God, in proportion as the inner miracles of the human heart and intellect are being made known by the diffusion of spiritual knowledge. Creeds and Confessions are almost imperceptibly, but surely, losing their authority over the minds of men under the expanding influence of intelligence and toleration.”*

Such statements as these are likely to prove injurious, chiefly because of the confidence with which they are uttered. The assurance of the prophets deluding them into the supposition that there may be truth in the prophecies, weak-minded Christians may tremble for their cause, and waverers may stand aloof from it, for no better reason than the boldness with which sceptics have predicted its overthrow. Accordingly, one of the best services we can render Christianity is to demonstrate the fallacy of their predictions to those whom they have deceived or partially imposed upon; and thus, at the same time, to fortify the faithful against their pernicious and paralysing influence.

For the promotion of this twofold purpose, I shall submit to your notice a series of remarks illustrative of the following propositions: *That the present position of Christianity is a sufficient refutation of sceptical predictions: That in consequence of its superiority to every other scheme, there is not one which is qualified to supersede it; and, That it contains elements which may be regarded as pledges of future triumph.*

I. I affirm, and hope to show, that the present position of Christianity is at once a proof of its strength,

* Foxton.

and an augury of its universal prevalence. Any misgivings which may have been excited by such predictions as we have quoted, will be greatly allayed if you remember that the sceptics of other days indulged in similar expectations, and read the commentary on their boastings, furnished by the present state of the religion which they threatened to destroy. Paine boasted of having written a book, under the greatest disadvantages, which no Bible-believer could answer; and of having cut down, one after another, the trees in the Christians' Eden, until scarcely a single sapling remained. Voltaire was weary of hearing that twelve men were sufficient to establish Christianity, and hoped to show that only one was required for its destruction. Hume saw, and rejoiced to see, its twilight; and declared that it was fast vanishing away. And these were the current opinions of the class of men to which they belonged. As Butler says, it had come, he knew not how, to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity was not so much as a subject of inquiry, but had at length been discovered to be fictitious. Moreover, these parties only echoed the utterances which had been wafted down from earlier days. From the time of Julian until now sceptics have, with almost consentient voice, predicted the overthrow of Christianity; and yet its history shows that they might all, in their last hours, have adopted the exclamation of their prototype now mentioned, "Oh, Nazarene! thou hast conquered."

Nor is there anything in the present position of Christianity to justify the expectation that it will be otherwise with their successors. If hitherto it has resisted the assaults, and belied the statements, of its adversaries, it will be difficult now to detect any symptoms

of its yielding before the onset of present assailants. We might imagine, from what we hear, that it had shrunk into a mere shadow of its former self, that it had ceased to exert any power, or to exhibit any signs of vitality, and existed more by the sufferance of its foes than by its hold on the affections or belief of its friends. Whereas what is the fact? That, notwithstanding the insincerity and unfaithfulness of many of its professors,—notwithstanding the hypocrisies and inconsistencies by which its principles have been dishonoured; in spite of the virulence, and the subtlety, and the talent, with which it is now assailed,—in spite of all their exultation over its so-called defeat, it is the greatest fact, and the most powerful principle, in the world. Look around you in this great city, and attempt to form an estimate of its influence on your population; of how much it enters into your commercial arrangements and your business transactions; what share it has in giving a character to your institutions, and a tone to your intercourse; how far it reaches into various ramifications, and to what extent it is a constituent of your greatness, and you will find that these are questions which defy all calculation. So much has it woven itself into your habits, and permeated society with its influence, that were it possible to obliterate in a night all trace of its existence, the London of to-morrow would contrast so strikingly with that of to-day, that those who are most familiar with it now would not be able to recognise it then. It is not only that your places of worship would be deserted and destroyed; it is not that your philanthropic institutions, deprived of their supporters, would cease to exist; it is not that the manifestations of self-denial and benevolence to which Christ-

ianity has given rise would instantaneously disappear; it is not that the best of your literature would be blotted out; it is not that the highest poetry with which you are accustomed to beguile or to improve your hours of leisure, deprived of its inspiration, would become vapid and inane; it is not that your noblest works of art, divested of all they have received from Christianity, would sink into commonplace productions, though all this, and much more, would follow: but it is that society itself would be disorganised and reduced to a state of chaos. The shock would be so great as to paralyse many, to throw all into confusion; and, attempting a readjustment of their relations, or taking advantage of the disorder to encroach on the rights of others, men would be brought into the most exasperating collision. The incipient hell of unholy passion, which, by the salutary public opinion it has exerted on some, and the efforts it has made to improve the condition of others, Christianity has restrained, would burst forth in fierce and lurid flame. Selfishness, becoming rampant, would excite to deeds of injustice and cruelty, and these, again, to fell and deadly purposes of revenge. And thus before long, if not immediately, darker tragedies would be enacted in your streets than Paris ever witnessed in those "days of terror," when their "ferocity converted the most polished people of Europe into a horde of assassins; the seat of voluptuous refinement, literature, and art, into a theatre of blood:" and the unhappy prophets of whom we speak, would learn, from the ruin in which they shared, how potent for good had been that system which they madly conspired against, and felt so impatient to destroy.

If you take a more extensive survey you will per-

ceive that, in the foremost nations of the earth it is the master principle. No other occupies so proud a place, exerts so potent an influence, or is competent to produce such important results. Their noblest structures are its monuments ; their best institutions have originated in its spirit, and are supported by its friends. It has given a character to their laws ; on their seats of justice its principles are recognised. Kings are bound by it on their coronation day ; and, however much they may afterwards violate its precepts, they then, by their professions, acknowledge its influence, and do homage to its worth. And do we not see usurpers attempting to consolidate their authority by pleading its sanction for their execrable crimes ; and, by their unholy alliance with the false, bearing involuntary and unconscious testimony to the power of the true ? Much as they sneer at its weakness, and confidently as they predict its overthrow, even sceptics, in their candid moods, are constrained to acknowledge that the book on which its principles are embodied, has “ taken such a hold on the world as no other. The literature of Greece, which goes up like incense from that land of temples and heroic deeds, has not half the influence of this book from a nation alike despised in ancient and modern times. It is read of a Sabbath in all the ten thousand pulpits of our land. In all the temples of Christendom is its voice lifted up, week by week. The sun never sets on its gleaming page. It goes equally to the cottage of the plain man and the palace of the king. It is woven into the literature of the scholar, and colours the talk of the street. The bark of the merchant cannot sail the sea without it ; no ship of war can go to the conflict, but the Bible is there. It enters men’s closets ;

mingles in all the grief and cheerfulness of life. The affianced maiden prays God in Scripture for strength in her new duties ; men are married by Scripture. The Bible attends them in their sickness, when the fever of the world is on them. The aching head finds a softer pillow when the Bible lies underneath. The mariner, escaping from shipwreck, clutches this first of his treasures, and keeps it sacred to God. It goes with the pedlar, in his crowded pack ; cheers him at eventide, when he sits down dusty and fatigued ; brightens the freshness of his morning face. It blesses us when we are born ; gives names to half Christendom ; rejoices with us ; has sympathy for our mourning ; tempers our grief to finer issues. It is the better part of our sermons. It lifts man above himself ; our best of uttered prayers are in its storied speech, wherewith our fathers and the patriarchs prayed. The timid man, about awaking from this dream of life, looks through the glass of Scripture, and his eye grows bright ; he does not fear to stand alone, to tread the way unknown and distant, to take the death-angel by the hand, and bid farewell to wife, and babes, and home."* Brethren, it is a noble testimony, borne by one who does not believe in its inspiration, and ought not, therefore, to be regarded as too favourable ; and, for my part, knowing it to be true as the language is beautiful, I ask you if these be the characteristics of a system which is soon to vanish away.

Nor can it be said to occupy this place in the foremost of nations, and among all classes of men, simply from the memory of the past, and not because of its

present influence; for it still gives manifestations of that power by which it has always been distinguished. Everywhere I see it effecting a mighty transformation. It broods over the nations as did the Spirit of old over a chaotic world; and as out of the chaos the Spirit caused to emerge this system of order and beauty, so Christianity causes to rise out of the moral waste the order and the organisation of civilised life. I see that although evil principles are not at once supplanted, but good and evil contend for the mastery, victory is on the side of good, and ultimately it prevails; I see forms of new beauty and loveliness rising into existence; I see virtue diligently pursued and warmly applauded; I see justice enthroned, wrongs redressed, and cruelty execrated; I see benevolent institutions for the amelioration of every evil that afflicts humanity, organised and supported; I see war become unpopular; I see the fetters of the slave fall from his shackled limbs; I see heroism attempt and effect its noblest achievements; I see literature, and science, and art, and commerce progress. In a word, I see man rising in everything that constitutes greatness to an elevation never attained where Christianity is unknown. You may refuse to accredit it with these results, and attribute them to some other cause; but so long as they are found wherever it exists, never where it is not, and so long as they are found, moreover, only in proportion as it is allowed to operate unfettered, I cannot help tracing a connexion between it and them; nor can I believe in the decay, or the approaching dissolution, of a system possessed of the vitality from which such consequences flow.

As a reason for the expectations which sceptics in-

dulge in relation to Christianity, very much has been said of the want of an earnest belief on the part of its friends. It has descended to them as an heirloom from their forefathers, or they have taken it upon trust, as a thing that was passing current among the men of their age; and never having tested its genuineness for themselves, of course they have no living faith in its principles. Now, it must be admitted that these statements are applicable to many, and that, as a rule, there are not those manifestations of intense earnestness and enthusiasm, frequently amounting to fanaticism, which distinguished the Covenanters in Scotland, the Puritans in England, and the persecuted in every land. But it would be most unphilosophical at once to assume, that the absence of these manifestations is occasioned by the want of an earnest belief. The altered circumstances of the times are sufficient to account for it. Men do not now hold their religious principles at the risk of their lives; and there is, consequently, not the same occasion as formerly for the excitement of intense feeling. But, withal, there are thousands to be found on whose hearts the name of Christ is engraven, and who prove their readiness, when duty calls, to part with all that men hold dear. Why, I see now, that in countries sunk in barbarism, where Christianity has but recently been planted, there are witnesses for Christ who seal their testimony with their blood; and in our own land there are many who from a concealed and incessant persecution, suffer all the pangs of martyrdom, while surrounded with none of its *éclat*, and who, did the occasion call for it, would rather rot in dungeons, bear the tortures of the rack or the boot, mount the scaffold, or stand unmoved on the burning pile, than prove traitors to the principles they

have espoused. Earnest belief! where will you find it if not among Christians? Has the new philosophy acquired such a hold on the minds of its disciples as to command the sacrifice of ease, of influence, of honour, or of life? Where is their martyr-roll? Their testimony, hitherto, has been written in a darker fluid than blood, sealed less nobly than by death. And, while I do not charge them with either cowardice or insincerity, I do say that, where earnestness is in question, modesty should teach them the policy of silence.

The aggressive efforts of Christianity are at once a proof of earnest belief and a manifestation of power. Activity, while it is a sign of life, is a mean, as well as a consequence of growth. You might suppose that, resting satisfied with past achievements, and confining itself within its old land-marks, it had sunk into a state of torpor; whereas, it never was more aggressive in its aim, or more energetic in its operations than now. To say nothing of its attempts to reach the degraded, the outcast, and the irreligious of our own population, it is contemplating, attempting, and effecting new conquests in various parts of the world. The money spent in this work, the trials endured, the life sacrificed, are, I hold, a sufficient refutation of sceptical predictions. They prove that Christianity is no mere shadow of its former self, but a powerful living reality—that instead of gradually diminishing, it is destined to increase. They tell us of its influence waning, or of its having become effete! Whereas, what is it doing?—taking possession of every country into which it can gain admission,—sending forth its heralds unto all lands, and under every clime, amid the rigours of the frozen North, under the more deadly rays of a tropical sun, amid the

pestilential swamps of Africa, on the plains of Hindostan, in the vast provinces of China and the distant islands of the sea. What is it doing?—telling Africa of the coming of her great Deliverer, administering the grand remedy for all her long-endured wrongs. What is it doing?—scattering its Bibles broadcast over China, and reaping the first-fruits of an abundant harvest there. What is it doing?—summoning Brahminism to resign the sceptre which it has swayed for centuries over millions of the human race,—ay, and let me tell you, Brahminism is preparing to obey. That system, supported by tens of thousands of priests, rendered sacred by the associations of thirty centuries, honoured by the splendour of its temples, and the number and magnificence of its rites, is tottering before the power of Christianity; and some of us may yet live to see the day when the banner of the cross shall wave over the ruins of its pride and its power. What is it doing?—attempting the conquest of the world, and summoning it to render its allegiance to Him who has bought it with his blood. Oh! it may be that there are many connected with it who have no faith in its reality, and whose lives are a disgrace to its principles; it may be that severer conflicts await it than any through which it has passed; it may be that “the battle of the evidences” must be fought again; it may be that from sceptical assaults it will suffer a temporary repulse; but it is not dead—it has not become effete; that, at least, is a slander and a lie. There is vitality here, there is power here—power enough to shake off the corruptions which have gathered around it, to resist all opposition, to survive all reverses. When I look at the flowing tide I see that it bears froth, and sometimes filth, on its billow, and that

each of its advancing waves to some extent recedes ; yet, nevertheless, it flows onward, until the shore is covered with the beautiful expanse of waters ; and Christianity, though in its progress it may bear onward much insincerity, and not a little corruption,—and though it meet with many obstacles which greatly retard its progress, advances, on the whole, and will continue to advance, until “ the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.”

II. When they speak so confidently of the extinction of Christianity, we have a right to ask them what they intend to substitute for it—how they would fill the void occasioned by its destruction, and to examine the various schemes which they have, either incidentally or formally, proposed. Such an examination, while it will convince you of the stability of the Christian religion, by showing you the immeasurable inferiority of their theories, and how utterly inadequate they are to occupy its place, will serve to make you thankful for every proof of its permanence and progress.

On the *educational panacea* ; that is, the panacea of those who hope to rectify man's character, and satisfy his longings by the diffusion of secular knowledge, as it is not peculiar to sceptics. I shall not dwell further than to remark, that while knowledge may prove conducive to his elevation and his happiness, and while it may tend to promote his morality, it is utterly inadequate to his spiritual wants. With the history of such men as Voltaire, Napoleon, Byron, before you, you need no argument to convince you of the insufficiency of knowledge. Ignorance was not the cause of their wickedness and woe, but a rampant selfishness which no

amount of knowledge cou'd subdue ; and without the subjugation of which it is impossible to rectify the character, or to secure the happiness of man.

The expectation has been entertained and expressed, that in proportion as intelligence is diffused Christianity will lose its authority over the minds of men—the increase of light making manifest its fallacy. I shall say nothing of the cool and proud assumption which this prediction involves ; as if, forsooth, such men as Bacon, and Pascal, and Butler, and Locke, and Newton, were mere babes in intellect compared with sceptical prophets now, and with what the mass of mankind will shortly become ; but I would suggest, that as the past progress of science has dissipated many of the objections with which Christianity was formerly assailed, its future progress may supply a refutation of many that are now current. The increase of knowledge may only serve to throw light upon and explain the meaning of many of the statements of God's word. As Butler says, "It is not at all incredible that a book which has been so long in the possession of mankind, should yet contain many truths as yet undiscovered. For all the same phenomena, and the same faculties of investigation, from which such great discoveries in natural knowledge have been made in the present and last age, were equally in the possession of mankind several thousand years before. And possibly it might be intended, that events, as they came to pass, should open and ascertain the meaning of several parts of Scripture."

Neither the history of the past nor its own writings give any countenance to the notion, that Christianity lives only in ignorance, and loves the darkness rather than the light. While it is her glory, that the simplest

minds can understand her message, sufficiently for their own salvation, she challenges the scrutiny of the profoundest and the most intelligent. Hitherto men of the strongest intellect and the most extensive attainments have discovered in her doctrines the deepest meaning,—in her adaptations manifestations of the greatest skill,—in her subjects the most awful grandeur, and in all the most convincing proofs of her divine origin. And the fact justifies the inference, that new light will only reveal the truths that lie enfolded in her pages ; that philosophy will never discover a system better adapted to man's nature and necessities,—that the lessons of history, however fully understood, will never supersede the precepts of Scripture; that the discoveries of science will never cast into the shade the truths of revelation; that civilisation, far as it may advance, will be anticipated by religion. These may become her handmaids; but never her successors. They may take their place around her, like planets round the sun; but she will continue to outshine them all as the sun outshines the stars. When imperfectly understood they may appear to contradict her, and tyroes in science may be sceptics in religion; but a more extensive knowledge will be accompanied by unwavering faith. “The last and greatest of the world's scholars will, we doubt not, be among the lowliest worshippers, and the loudest heralds of the crucified Nazarene. The gospel is true—true intensely, entirely, eternally; and all other and inferior truth, in proportion as it shall be more patiently and thoroughly evolved, will assume its true place and proportion, as buttressing and exalting the great pervading, controlling, and incarnate Truth, Jesus Christ, the Maker, the

Sovereign, the Upholder, the Judge, no less than the Redeemer of the world."*

That which is chiefly advanced as the competitor and successor of Christianity is *natural religion*. Under this general head I class the various theories of sceptics, whether they hold, with Mr. Newman, that a book-revelation is impossible; or with Mr. Parker, that the only good thing in Christianity is the absolute religion which is to be found in all systems; or with others, that the Bible, while it contains much that is good and true, —more, perhaps, than any other book, is of no greater authority than any production of genius, and is not to be believed when its statements are at variance with our spiritual insight—I class them together, because, whatever shades of difference they present they are agreed on the proposition on which we differ from them all—*Reason*, or by whatever other name you may call it,—*Reason and not the Bible is man's religious guide*.

"To obtain a knowledge of duty," says Parker, "man is not sent away *outside of himself* to ancient documents for the only rule of faith and practice; the Word is very nigh him, even in his heart, and by this Word he is to try all documents whatever. Inspiration, like God's omnipresence, is not limited to the few writers claimed by Jews, Christians, or Mahomedans, but is co-extensive with the race." Did your time permit, passages of a similar nature might be quoted from Carlyle, Emerson, Newman, and others; as it is, however, I must content myself with presenting the substance of them in the following sentence, to which, judging from their writ-

ings, they would all subscribe:—That the Bible is useless as a religious guide, because man possesses, in his own nature, a revelation of all the spiritual truth which it can possibly contain.

I confess that to my mind there is something peculiarly attractive in this theory. It is so pleasing to think of every man having in himself a revelation of all the religious truth, which it is necessary for him to know, that I should be persuaded to adopt the notion but for the absence of one condition—its consistency with truth. When compared with facts, discrepancies are revealed which I find it impossible to reconcile. How men, with the “spiritual insight,” the infallible guide, which they are represented as possessing, should have differed so widely, and gone so far astray, is a problem which I had rather not be obliged to solve. For it must be remembered in our examination of this theory, that this “spiritual insight” is no new thing in the world. For six thousand years men have had it in their possession, and, with the exception of Judaism and Christianity, all the forms in which they have embodied their religious ideas are to be regarded as its results. The idolatries of various nations, fire-worship in Persia, the twin systems of Brahminism and Buddhism in India, Confucianism in China, Mahomedanism in Arabia, and Pantheism in Germany, with various others of minor importance; these are all the products of reason: for men had her guidance then as well as now, —there as well as here. They had it in Persia, when they worshipped the sun; in India, when they adopted their millions of idols; in Egypt, when to rivers, four-footed beasts, and creeping things, they paid divine honours; in Rome, when they adopted the idols of

conquered nations, and crowded them into their Capitol ; in Greece, when they worshipped a statue of exquisite beauty as the representative of a god. They had it, too, in those temples of voluptuous deities where prostitution was a part of their religious rites ; and in all those nations where the most revolting forms of superstition, and the most degrading and cruel practices, have obtained. The heathen had it when he smeared his hands with the blood of human sacrifices ; the devotee had it when he inflicted on himself excruciating tortures ; the Bechuana had it when, as missionaries tell us, he lost all conception of a God ; and Plato had it, too, when after all that his philosophy taught him, he acknowledged the necessity of a divine revelation.

Now when we see this "spiritual insight" leading to results so varied and so deplorable, we may be excused if we cannot at once perceive its value, or regard it as trustworthy. It would seem, in spite of the laudations of Carlyle, and Emerson, and Parker, and Newman, and others, that the experience of the race demonstrates its worthlessness and the absurdity of their praise. Is that an infallible guide which has led so far astray ? Is that a divine oracle whose responses are so at variance ? Can that be a light from heaven which has conducted to such depths of wickedness and woe ? Let these facts be properly weighed, and they are, surely, sufficient to convince you, that this spiritual insight, which anticipates all essential spiritual truth, is a dream of the imagination ; and that, whatever man may have been originally, he is now, from some cause or other, destitute of any faculty on whose guidance, in matters of religion, he can wisely or safely depend.

The extent or the accuracy of this "spiritual in-

sight" in the prophets themselves, it is impossible to ascertain, because very much that they attribute to this cause is a result, I apprehend, of their religious training. Recognising the superiority of their views to those of their heathen friends, I maintain that the cause of the superiority is the possession of that Bible which they despise, and not their spiritual insight; for how should that which is common to all, the same in all, lead to such superior results in some? But with all the advantages which the possession of the Bible confers, natural religion, even in them, if interrogated, will be found defective. On a subject of no less importance than immortality, one of them tells us, that it is revealed to his consciousness; and another, equally infallible, that his has no light on the question. And if such contradictions meet us at the commencement of our investigations, we cannot hope for much by extending them farther. The multiplication of witnesses would only add to the amount of conflicting testimony, until we found ourselves in the presence of a second Babel, with its confusion of tongues.

Without at all undervaluing natural religion, I maintain, that so far from enabling us to dispense with, it only proves our need of a divine revelation. If there be one religious truth which man can discover apart from the Bible, it is this,—that there is a Supreme Being of whose moral government we are the subjects, and to whom we are accountable for our actions. Next to this, if not in the order of discovery, at least in the extent in which it is perceived (as heathen sacrifices show), is the truth that we are in a state of revolt, and therefore liable to endure the punishment of rebels. These truths being perceived, man is brought into a

dilemma in which the Bible alone can afford him relief. Natural religion having brought him thus far, must leave him. A question presents itself to which it can furnish no reply. If guilty, if liable to punishment, I need pardon ; has provision been made for its honourable bestowal ? Or, as one eloquently asks, " is the subject to rebel and disobey every hour, and the king, by a perpetual act of indulgence, to efface every character of truth and dignity from his government ? Do this, and you depose the Legislator from his throne. You reduce the sanctions of his law to a name and a mockery. You give the lie to your own speculation. You pull the fabric of his moral government to pieces ; and you give a spectacle to angels which makes them weep compassion on your vanity—poor, pigmy, perishable man prescribing a way to the Eternal, and bringing down the high economy of heaven to the standard of his own convenience and his wishes ! This will never do ; if there be any law of God over the creatures whom he has formed, and if that law we have trampled upon, we are amenable to its sentence. Ours is the dark and unsheltered state of condemnation ; and if there be a single outlet or way of escaping, it cannot be such a way as will abolish the law, and degrade the lawgiver—but it must be such a way as will vindicate and exalt the Deity, as will pour a tide of splendour over the majesty of his high attributes ; and as in the sublime language of the prophet who saw it from afar, will ' magnify his law and make it honourable.' To this way we are fairly shut up. It is our only alternative."* But where or how can it be found ? Does reason reveal it ?

Chalmers.

Is the record of it written on the works of nature? Does the philosopher, as he gazes on the ever-changing form of those passing clouds, behold it there? Or can he read it in the motion of the stars? Do the winds whisper it in his ear, or the waters murmur it? Is it revealed in the depths of his own consciousness? No, nature is silent as the grave; reason stammers her apologies, but leaves you in the dark. Then is there no help? Now that reason has shown him his danger, shall man be left without hope of escape? Thank God, that Christianity which reason rejects, speaks when reason is dumb: "Jesus Christ the righteous" is "the propitiation for the sins of the world." "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood." "In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." Destroy the system which contains that truth, and you take away from the world its only hope; you dash from its lips the only cup which can slake its burning thirst, and you leave it to wander in the dark beneath a load of woe, alike without a resting-place for time, and without hope for eternity.

A solution of the problem of man's relations, and a mean of attaining blessedness, has been propounded in a book with which many of you are no doubt acquainted. Carlyle, in his "Sartor Resartus," represents his hero as wandering in bitter, protracted death-agony, through long years, and the heart within him unvisited by any heavenly dew-drop, smouldering in self-consuming fires, and then resolving to endure whatever may befall him—death, and the pangs of Tophet too, and whatever devils or man may, will, or can do, unto him; and as having,

through this resolution to forego happiness, this self-annihilation, acquired blessedness.

On this theory I am not prepared to pronounce an unqualified censure. Under the rugged, abrupt, but wildly beautiful, language in which it is presented, I see the mutilated form of a truth which has been stolen from the Bible—that submission to God's will is man's duty, and that, through submission, he may attain to blessedness. But I also see that that truth has been perverted, and made to exert the influence of an error, by being presented in a mutilated form, and severed from the relations by which it is modified; nor can I help feeling the want of any adequate directions for the attainment of the state of mind which he recommends.

Waving all objections to the theory on the ground of its comparative obscurity, which must operate powerfully to prevent its reception by the masses of mankind, it may be questioned whether, if rendered intelligible, it would prove efficacious. Will a man, at the bidding of others, be content to endure the sufferings of the present and the torments of the future? Can they raise him to such a sublime pitch of stoicism, by the charm which resides in their word? Will a being intensely selfish attain to such entire self-abnegation by a mere exercise of will? As soon may the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots. A stronger power than their system provides, a more powerful motive than it presents, is necessary to fortify man against the evils of his condition. In order to this he must be moved by a power from without—a power which will penetrate into the depths of his nature, and touch the secret springs of his life. For such a purpose their scheme is incompetent. Even the blessedness in which

their self-annihilation terminates must not be a motive to its cultivation, for the hope of blessedness is incompatible with such a state of mind. Hence, in strict accordance with their doctrine, they say to Hope, "Fly, then, false shadows, I will chase you no more, I will believe you no more;" and to Fear, "Haggard spectres, I care not for you; ye, too, are all shadows and a lie!"

The great evil of humanity is its intense, its extreme selfishness; and to say that this evil is to be rectified by self-abnegation, it strikes me, is almost tantamount to saying, "Let man become unselfish, and he will cease to be selfish; let him become what he ought to be, and he will cease to be what he is." True—a most palpable truism! But then, unfortunately, man, as he is, has not the power of becoming what he ought to be, and must remain as he is for ever, or become indescribably worse, unless he receive help from another. How to raise him from the actual into the desirable state? there lies the difficulty, which, if they will only solve, their work will be well-nigh accomplished. As yet they have not untied, not even cut the knot, or they have cut it only in theory, practically it is as firm as ever. Defective as is their system on paper, it is still more defective in application; to use their own language, "Constitution will not march."

There is one solution of the difficulty, and only one, with which we are acquainted; but it is one which sceptics ignore. There have been men who have risen superior to the ills of life. Patiently and heroically they have endured its trials, "suffering joyfully the spoiling of their goods," the defamation of their character, alienation of friends, exile from home, braving death itself in its most awful forms. They had at-

tained to self-annihilation so far, that their wills were brought into subjection to the will of God; yet they knew nothing of the stoicism which this system recommends. While their wills were placed in subjection to God's, they knew that his was best—best, not only in relation to the interests of the universe, but in relation to their own. While they heroically endured the sufferings of time, they fixed their eye on the glories of eternity. Their self-annihilation was not a willingness to be damned, but the curbing and the crucifixion of the lower part of their nature, in order to the developement and ultimate glorification of the higher. These men were called Christians; they were made, and such are being made still, by the transforming influences of Christianity. This subjects them to a new power; plies them with an influential motive; reveals to them truths of a sanctifying nature. It tells them, “God is love,”—that all the sufferings which appear to be at variance with that truth are but the indications and the results of the lapsed condition of humanity—that through the intervention of a Divine Redeemer provision is made for the remission of sin, and the recovery of man from its effects—that the wisdom and the power and the goodness of Jehovah, secure the destruction of the false and the hideous and the dissonant, and the prevalence of the true and the beautiful and the good. It reveals to them an immortality of glory, compared with which the sufferings of the present are but as nothing, in which they shall all be forgotten, except as their recollection may serve to enhance the unbroken rest and the unending joys of eternity. And by these influences, motives and truths, it makes men new creatures—changes them from the selfish things which

they once were, not into stoics indeed, but into God-tearing men, who, "denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world." Place these systems together, then judge between the two, and say if you are prepared to renounce a religion which produces these results, for a philosophy which tells you, that the only hope for you is, that you should be content to endure death and the pangs of Tophet too ; or if you see any reason to fear, or to hope, or to suppose that the one will ever supplant and supersede the other.

It seems natural, I suppose, on the principle that extremes meet, to pass from this self-annihilation theory, to what we may call the *utilitarian philosophy*. There are men, as you know, who recommend, in another way, a more earthly kind of virtue. They persuade to its practice solely because it is profitable. Of blessedness they say nothing ; the thing is beyond the range of their vision ; the word has no place in their vocabulary. As if man were a mere "vulture flying through the universe, and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not given him," they ignore his spiritual nature, and appeal only to his bodily wants. Far less earnest than the other class of philosophers, with far lower conceptions of duty, they unite with them in their rejection of Christianity, and in exhorting men to be sober, honest, industrious, and truthful. This, they add, will pay ; it will clothe the back, satisfy the appetite, conduct to wealth, promote respectability ; but they go no farther. Man has other and more urgent wants, but they take no cognizance of them. The blessings they promise him are not what he mainly needs. The Bible tells

them, and so do their sceptical cousins, that he has that within him which enables him to dispense with these things, if need be. These are sufficient for his bodily wants; but then he has a soul. What he needs most of all is to solve the problem of his own existence, to understand what are, and how he should act in, his relations to the universe, to futurity, to God. But they make no provision for this, take no cognisance of it. And they hope, by this utilitarian, this earthly, grovelling philosophy, to regenerate the world!

You know how poets have sung the praises of this virtue, and essayists enforced its practice, and novelists described its results, in the history of imaginary characters, whom they have painted to their own liking, and conducted through various scenes and adventures, until they have landed them in a second paradise, where they are so happy in the cultivation of their virtuous principles, and in the enjoyment which they yield, that angels might almost look down with envy on the scene. Very beautiful and very attractive are the pictures they have drawn. But, alas! they are not less fanciful. They are false as they are fair. They are the products of their own imagination. Except in connexion with Christianity, you cannot find their counterparts in real life. The virtues which the parties cultivate cannot yield the happiness which they are represented as enjoying; for it is a virtue which loses sight of God, and makes no provision for the duties which man owes to his Maker. And will they persuade me that the soul of man can be satisfied, when severed from its source and its centre, while it exercises only a part of its affections and faculties, and that the least important, while the greater part of his nature is allowed to lie

dormant, while he misses the grand and ultimate end of his being, and gains only the subordinate? No; I put aside your fanciful representation, and I see that in the most virtuous of godless men, selfishness, after all, in some form or other, is the ruling principle, and jealousy has a place in his heart, and envy is excited there, and there are chafings of temper and woundings of pride, which contrast too sadly with the picture of happiness you have drawn.

Nor do we object to the representation only because their virtue is unable to yield the happiness of which they speak, but because, apart from Christianity, the virtue which they portray does not exist. Examine the lives of those who have lauded it most highly. Let Rousseau confess his infamy, and, while his fellow-mortals blush at the recital of his deeds, blasphemously challenge his Maker's approval; let the friend of Paine attest that he was a scoundrel, a drunkard, a villain, and everything that is vile; let the author of "Leviathan" unblushingly confess his dishonesty, and glory in his disgrace; and then say, if these are the morals of the apostles of the school, what is to be expected of its disciples? But they have better representatives than these. Hume and Bentham have been selected as among the most faultless of their class. But if you think of the one apologising for licentiousness as harmless, and asserting the innocence of suicide, and of the social theories which have been advocated by the most admiring disciples of the other, you will see how utterly worthless is their scheme, as a mean for the regeneration of the world.

But the best way to test it is to try it where the influence of Christianity being unfelt, it may be left to

operate unaided, and where it cannot be accredited, as it sometimes has been, with the morality which the Gospel has produced. Let the apostles of this school undertake a mission to the wretched outcasts in our populous towns, or let them go forth to heathen lands and proclaim virtue to their degraded and benighted inhabitants; and if they succeed we will acknowledge the efficacy of their scheme. But will they? Have they power enough in their principles to make those thieves honest? Will their glowing descriptions of virtue be sufficiently attractive to reclaim those prostitutes from vice? Will the heathen, at their bidding, renounce his cruelty and idolatry, and become a disciple of their school? For hundreds of years their principles have been before the world:—what has been the effect of their operation hitherto? What triumphs have they achieved? To what trophies can they point? Does the history of the past justify their lofty pretensions? Can they show us their criminals reclaimed, their thieves making restitution, their harlots sitting at the feet of their benefactors in contrition and in tears? Can they tell us of any nation which they have blessed with the benefits of civilisation and morality? We have had enough of pretension—it is time to produce proof. But they cannot. The experience of the past only proves that their system is a failure. It is not less contemptible in performance than it is great in promise. In its operation upon the masses of men it has been altogether powerless; and while it has its disciples here and there, whom it has taught the policy of conforming to the morality consequent on the spread of Christian principles, for aught that it has done humanity is essentially the same as before—has the same intense selfishness,

the same lawless tendencies, the same corrupt passions, ready to burst forth again, as disastrously as ever they have done, at any previous period in the history of the world.

To produce even the morality which they laud, then, you need something more powerful than their principles; and the Gospel proves its superiority to their scheme, not only by teaching a morality which embraces man's duty to God, but by doing the work which its rejectors propose and fail to accomplish. Insisting, as it always does, on the insufficiency of mere virtue, it nevertheless makes men everywhere virtuous. Its history records a series of triumphs over every form of evil, with which it has come into contact. No vice can withstand its influence. Criminals of every class stand forth to attest its power,—from the harlot who washed the Saviour's feet with her tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head, to that heathen murderer, red with the blood of his victim, whom it has made patient, gentle, forgiving, devout, the calm expectant of a glorious immortality.

An attempt is made to evade the force of this argument, by the assertion that it is not by the peculiar principles of Christianity these results are produced, but by the morality which it contains in common with all religions, and that if virtue were preached to the same extent, and with the same earnestness, the same consequences would follow. Were the assertion true, it would avail the parties little. We should welcome them to all the benefit they can derive from it. For the question might then be asked, How comes it that the adherents of the Gospel manifest an enthusiasm to which the advocates of virtue are strangers? Is it

not to be attributed to something in their respective systems? Does it not prove that the one is impregnated with a power of which the other is destitute? Whether these effects are produced by the enthusiasm which Christianity excites in its subjects, or in some other way, is nothing to the present argument, provided they are produced. The fact that Christianity excites the enthusiasm which issues in such results, while morality cannot, is a sufficient proof of its superiority.

But the assertion is false. Facts show that when Christianity is divested of its peculiar principles, when its morality only is taught, no such consequences follow. Ceasing to be Christianity, because of its mutilation, it becomes powerless for the accomplishment of the ends contemplated in its promulgation. Its morality may teach men what they ought to be; but its theology is needed to make them so. In order to this, you must have the power of the master-motive of Calvary, and those spiritual influences which religion provides.

Chalmers rises up as the champion of morality *versus* evangelism—denounces, at the commencement of his career, the preachers of the Gospel as teaching men that, though they live in dishonesty and vice, their faith will cover all their sins, and secure their admission to heaven—preaches his doctrines with all the earnestness of his ardent nature to a mere handful of hearers, who come and go as they came; no powerful impression is produced; nothing is done to promote the morality which he so eloquently lauds. At length illness, which threatens to bring him to the grave, leads to an examination of his principles, and the examination to the discovery that his life has not been so blamelessly spent that he can appear confidently in his Maker's presence.

and challenge his approval. His principles appear worthless now. He could live with his morality; but he must have something better ere he can venture to die. And nowhere can he find that something but in the Gospel which he has despised and opposed. He now becomes "a new creature;" he is the partaker of a new life; he stands in new relations; he consecrates his talents to a new object. That Gospel which has satisfied the longings of his own nature, shall he not publish it to others? A new power attends his ministry; his heart burns with a new fervour; his eye beams with a new inspiration; his words are pregnant with unwonted power; his hearers are bent like reeds beneath the rush of the torrent of his eloquence; the tear rolls down their cheek, or the heart is relieved of its load, as he tells them of the love of God, of the propitiation of Christ, of the freeness and universality of the Gospel offer. The morality which he could not produce when he lauded it so highly, now that he demonstrates its insufficiency, follows as the consequence of a mightier change. As the influence of his preaching widens, strangers from all directions are seen on the Sabbath morning flocking to that little church in Kilmany. In the commercial capital of Scotland, commercial men, charmed by the spell of the master, throng, at business hours, to hang on his lips, as he tells them how distant worlds illustrate the glory of the Gospel, and creation renders tribute to the cross. Students in academic halls listen with eagerness and approval to the same eloquence, and go forth, baptized in his spirit, to their respective spheres of labour. Scotland, from Ultima Thule to the banks of the Tweed, feels the influence, and vibrates with the change that has taken place in the

views and feelings of this one man. Her Church heaves with a new life, and an event, which, with all its drawbacks, is one of the greatest of modern times—an event which led an eminent *litterateur* and judge, who had little sympathy with the evangelical sentiments of the parties, to say, “I am proud of my country; there is not another in the world in which such a deed could have been done”—an event in which nearly 500 ministers, leaving their homes and their earthly all, cast themselves and their families on the providence of God and the generous sympathies of their people—an event, the influence of which is felt for good in Scotland now, and will be felt for centuries to come—proves that, even as regards the virtue which it seeks to promote, your utilitarian philosophy cannot be compared with, and is never likely, as it has no right, to supersede the peculiar doctrines of the Christian faith.

III. My time will only allow me briefly to indicate the train of thought which, under the third head, I might have illustrated at length. I regard it as a pledge of the future triumph of Christianity, that it presents in a complete form, and in harmonious relations, all those truths, or fragments of truths, that are to be found in the various systems of heathenism. In these systems you have not only a manifestation of man's faculty for worship, and of the longing after an object of worship, which is universally felt, but you have a truth, or fragment of a truth, which is the core of the system, and the presence of which accounts for its prolonged or its continued existence. It may be very much mutilated; it may be almost concealed by the errors which have clustered around it; it may be very dimly perceived by the worshippers; it may be strangely

contorted by the medium through which it is viewed, and the relations in which it is placed; but there it is—there, not accidentally, but essentially; not as an appendage to the system, but as the centre round which it has grown, and the removal of which would be followed by its decay and its dissolution. Now, Christianity gathers these truths, or fragments of truths, together, presents each one in a complete, a purer, a higher, an expanded form, and in its proper relations, not as existing alone, but as part of a whole, necessary to and supported by, casting light upon and receiving light from, all to which it stands related. Nor does it present these truths as so many abstractions, in the form of a well-arranged creed, which, to the great majority of heathens, would be of little use, but embodied in a person—in one between whom and themselves sympathy may subsist, who will hold intercourse with them, and grant them help, who loves them, and may be loved by them in return. All their truths centre in Jesus of Nazareth, and in Him are more perfectly, because divinely, taught. This fact alone is sufficient to assure me of the triumph of Christianity. Because of its teaching clearly what the world perceives dimly and imperfectly, as objects are seen in dreams, and because of its supplying all that the world unconsciously longs for, will it supplant every system of paganism, preserving what is true, overthrowing what is corrupt, assimilating all things to itself, until it becomes the one religion of the world.

Another pledge of its success is its adaptation to the individual man. Make yourselves acquainted with man's nature and necessities, and you will perceive that while there is not one spiritual want for which the Bible

does not make provision ; it interferes not with the exercise of any one of his faculties, but provides for their developement and expansion. While other systems do not satisfy his longings, while they do such violence to the principles of his nature, as to prove that their authors understood it not, it is the glory of Christianity that its adaptation is complete. They cannot produce in him the sanctification which meetens for, nor supply him with the righteousness which entitles to heaven ; but Christianity does both. They cannot give to the faculties of his nature that enlargement of which they are found to be capable ; it can. Its blessings meet his necessities ; under its influence he rises above his sins and his sorrows, and continues his ascent, not only while life lasts, but through the ages of a coming eternity, until he reaches an elevation which far surpasses man's loftiest thought, and is more than sufficient to gratify his highest ambition, and to satisfy his most enlarged desires.

The progress of Christianity, from its promulgation until now, warrants us to expect its universal prevalence. That handful of seed, sown by Jesus of Nazareth—what a harvest it has already yielded ! No sooner does it peep above the soil, than storms howl around it—hostile influences combine for its destruction ; yet it grows, and bears other seeds : these fall into the ground and bear seeds in their turn, until in our day we see it waving over continents, and the islands of the sea partaking of its fruits. Can you doubt the progress of such a system as this ? If when it was so weak, when its position was so unfavourable, it braved every hostile influence, and grew to such an extent, now that its position is so much improved, and it has acquired such

strength, is it not competent to fill the world? Yes; that handful of corn shall yet "cover the tops of the mountains," its fruit shall shake like Lebanon, it shall grow as the "grass of the earth;" the name of the Nazarene shall be ploughed into the universal heart of humanity, it "shall endure for ever," it shall be "continued as long as the sun," and "men shall be blessed in him, all nations shall call him blessed."

It is no argument with a sceptic, yet it is so encouraging to a Christian, that in noticing what we consider pledges of the success of Christianity, in a lecture to a Young Men's Christian Association, it would be improper to overlook the truth, that Omnipotence is on its side. This is our security and our strength. Infidelity may utter its blasphemies, scepticism may prosecute its subtle schemes, and, as the consequence, our ranks may be thinned by the desertion of pretended friends; the faith of many of the sincere may be shaken by the severity of the conflict; our adversaries may institute more powerful organisations, and employ far greater talent than we can command; humanly speaking, Christianity may seem doomed to perish; but it is, nevertheless, safe in the hands of One who is able to protect it, and who will cause it ultimately to prevail. In estimating our strength we must not look at that which is seen only, at the array of talent and wealth and influence ranged on either side—we must look to the invisible helpers of the good, the horses and chariots of fire which surround the Church, as to the eye of his servant they appeared to surround the prophet of old; we must remember the Omnipotent arm of which prayer lays hold; we have only to pray, and that arm will be moved, and a power will be called into exercise which will

baffle the skill and the might of our adversaries, and render our cause triumphant. Ye sceptics may sneer at our weakness, and talk contemptuously of the "last of the Christians," and of "Jew-stars now gone out :"—but our King reigns. He who has fought the battles of his Church during centuries past, lives to fight her battles still. Ye have no shout like his in your camp—so kingly or so mighty. Ye cannot contend successfully against him. He sits in the heavens and laughs at you ; he holds your best schemes in derision. Though far distant, and invisible to you, his ear is open to our prayers ; his eye watches the conflict ; and in due time he will come forth with great power, and clad in the robes of his imperial majesty. The sound of his voice, the glance of his eye, as in days of old, will give courage to his friends, strike terror into the hearts of his foes ; and while your exultation will be followed by your overthrow, our feebleness will prove the prelude of our victory.

I may be permitted, in conclusion, to express the hope that these remarks will tend to increase your confidence in Christianity, and the joyful anticipation with which you regard its future progress. I have aimed at this in all I have said, and shall feel that my object has been so far gained, if in any of you the conviction is produced, that as in the cloudy days which have recently passed over us, only a stranger from another system, who knew no better, could have fancied that the stars were blotted out, and proceeded to mourn their loss ; so it is the short-sightedness of man which leads him to suppose, from the objections with which sceptics obscure the light of God's Word, that that Word no longer exists as the guide of the nations ; for as surely

as the winds disperse the passing clouds, and we see that the stars are not blotted out, but are shining still in their serene heights, lighting the traveller on his lonely way, and guiding the mariner in his course over the pathless deep to his distant home, so surely shall the objections with which Christianity is assailed be dissipated, and that star of the world's hope be seen shining with an ever-increasing brightness in its mystical night, guiding not the sages alone, but the inhabitants of every land, to lay their offerings, and pay their homage, at the feet of the world's Redeemer, there to find that heart's ease after which they have been panting so long, a solace under all their sorrows, and the supply of all their wants. And let me suggest, that as he who is best acquainted with the stars has the greatest confidence in their stability; and however dense the clouds may be which conceal them from his view, and however long they may continue, he fears not that they have been swept away, but calmly awaits their reappearance; and, as if in travelling or in voyaging, he has followed their guidance, he knows they have never deceived him, and follows it again, without fear of being led astray; so, if you acquire an extensive, but especially an experimental acquaintance with the principles of this book, it will give you the confidence that it cannot err, and will never fail. It may be assailed by objections which you cannot satisfactorily refute; clouds may surround it, which your reason cannot penetrate; and you may even hear the hymns of triumph wafted from the sceptical camp, where they are exulting over its defeat: but you will feel confident that that exultation is premature, and will be speedily followed by wailing. You will be able to say, "I cannot answer your objections,

but I have tried this Word, and felt its power ; it must be true, for it has done for me all that it promised ; it has satisfied all my longings, and relieved me of my load of woe ; it must come from God, for it has led me to him, restored to me his forfeited favour and his defaced image ; and being the Word of truth, and being the Word of God, I know it cannot fail." Nor will it fail, my brother. In life's saddest hours, it will give you comfort ; in the dark "valley of the shadow of death," it will shed a light around your path ; it will cheer you when you have to "take the death-angel by the hand, and bid farewell to wife, and babes, and home ;" as you descend into the deep and dark waters, it will prove a rock beneath your feet ; nor will it leave you, until in the light of a higher and a better region you verify all that it has told you, and realise the glory which it has dimly revealed.

Wellington.

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D.,

MINISTER OF THE NATIONAL SCOTCH CHURCH, CROWN COURT.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

NOVEMBER 30, 1852.

WELLINGTON.

HAD I been asked to present a history, however brief, of the life, or an estimate, however humble, of the genius, of Arthur Duke of Wellington, I should have refused. An Achilles should have a Homer to chant his praise; the world's first hero should have the world's first orator to pronounce justly on his character. This, however, is not my office.

It is my humbler duty to attempt, as requested, to seize and set forth those salient features in the illustrious hero which are suggestive of guidance, instruction, encouragement, and progress, to young men. I will attempt earnestly to do so. Should I fail, it will not be from the poverty of the subject, or the indisposition of my heart, but from the inability of my powers.

The dead speak. We have each two immortalities; one we carry with us to the presence of God, the other we leave behind us. In one sense, Wellington is dead; we no longer see the hero on our streets, weighed down with years, but he lives in the most eloquent chapters of our country's history, and in the warmest recollections of the age which closed his life. He is felt as well as

recollected in every regiment of our army still; his very name will stir the soldier's heart as a trumpet-sound.

True it is, the voice that inspired, and directed, and cheered to victory, because duty required it, the battalions of India, the Peninsula, and Waterloo, is silent; the sword that was never drawn but in a righteous cause, and never sheathed till the right was vindicated and the wrong avenged, is let go;—but yet he speaks. His life still runs in the channels of the nation's well-being; his name is ploughed deep and indelible into the history of the world; and his military character—a character that emerges more beautiful from the severest analysis—will shine before the future armies of our nation brilliant as a star, and dear as the banner that has waved over England's greatest victories. He yet speaks; and to no voice does his country listen with a more willing heart or a more attentive ear on those great subjects which were emphatically his own.

Amid the splendour of so illustrious a hero, we are apt to lose sight of the more quiet and suggestive features of so earnest and great a *man*. Anybody can applaud those brilliant victories, but it is not all who can, or care to appreciate the almost hidden springs of his success—the latent secrets of his might—the moral traits that, in their place, are to a Christian's eye scarcely less magnificent than his conquests.

The vulgar eye is more charmed with the lamps on the street than with the stars in the firmament; it is the higher mind that can see greatness which cannot be meted, or measured, or weighed. The world does not know its greatest heroes.

The genius of Wellington we can neither command for ourselves, nor bequeath as a legacy to others; but

the pure and severely disinterested character and conduct of the man, under every order he wore, and shining forth through every dignity he received, we may imitate. His high sense of duty—his untiring loyalty—his unaffected profession—his temperance of living—his moderation of speech—his devotedness to duty, we would all do well to aspire to.

The Duke walked the lonely way of quiet life as justly and unostentatiously as he trod the highroads of public life. He neither ordered nor forbade a trumpet to sound before him, because the thing does not seem to have entered into his mind. He knew his place, and within its limits he did his duty.

His unparalleled success, his world-wide popularity, never tempted him to seek a higher relation than that of first subject of the Queen. With more than imperial *prestige*, he never dreamed of more than a subject's place.

There surrounds the life of the Duke an atmosphere such as has rarely embosomed the world's great heroes. Cæsar, Napoleon, Alexander, were the creations of Nature; Wellington was the creation of a deep and solemn sense of duty. Natural elements made up the strength of the former; moral character was the inspiration and energy of the latter. The first seemed emanations from the earth, "of the earth earthy;" the second seemed to have been kindled from a higher source, and to have endured to the end in the splendour of its first kindling.

About the Duke there was nothing vulgar or commonplace. He never sought fame; not a fact or trait detected in his career is indicative of anxiety for *éclat*. Because he sought it not, it sought him. It is here as

in higher things : " he that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life shall gain it." So it has been proved even in the present generation. The character that courted not the gaze of man is now unfolded before the world in its unrivalled greatness. The still, small voice of self-denying humility is now heard in reverberating and pealing echoes from mouth to mouth, from city to city, and from England's throne to the lowliest of England's grateful hamlets. His name is not written on the sandy margin of the ever-sounding sea ; it is inscribed upon the rock—high above the tide-mark, and shall be effaced only by the last fire.

True, all this is human—it is, at longest, short-lived ; yet let us not withhold tribute that is justly due. Man at his " best estate is vanity, and his days as the grass and the flower of the grass." But this should not prevent us appreciating those lofty elements, and deeds, and characteristics, which reveal in man the remains of his aboriginal greatness and the possibilities of his future elevation.

It may be objected that, however great the hero who is the subject of this lecture, yet a soldier is not the best study for young men engaged in business, and war scarcely the element they either desire, or need to be most conversant with.

First, it is important surely for you to know to whom, under God, we are indebted for the immunity and peace, beneath the shelter of which our cotton-mills go on, and our profits are reaped.

Next, there is not a chapter in our country's history, and, least of all, the chapter embracing its last half-century, that you should not read. Napoleon said, in scorn, we were a nation of shopkeepers. Let us prove to his

countrymen that the ceilings of our shops are over the heads of men as intelligent as any under the roofs of their greatest universities.

But it must not be forgotten that nine-tenths of the elements required to make a good soldier are no less necessary to form a good citizen.

I do not desire to advocate war, or stir you up to become soldiers. Wellington—a soldier, a hero, a conqueror—ever shrunk from war, if its object could be reached by a less terrible process. None felt so sure of victory as he, and yet none so earnestly deprecated war. He seemed ever ready to give up any preference, or prize, or prospect, if by the sacrifice he could avert the employment of the sword. But when he saw battle was duty,—and surely it is so sometimes,—he showed how he could end it in victory. It was the deepest conviction of his soul that right was might, and that a war waged for home, and crown, and country, ought to and would end in victory. His convictions were prophecies. He felt so strong, and fought with so great and so successful energy, because his rearguard were justice and truth, and his van shone in the lustre of a crown he would brighten, not dim.

I am not here praising war, I repeat, but exhibiting a character developed amid the awful scenes of inevitable war, which deserves study and imitation in every similar exigency. Nor do I appear to urge on your admiration and acceptance the profession of a soldier as if it were absolutely the loveliest and best. This is not the object of our meeting. But greatness anywhere is greatness everywhere. Wellington's character would have shone forth lustrous and rich in

precedent, in greatness, in power, anywhere and at any time. Yet I cannot give in to that peculiar morbid sentimentalism which sees nothing but repulsiveness under a red coat, and nothing but brilliant attractions under others. I would any day prefer to fall into the hands of the soldier than into the hands of the attorney. Law-courts have been the scenes of battle-fields, because of broken hearts, worse than the tented fields of Thermopylæ or Waterloo. Chancery is responsible for as severe suffering as the Horse Guards any day. If I could I would banish lawyers and soldiers from our nation's service. But the way to do so is not to denounce them, but to improve ourselves as Christian men. As matters are, the soldier appears to me rather as preventive than provocative of war. While the world remains as it is, the surest guarantee that the desolating flood of war shall not touch our shores is our having an effective military force, composed of loyal British hearts, with future Wellingtons to lead them.

When war shall overtake us, it will not be because we had too vast a military establishment. The soldier does not create war any more than the lightning-conductor generates the lightning or a quick pulse makes fever. Rather he carries away—often at the sacrifice of himself—the fierce flame that would devastate his country, and wrap in one wide blaze its prosperity, and peace, and happiness. War is ever a very awful action of nations. It is one of those stern necessities that tender hearts deplore and heroic ones deprecate. But, surely, it is not to praise war to snatch a lesson from its flames, or to be thankful for its results. Blessings are sown in the soil the sword breaks up; tempests purify

the atmosphere ; and when the lightning has retreated to its lair, and the thunder has ceased its reverberations, we breathe more purely and freely.

War is made less awful under some generals than under others. In this respect Wellington stands forth amid illustrious conquerors unrivalled.

Napoleon imparted to war new terrors, increasing rather than diminishing its woes. Wellington infused into war new gentleness, softening its worst features, and lessening its most awful horrors.

Napoleon sought, at the cannon's mouth, glory—more glory—still glory ! Wellington did his duty in the camp and in the field.

The former loved it for the glare it reflected on himself. The latter endured it because of its inevitable necessity for the defence of rights in jeopardy, a country he loved, and a constitution too noble and too long tried to be given up without a struggle.

The widows and orphans of Waterloo lament their losses, but meekly speak of them, and patiently bear them. The widows of Austerlitz, Marengo, and Jena, cursed the mad ambition that clutched at its prizes at so fearful a sacrifice.

Napoleon had too many precedents for his course. Wellington had to create a precedent.

Far be it from me to depreciate another nation's hero, but the parallel is almost forced upon us, and we may not under-estimate our own.

Napoleon, no doubt, was a mighty spirit. His intense and untiring energy, his inexhaustible resources, seen and developed as fast as the exigency required, the startling and overwhelming rapidity of his strokes, and the splendour of his successes—all

invest the name of Napoleon with a sort of romantic and supernatural glory. Wellington appeared less splendid while really truly greater, because he valued life and loved to save it. He sought victory at the least possible expense of suffering. He relied on science, tactics, patient and laborious estimate of relative positions, and so husbanded his country's blood.

Napoleon cared not at what expense of blood he gained his victories. Wellington minded not how much he taxed his mind, or how far his conduct might be misrepresented, if, while he won the battle, he saved the lives of brave men.

Napoleon would have power—splendid and dazzling power. He could not rest unless nations felt it and admired, or were awed. Wellington had no care for glory or for power to himself. He sought only to do the duty intrusted to his hand, content to fall into the shadow of a throne, whose grandeur and stability it was his delight to vindicate and augment!

One would make his country a camp, and its cities barracks, and its people soldiers. The other desired to leave us safe from without, and within a nation of peaceful citizens and prosperous men, and therefore he beat down the hand that would snatch one gem from our diadem, or quench one coal on our hearths.

Napoleon acknowledged no law, bowed to no superior, and felt the inconvenience of no censure pronounced at home, and spurned the restraints of any moral obligation that ought to have been binding abroad. Wellington was prescribed his work, and assigned its limits. He had a greater work to do than Napoleon, with vastly fewer means and less liberty of election. Having done his duty, his ambition was gratified.

You are dazzled by the mystic splendour of Napoleon. You study and admire in Wellington a quiet greatness, that, like a distant star, grows brighter the nearer your approach it.

Napoleon poured his avalanches on the capitals of Europe to show to mankind what mighty genius and ardent bravery could do. Wellington met and mastered the conqueror of the wide earth, to prove that God is with the people that fear Him, and that justice and truth are more impregnable than ramparts—more successful than bayonets of steel. Hence, Wellington's was never the flag of a flying camp, but the standard of England, never to be taken down while a Bible in every home and the lessons of Christianity in the hearts of our people strengthen the hands of the standard-bearer. His order was—

“ Strike till the last armed foe expires —
 Strike for your altars and your fires —
 Strike for the green graves of your sires,
 God and your native land ! ”

His inspiration, and the burning inspiration, of his heroic troops, was —

“ Land, where we learned to lisp a mother's name,
 The first beloved in life, the last forgot ;
 Land of our frolic youth —
 Land of our bridal eve —
 Land of our children, vain your columned strength,
 Invaders ! vain your battle, steel, and fire ;
 Choose ye to-morrow's doom —
 A prison or a grave ! ”

But it is as unnecessary as it would be profitless before this great auditory to indulge in mere panegyric. His name, and deeds, and renown, are familiar to us all as household words.

It must be my humble endeavour to turn a great capital into every-day currency, and to translate an illustrious public life into a practical and instructive homily.

The first remarkable attribute of Wellington I would propose for your appreciation and ambition was his singularly *sound judgment*. In him it was partly inheritance and partly his own creation; he had arrived intuitively, or by patient study, at a just estimate of himself. He knew exactly what he could do, and what he could not do. He never attempted anything beyond his power: he first appreciated thoroughly his materials and means—what they could stand, or dare, or do. He formed patiently and coolly his judgment of the force opposed to him, the source of its strength and the secret of its weakness; and rarely was he wrong. Men may talk of genius as they like, and excuse its aberrations and its indiscretions, as if these were its proofs as well as inseparable attendants, but we may depend upon it one of the highest tokens of genius is a sound judgment.

Want of judgment is often but another name for want of thought. Common sense is noble sense. The Bible is common sense inspired. In every instance Wellington's plans were the product of the very highest common sense on earth. He saw what young men need to learn, that a dash at a prize may sometimes succeed, but must oftener fail, and failure in such a case is always followed by misgivings and regret.

Give to the matter intrusted to you calm, earnest, deliberate thought—place it in every light—look at it at every angle, and having done so, act. You will thus find that success is generally the product of a quiet

which is far removed from apathy, an energy which is not excitement, and a decision which neither rashness, nor passion, nor caprice inspires. In such a case incidental failure will never be *mistake*, and brilliant success will never be *chance*.

This calm and dispassionate forethought is as necessary in the market as in the field of battle. The merchant, the banker, the tradesman, all equally need it. It was a most prominent feature in the Duke that he never undertook anything, the essential elements, facts, and data of which he had not thoroughly mastered; and rarely, or rather never, meddled with other people's business.

The reason of the many failures which we constantly witness or lament, lies partly in the fact, that we do not throw all our energies into the mission intrusted to our charge, or that we meddle with matters which do not belong to us. A soldier who studies politics instead of, or in conjunction with, military tactics and the articles of war, will gain few battles. A tradesman who is often at the Opera, and shows himself an adept at dramatic criticism, will very soon shine in the "Gazette." A clergyman who farms as well as preaches, or who neglects his own business, which is to preach, in order to attend to the business of his congregation which is to support him, will do very little good. To do anything well we must do it with all our disposable force; one must be a man of one thing in order to do it successfully. The Duke was the very personation of the Wise Man's injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

Unity of object and simplicity of aim was a strongly characteristic feature of Wellington.

His frequent reply, "F. M. the Duke of W. never meddles with things that do not belong to his department, and over which he has no control," is familiar to us all. He put no more irons in the fire than he could oversee, and he put none that should not be there, and never in the wrong fire.

Complexity of aim and end robs us of strength—our capital is thereby dissipated, and aiming at two things with force adequate only to reach one, we lose both.

Whatever Wellington had in hand he did thoroughly; his sound judgment selected the groove, and in that he moved with all the energy of his nature, dead to every attraction on the right or on the left

Whatever be your profession, give yourself wholly to it. Be it lowly or high, it is your mission. Do it well. God polishes a beetle's covering with as much apparent attention as he arranges one of the stars. Wellington attended to details in his military career as intensely as to grand results. To use a commercial phrase, he took care of the halfpence as of the sovereigns. This looks very unromantic, but it is power. A rude and ignorant mind looking at an eight-day clock would admire the graceful swing of the pendulum, the beautiful action of the wheels, and the movement of the hands on the face, but the large lumps of lead, called weights, he would be disposed to knock off as positive deformities—but the clock would stand still. He undervalued nothing, however mean or trivial it looked, which his sagacious mind saw was important.

This is a chief mark of our first men always and everywhere. It is the secret of splendid success reaped by tradesmen in Cheapside—by merchants on the Ex-

change—by soldiers in the camp—by all in the counting-house, the laboratory, the study. The Duke was one of the working men, and has shed new splendour on an old virtue, by illustrating it on the high places of the field.

In this matter,—I allow, purely terrestrial, and of the world that now is,—he is a most instructive and eloquent example to us all.

Another striking feature in his Grace was, he never gave up a good and righteous cause on account of any discouragement at home, or any opposition, however formidable, abroad. The Duke could scarcely get 30,000 soldiers for the Peninsula, in order to meet the Marshals of France with four times his force. The very rations the poor fellows ate, and the ragged coats they wore, were grudged by a penurious and misguided government at home. All sorts of complaints and doleful auguries reached him from head-quarters.

It was enough to have before him an army four times outnumbering his own, but it was all but insufferable to have his country and cabinet grumbling behind him.

But Wellington stood erect and firm where so many would have faltered.

“Justum ac tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida.”

He had inward force to enable him to bide his time. He felt he was right, and must succeed. This was done for us.

We must not so look for praise as to be unable to

act without it, nor so dread censure as to be cast down by it, or, what is more difficult, be so impatient to vindicate ourselves, that we shall do hastily and ill what by-and-by we shall do nobly and well.

The excellence of our work must be the inspiration of our hearts. We are to run patiently the race set before us, on a yet higher level, not looking to or listening to the brightest or most eloquent of the cloud of witnesses, but only to Jesus, "the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

Another striking trait was his abnegation of self,—his disregard of all selfish or even personal ends in his public career. He did not make use of war to subserve his own ends. He seemed to feel, that if brave men should fall, and heroic spirits suffer, it should be for their country, not for their commander.

He entered on his mission with patronage indeed, but patronage opposed to him. He had scarcely that ordinary patronage which most of us can boast of,—the patronage of an open field and fair opportunity

A soldier's sword, a hero's heart, and an honest conscience, were the only preparations of Arthur Wellesley for the ascent of that grand height on which stands Arthur Duke of Wellington. He did not seek preferment,—it sought him. The irresistible force of great deeds and the irrepressible splendour of grand acts extorted from, at first, reluctant hands those noble honours which, from the transcendent greatness of the wearer, cannot be called rewards, which a grateful nation would now repeat, and double, if it could, with acclamation. Yet he never asked for them; he scarcely expected

them. Arthur Wellesley set out just to do his duty, and never once dreamed of Arthur Duke of Wellington.

Why should we not study these admirable characteristics, these rare heroic traits? I do not assert that it requires the grace of God to do these things; but I do maintain there is much in these things which the very highest Christians are called on to go and do likewise. A most remarkable element in the character of the illustrious deceased was his never complaining, still less despairing, of adverse and unmanageable circumstances. He seized the materials of victory just as they were presented, and not only never suffered them to master him, but invariably himself moulded them to his own purpose. He never complained of fortune, as he never depended on fate.

It is the indolent or the feeble who are constantly blaming the circumstances in which they are placed, and ever exclaiming in the ear of others, "If it were not for this or for that, we should be this, and we should do that."—This is all delusion. The earnest and able mind feels it is its function to subdue circumstances to its resolute will,—to use the propitious, rouse to action the passive, and bow the reluctant and resistant, to the ends it seeks. If this be a man's by nature, it is still more a Christian's function by grace. It is the bad workman who is always blaming his tools. The man that cannot advance where he is, never would advance were he where he would be. We are placed amid circumstances uncongenial or adverse, for the express purpose of showing that mind is mightier than matter, man superior to any outward arrangements, and all things the servants of him who is himself the servant of God.

It was this acceptance of all and every outward ele-

ment, and firm and unswerving subjugation of it to his object, that enabled him to *think* what other men only dreamed, and *do* what other men only thought, and *triumph* where other men signally failed.

It is for you, my young friends, to act, in its place, on this great principle. It is as practicable behind a counter as beneath the banner of England. Genius, piety, principle, are irrepressible forces ; and surely, if slowly, they will work their way out, and write their influence, in spite of the narrowest sphere, the most freezing atmosphere, and even the scorn and contempt of those who ought to aid what they try to laugh down. Fear not to say what is true, and do what is right, in the face of all men. Justice, goodness, and truth, are strength.

The Duke of Wellington was never known to attempt a great, a good, or a brilliant end by consciously wicked or unrighteous means.

He would lose his life to *serve* his country, but he would not do a base thing to *save* it. There was the least of the Jesuit in the Duke of any man living. He rejected with magnanimous scorn the offer of an Indian to assassinate his most formidable antagonist. He would not be a party to the proposal of a foreign general to put to death Napoleon, who left a legacy to the man who attempted to shoot the Duke. These were mean things, altogether alien to his great mind. He sought noble and just objects, and the means he used were not only in harmony with their ends, but covered with a portion of their glory.

A bad end is generally pursued by bad means ; but in proportion as high and exalted objects are aspired to, these objects prompt a corresponding and congenial line

in the hearts of those that pursue them. The Duke's whole conduct is an eloquent commentary on this. He used the fewest possible words to express his meaning; he took the shortest road, which is ever the right one, to accomplish his ends; and he has left as a legacy to statesmen, soldiers, merchants, tradesmen, aye, and to loud professors, who often forget it, that the path of the highest principle and purest justice is always the most expedient in the end. I do not make an idol of a great hero,—I would not canonise him; but I am warranted as a Christian in drawing practical and useful lessons in an attempt to help you in this life, while I never forget to guide you, as God may enable me, in your course to a higher.

The most remarkable and universally recognised element in Wellington was a sense of duty. What he owed to his sovereign, his country, and the obligations of justice and truth, he felt it the first impulse and the deepest instinct of his heart to discharge. This loyalty to duty was Wellington. It had all the fixity of a principle, and all the fervour of a passion. It was the enthusiasm peculiar to himself. It was one of the springs of his strength. The thorough persuasion that we are in the right, and doing our duty in doing our work, is strength. It dissipates hesitancy, quenches fear, and gives the confidence, if not the certainty, of victory.

A conscience corroded by a sense of wrong-doing may be accompanied by cunning, but not with courage. *A mens sibi conscia recti* is a citadel of strength,—the inspirer of a heroism magnificent, because moral,—the strong spring of victory in advance, and the glorious cover of possible retreat,—the best earthly tenant of the human soul, whether on the quarter-deck or behind a

counter, on the drawing-room floor or on the field of Waterloo, in serving our most gracious Queen or in obeying an every-day master.

I know no position, as an earthly position, in this world more beautiful than his who has a pure conscience within,—a righteous cause behind him and a noble object before him. All mean thoughts are absorbed and borne away in so majestic and unmingled a current; and Talavera, San Sebastian, and Waterloo, are incidental testimonies from on high that right is might and duty is victory.

Nor is history silent on the miserable issues of other and inferior aims. Its page records more than once, that men seeking mean and selfish ends shall not prosper. The lone grave of St. Helena is the end of the selfish thirst of glory. Alexander the Great—the Napoleon of Macedon—died in the prime of life a victim to his own indiscretion. Julius Cæsar fell by the steel of Brutus, his personal ambition having arrayed against him the flower of the empire. Wellington is shielded in every battle—no bullet having his name on its billet—and died a veteran in years as in actions. Twelve great battles, each a victory, ranging from 1805 to 1815, gather round his tomb—the brilliant *circumspice* of the illustrious hero; and Junot, Soult, Jourdan, and Ney—the most noble marshals of the French empire,—and last, but not least, the mighty conqueror of Austerlitz and Jena, rise pale and reluctant from their graves, and own that duty is stronger than glory, and therefore Wellington greater than them all. All this, I allow, may have no higher origin than earth. It needs more than this to be a Christian. The Decalogue inculcates

duty to God as well as duty to man. The perfect discharge of the latter, were this possible, on earth, would be no atonement or substitute for an infringement of the former. Yet, at life's close, and after all the ten commandments, we need not only to write but to feel—guided and inspired by the Holy Spirit who has taught it—"the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

Patience in the path of duty was no subordinate element in the character of Wellington. His patience in enduring, and persistency in carrying out what he had resolved on, were so remarkably developed features in his career, that the most ordinary reader of his history must have been struck by them. I noticed the vulgar idea, that want of good sense and ordinary judgment is evidence of genius, and excusable as such. I now remark on the equally absurd notion, that plodding is inseparable from dullness, and patience incompatible with the highest order of mind. Nothing is more preposterous. Labour does more than genius. Capacity of labour is an attribute of genius. We see a magnificent result, and we rashly infer it was the creation of a moment—that an epic poem or a splendid victory came in the perfection in which we see them, finished at once from the head of the poet or the sword of the warrior. We are greatly mistaken. The mount we have to climb in order to attain the sunlit table-land is not verdant with flowers, but covered with sharp stones, and jagged rocks, and deep ravines, where a hasty step would be destruction. Its height is to be reached, not on wings, which are not given us, but with weary feet, and slow pace, and patient toil, and often in the face of wind, and rain, and storm. The patience and per-

severance of Wellington in overcoming difficulties, at the siege of Rodrigo, were the acts of true genius, and the evidence and expression of its greatness. He could calculate by night, and observe by day, and wait and watch, and watch and wait; and to that persistency of purpose and patience, under all discouragement, as much as to natural genius, providential mission, and noble materials, did he owe, under God, his brilliant victories.

There is here much for young men to remember and practise. Every one is not called upon to have courage; but every Christian is summoned to be patient.

“ Saint Augustine ! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame !

All common things—each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end ;
Our pleasures and our discontents
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire — the base design,
That makes another's virtues less ;
The revel of the giddy wine,
And all occasions of excess !

The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more than truth,
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth !

All thoughts of ill — all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill,
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will !

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright field of Fair Renown
The right of eminent domain!

We have not wings — we cannot soar —
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees — by more and more —
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their frowning foreheads to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern — unseen before —
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted — wholly vain —
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain."

Courage is the mission of the few; patience is the duty of all. "Ye have need of patience" is as applicable in the shop as it ever was in the camp. He who cannot, in this respect, be Wellington behind his coun-

ter, never would have been Wellington within the lines of Torres Vedras, or among the squares of Waterloo.

Be sure you are pursuing the right thing in the right way, and let patience have her perfect work.

As far as outward and authentic tokens are evidence,—and these alone I am able to deal with,—I think I can trace in that great soul, no doubt, as in our case, amid many drawbacks, affinities that stretched into everlasting ages. It would be sad were it otherwise. When he ceased to war, we have authentic proof that he continued, or at least began, to pray. To me it is delightful to trace out every ground of hope—every dawn of light—every germ of grace in so great a hero. He has been found by his domestics in his library—the door shut, the Father only hearing in secret—engaged in earnest prayer. Surely this is precious. It was in his case, I must conclude, as sincere as it was actually offered. Nothing he ever said or did, as far as I can discover, was insincere or for show. To know, in fact, that the Duke prayed, judging from his whole character, is to be certain of the fact that he did so earnestly, sincerely, and from the heart. A clergyman from Ireland sketches a scene very unique. Early on Sunday morning, this clergyman made his way to the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, through a heavy fall of snow. He had never seen the Duke, and owing to the weather he feared he might miss him :

“The hero, the deliverer, the warrior of unmatched wisdom, in the hour of difficulty, firmness in the hour of hesitation, and forbearance in the hour of triumph, stood before us, his head hoar with age, his body feeble, and his voice faint, the solitary worshipper of that God who had so often shielded his head in the day of battle,

and through his arm delivered the British Empire and its countless subjects from invasion and overthrow. The sight struck us as particularly fine.

“ On our entrance, the Psalms for the day were being read. The Duke took alternate verses with the clergyman. He spoke with an utterance that was thick and indistinct, and, occasionally, stammered a little ere he got out a word, but still his voice filled the chapel.

“ Although my friend and I habitually answered the responses, here we felt that it would be more edifying that we should be silent worshippers. It struck us both that the Psalm was particularly appropriate. After our entrance it ran and was read thus : —

“ *The Duke.* I will go forth in the strength of the Lord God : and will make mention of thy righteousness only.

“ *The Clergyman.* Thou, O God, hast taught me from my youth up until now : therefore, will I tell of thy wondrous works.

“ *The Duke.* Forsake me not, O God, in mine old age, when I am gray-headed : until I have showed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to all them that are yet for to come.

“ *Clergyman.* Thy righteousness, O God, is very high : and great things are they that thou hast done ; O God, who is like unto thee ?

“ *The Duke.* O what great troubles and adversities hast thou showed me ! and yet didst thou turn and refresh me : yea, and broughtest me from the deep of the earth again.

“ *Clergyman.* Thou hast brought me to great honour : and comforted me on every side.

“ *The Duke.* Therefore will I praise thee and thy faithfulness, O God, playing upon an instrument of music : unto thee will I sing upon the harp, O thou Holy One of Israel.

“ *Clergyman.* My lips will be fain when I sing unto thee : and so will my soul whom thou hast delivered.

“ *The Duke.* My tongue also shall talk of thy righteousness all the day long : for they are confounded and brought unto shame that seek to do me evil.

"*Clergyman.* Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

"*The Duke.* As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

After Waterloo, the Duke says in his despatches what is very touching: "My heart is broken by the terrible loss I have sustained of my old friends and companions, and my poor soldiers."

"I have escaped unhurt. The finger of Providence was on me."

Let me quote a few recorded expressions of the illustrious dead:

"The only mode of avoiding party spirit in the army is for the commanding officer to be of no side excepting that of the public; to employ indiscriminately those who best serve the public, be they what they may, or in whatever service; the consequence will be that the service will go on, all parties will join in forwarding it, and in respecting him; there will be an end to their petty disputes about trifles; and the commanding officer will be at the head of an army instead of a party."

Is there nothing here applicable to Christians? Should not we ever hail the efforts of those who best serve our blessed Master? country, sect, and party, should all merge in the magnificence of real and living Christianity.

"I would sacrifice Gwalior, or every portion of India, ten times over, in order to preserve our credit for scrupulous good faith, and the advantages and honour we gained by the late war and the peace (1803), and we must not fritter this country. What brought me through many difficulties in the war, and the negotiations for peace?—the British good faith, and nothing else."

Should not the Christian soldier be ever ready to sacrifice profit and pleasure, in order to maintain unimpeachable good faith and truth ?

“ I am one of those who have, probably, passed a longer period of my life engaged in war than most men, and principally in civil war ; and I must say this, that if I could avoid, by any sacrifice whatever, even one month of civil war in the country to which I was attached, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it. I say, there is nothing which destroys property, eats up prosperity by the roots, and demoralises the character to the degree that civil war does ; in such a crisis the hand of man is raised against his neighbour, against his brother, and against his father ; servant betrays master, and the whole scene ends in confusion and devastation. ”

If internal fever so disorganises a nation, can it fail to do less to a church of Christians ? If peace so consolidates a people, ought we not to seek it, and pursue it earnestly, where its absence is so deeply to be deplored, in the house of God ?

“ I have passed my life in foreign countries, in different regions of the earth, and I have been in only one country in which the poor man, if sober, prudent, and industrious, is quite certain of acquiring a competence. That country is this. We have proofs that persons in the lowest ranks can acquire, not only competence, but immense riches. I never heard of such a thing in any other country. ”

Here is a testimony rich in encouragement to the youngest apprentice in this assembly. It is a noble feature in our country. Let us thank God for it, and hope to the end. But there are two or three very brief

sayings expressive of religious feeling. I rejoice to read them.

It would be an awful thought were it true, that so great wealth of intellect and moral power had no basis of religious principle. It is a blessed thought that it was not so.

“It has been my lot to live among idolaters—among persons of all creeds and of all religions; but I never knew yet of a single instance in which public means were not provided, sufficient to teach the people the religion of their country. They might be false religions: I KNOW BUT ONE TRUE ONE; but yet means were never wanting to teach those false religions; and I hope that we shall not have done with this subject, until we have found sufficient means for teaching the people of England their duty to their Maker, and their duty to one another, founded on their duty to that Maker. * * * I am resolved to tell plainly and honestly what I think, quite regardless of the odium I may incur from those whose prejudices my candour and sincerity may offend. I am here to speak the truth, and not to flatter the prejudices and prepossessions of any man. In speaking the truth, I shall utter it in the language that truth itself most naturally suggests. IT IS UPON HER NATIVE STRENGTH—UPON HER OWN TRUTH—IT IS UPON HER SPIRITUAL CHARACTER, AND UPON THE PURITY OF HER DOCTRINES, THAT THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND RESTS. It by these means, and not by tests and proscriptions, that Protestantism has been maintained: let her be assured of this.”

Let this noble sentiment be inscribed on the great door of Exeter Cathedral:—

“It is our duty, in every case, to do all that we can

to promote the *Protestant religion*. It is our duty to do so, not only on account of the political relations between the religion of the Church of England and the Government, but because we believe it TO BE THE PUREST DOCTRINE AND THE BEST SYSTEM OF RELIGION THAT CAN BE OFFERED TO A PEOPLE."

It is not six months ago since he declared, as I have been well informed, that he had long been beset by a passionate temper that often expressed itself as it should not, but that, by reading the Bible, he had learned to overcome it. Baxter's "Saint's Rest" is known to have been his study lately. A noble lady, who had access to him, lent him, what he read, Merle d'Aubigné's History of the Reformation. My dear friends, the Duke, just like ourselves, was anything but sinless in the sight of a holy God. But there seems to me, so far as I can gather, proof that he was spared in the more thoughtless spring to reach a rare and protracted autumn, that he might have opportunity of learning the truth, and feeling the power, of living Christianity, and of finding that God is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto him through Jesus Christ.

I have unquestionable information that he recommended and ordered to be circulated in the army a tract called "A Tract for Soldiers," written by the Rev. Mr. Macduff, Parish Minister of St. Madoes, near Perth, rich in practical and evangelical Christianity. He accepted regularly, and thankfully, from the hands of a pious man, who has written me, valuable religious tracts. These are cheering facts. I delight to dwell on them; and so to indulge the blessed hope that his last end was peace, that he departed in peace, his eyes having seen the great salvation.

The Duke was no Tractarian.

“Last year a letter was addressed to the Duke of Wellington by the Secretary of the Committee which promoted the Memorial to Her Majesty against Tractarian doctrines and practices in the Church of England. The writer requested his Grace to add his signature to the names of more than two hundred Members of the Legislature already appended to the Address, and his reply was very characteristic, being almost in the following terms (the precise words cannot be given, as the Duke's letter is at present mislaid):—‘F.M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. M——, and begs to state that he would gladly sign the Address which has been enclosed to him, if he had not already signed one for same purpose.’ The Memorial alluded to by the Duke is to be found in a work by Mr. Warren upon the ‘Papal Aggression;’ and it is mentioned that it was presented to Her Majesty signed by only two persons—the Duke of Wellington and the Speaker of the House of Commons.”

We must not judge of the depth or reality of religious character by outward show, or in every instance by one standard. In one man religion reveals all its life and fulness in the outer aspects of every-day life; in another man it is hidden in the depths of the soul and overflows visibly only on great and urgent occasions.

Profession is foliage, fragrant and beautiful, but not always ending in fruit.

Practice is fruitage, ripe and beautiful, and useful too. When we bear in mind the intense constitutional reserve of the illustrious deceased, his dread of seeming what he was not, or expressing more than he felt, we may be sure all he felt of religion, whatever it was, was never fully asserted by his lips. He seemed in every

respect less than he was. His heart, judging from his whole character, felt more than he expressed. He was, perhaps, to excess careless of what the crowd thought. He may have been sensitively alive, at least in old age, to the presence and the judgment of God.

Our deepest and holiest convictions we ourselves know are never spoken. Full tides are silent. High brows are calm. Great thoughts are still as stars. Because we do not or cannot say much, it does not follow that we neither feel nor think. Incidental occurrences in the police-courts have disclosed hitherto unknown and unsuspected generosity and goodness.

Unexpected and, to him, unsuspected spectators, have borne testimony to his secret communion with God. A clergyman, doubting, in his Grace's presence, the utility of missions to the heathens, received the characteristic and beautiful reply, "Have you forgotten your marching orders in the Gospel, 'Go and preach the Gospel to every creature?'"

God forbid I should attempt to pronounce judgment on any. Yet it would grieve me were I not, in the case of so great a human soldier, to thank God for such incidents as these, so suggestive of a relation and dignity no earthly sword can win, and no monarch can bestow.

I delight to dwell on those beautiful tints that adorned the autumn of an illustrious life; I delight to draw from them every happy hope. He was the object of many prayers: at evening time, may we not believe it was light? Procrastinate to old age duties your conscience tells you are obligatory now, and you are likely to procrastinate for ever. But if the dying Israelite saw, even in the last agony, the uplifted serpent of

brass, he was healed. Jesus is lifted up for all; he came into the world to save the oldest, as well as chiefest of sinners.

As the hour of his departure drew near, a mellowing influence seems to have settled on the soul of the illustrious veteran. His grey hairs, grown almost white, seemed less the tinge of decay, and rather—we would fondly hope—the reflected light of the cloudless summer so near at hand. To his feelings, that past which he had lighted up with so rare splendour lost its brilliancy and interest as the future, into which he was descending, opened out its endless, and ever-brightening, and ever-solemn panorama. The growing gentleness of his later years was the prophecy of their near end. His day was then nearly spent, and the shadows of the evening folded him more and more in their soft embrace. He seems, I think, to have heard the curfew-bell of life's long day intimating that all earthly passions and desires must now be extinguished, that in their stead might be kindled and shine—what were freely offered—the lights of the everlasting firmament. As his great soul retreated inward from the outer senses, no longer able to carry out its orders, he seemed more and more to have escaped from the bondage of the flesh, and to have led an intenser and more meditative life.

At length his campaign closed. The great soldier grew weary with the march of life; the heart that stirred the breath of a thousand trumpets in charges that swept Europe's chivalry before them, now at length, like a muffled drum, was beating its funeral march to the grave. England's over-wearied sentinel dropped on his rounds; he that commanded, obeyed. The tent was struck; the knapsack of earth fell off; the bivouac

was broken up. Shall I offend any, even the most sensitive of the high standard of Christianity, if I express my belief that he left the armies of earth to join the nobler armies of the skies?

“Praise for the Duke!—his deeds are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er beneath the sky of heaven
The birds of Fame have flown.

Praise for the man!—a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes—
Her brave—her beautiful—her good,
As when a loved one dies.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no creed or code confined,—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.”

A review of the character of Wellington without a few thoughts on Waterloo, awful as it was, would be singular indeed. It was the means of that national safety and peace we now enjoy. Two great captains met in their strength; one warring for glory, the other for his country. Their armies differed as much as their aims; each knew his soldiers thoroughly. Napoleon's army was intensely French; Wellington's, British to the heart. Napoleon calculated on the electric enthusiasm of his men sweeping before them all opposition, as does a mountain-torrent rushing to the sea; and he felt most justly that the exhaustion of this would be his ruin, and a protracted battle the surest way to seal it. Wellington appreciated exactly the elements of his opponent's strength. He measured no less exactly the temper, the mettle, and the resources of his own battalions, deficient in French

passion, but strong of nerve, overflowing with subdued but inexhaustible energy—patient—persistent—full of dauntless and glorious obstinacy.

We see the French cuirassiers, and last, but not least, the Imperial Guards, advance to the conflict like the shining waves of the sea, when roused from their lair by the fierce tempest, threatening to cleave irresistibly their course to victory. Opposed to them are the battalions of Britain, rooted to the earth on which they stood, receiving the charging squadrons as the rocks of the ocean, magnificent in their repose, accept the sea waves, and fling them back shattered and torn into spray. Some of our soldiers, chafed at being so held in, fancied at times there was fear or hesitation in the breast of their great commander. There was none. But there was a cool and well-weighed estimate of the issue, and of the only way to reach it. He allowed a sad, but unavoidable loss of life, and not only allowed, but encouraged the French to expend their enthusiasm and exhaust their strength; and while the outwitted Emperor was complaining that the British—especially the Highland regiments—did not know when they were beaten, the Duke gave his last and longed-for order “Up, Guards, and at them!” and the cheer that rolled along the lines of our army like a peal of thunder awoke Napoleon for the first time to the master tactics of his foe, and the terrible certainty of his own defeat. It was no common man that endured that ordeal; it was no common soldier that penetrated the secret of Napoleon’s victories. It was no common struggle, no ordinary conquest, which saved us from utter ruin as a nation.

But Waterloo was fought and won not for us to de-

pend for safety or for progress on other and future Waterloos. It was not an end, but a means to an end. It was a dreadful necessity. It cleared our borders of an infesting foe. It leaves us the solemn responsibility of working while it is to-day, and using immunity so dearly won for holy, spiritual, and beneficial ends.

However much we may vindicate the sword, its wearer, and its mission from the aspersions of assailants, yet our country must not rely on the sword. Nations that rise by the sword and rest on it are short-lived, whereas, a nation that leans on the spread of everlasting truth, on purity, and piety, and integrity, and moral excellence, has in it the seeds of endurance.

History is decisive on this. Rome fell under the weight of her own corruption, for the Gothic chiefs only finished what internal depravity had begun. And what a wreck! The owl hoots in the Coliseum,—the Forum is trodden by slaves,—the Niobe of nations gazes, weeping on her once grand offspring struck dead at her feet. The wind that wafts away the malaria of the Campagna moans amid the nations of Europe the oft-forgotten but everlasting truth, “Though hand join in hand the wicked shall not prosper.”

Assyria, and Nineveh, and Tyre, and Babylon, and Palmyra, the majestic capitals of ancient Eastern civilisation, rotted off the earth, as much in consequence of their own corruption as under the consuming judgments of Heaven. They refused in their glory what they illustrate in their ruins, the awful truth that stern prophets told them, “Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is the ruin of any people.”

Persia, that bridged the Hellespont with ships, died

a suicide. Greece—the cradle of song, the birthplace of poetry, the home of the Muses, the university of ancient civilisation, the envy and the admiration of the earth, the most brilliant recollection of students—leaned on the sinews of her slaves for defence, and on her artistic and æsthetic acquirements for immortality, and in consequence is now weak, and is become as one of the rest. Her pomp is brought down to the grave. The fair and beautiful sisterhood of states lie in one sepulchre.

All these ancient nations cry to us from their ignoble graves, “Go, and tell, and testify to England, and other sister nations that remain, lest they also come into this place of torment!” I must answer, “If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, Christ and the Apostles, neither will they be persuaded were a nation to rise from the dead.”

Wellington defended our national life when the sword of the invader was pointed to its heart; it is ours to maintain it. It was saved that it may be sanctified. Our national responsibility is deepened by our Great Deliverer. By God’s blessing, let us make England worth defending.

A righteous, merciful, and Christian people inside the walls, will never want a Wellington outside to defend them.

Make iniquity thy law, stain thy borders with injustice, cast off the God of thy fathers, and Britain, O Britain, my country! not five hundred thousand bayonets and as many sabres will defend thee! I appeal to 1848. I appeal to more than one Continental nation. I appeal to History, which cries with ten thousand tongues—I appeal to the Bible, which speaks in one

piercing voice, that rises upward amid the Babel cries of the world, "Blessed are the people only whose God is the Lord!"

Our national freedom, and privileges, and happiness, have been bought at a great price. Trace them along the ages,—visit the graves into which our champions went down all but despairing, the prisons where captives pined, the scaffolds and the stakes where martyrs suffered, the high places of the field where our heroes fell,—the tomb of the illustrious Wellington where so much loyalty, and love, and faithfulness are buried! Could these come up from their silent graves, and see us enjoying the magnificent purchase of their toils and blood, do you think they would regret their sufferings?

Would Sir John Moore grieve that he so heroically fought, and so nobly fell, at Corunna? Would Nelson regret Trafalgar and the Nile, and the quarter-deck on which he sank? Would Wellington think his night-watches, his day-marches, his anxieties and toils, the blood he saw poured out as festal wine, too great a price for so great blessings? No, no. They rejoice that they laboured, and that we have entered into their labours.

Wellington sowed in storm, and pain, and suffering, what we reap in peace, prosperity, and progress. Let us add to our inheritance; let us carry on with pen, and plough, and shuttle, and forge, guided and directed by the lights of the Bible and the lessons of the pulpit, what the Great Captain transmitted to us—a heritage won by his sword.

As you witness your fields waving with the kindly fruits of the earth,—as you listen to the song of the harvest-home from peaceful villages, or the ring of the anvil, or the hum of industrious towns,—as you witness

our ships leaving every harbour, like the white doves of commerce bearing olive-branches to distant shores, to tell them that by one great captain's labours under God, the waters of strife are dried up from off the face of our land,—as you gaze at the wondrous net-work of railroads spread over all the island, our shot and shells turned into rails, and our cannon used up in locomotives,—as you walk forth on the beautiful Sabbath, that fragment of the glory of Eternity shining like a gem in the bosom of Time, and welcome the sweet chimes of Sabbath-bells, and kneel and worship, every man under his vine and his fig-tree, while over all are spread the overshadowing pinions of the public peace,—see in all these, at least, some of the true laurels won or defended by Wellington, only not for himself, but for you,—and see in our enjoyment of many, if not all—not giving even Wellington the honour that belongs to God only—the effects of Waterloo. Is our soil trodden by a virtuous and enlightened people—a people sinful enough before God, yet without a precedent or parallel in ancient days? Do we possess and multiply in peace those sanctuaries of moral power, those springs of healing, our churches and chapels?

Is the Bible the instruction of the young, the support of the aged, the consolation of the suffering, the hope of the dying? Does our Sabbath sun still gild the spires, and sparkle on the roofs, of Old England's hamlets, holy, beautiful, and welcome? Give our God the exclusive glory; but do not forget the memory, or be ungrateful for the military services, of Arthur Duke of Wellington.

Do our heart's best affections cluster around a throne, firm and rooted as the granite rock, and bearing

a royal flower, dearer and more beautiful than nation ever cherished, or soldier ever fought and fell for? Ponder the weight of obligation you are under to the mighty soldier, who, in his own true English words, did his duty to that gracious sovereign.

Survey our manufactures, our agriculture, our commerce, our press, our educational establishments, our hospitals, our asylums, our churches. Meditate on a land, in which you can lie down and die, and leave your children behind, sure they shall have at least the patronage of a fair opportunity. Think of Greece, and Rome, and Italy, and Spain, and France—think of any and every country on earth but your own—and say if there does not mingle with the streams of gratitude to God as Christians, and of your patriotic feelings as Britons, an under-current of thankfulness for the great soldier who repelled the invader from your hearths, and vindicated for you the safety and the calm, in which so many blessings have been sown and risen to maturity.

We are, again, passing into times of trial—a more awful baptism, perhaps, than we have yet passed through. Portentous clouds are gathering around our silver-coasted island. We shall miss the profound sagacity, the unrivalled forethought, the experienced and ripe wisdom of him whose spirit remained to the last unimpaired in any of its powers; and nations that envy or hate us will draw fresh courage from our loss.

The noble heart that so loved his country is still and cold beneath the pavement of St. Paul's. The mighty spirit, that saw farther than most men, has gone up higher. The venerable form, for whom the crowd on every thoroughfare made way with reverential love, on whose arm might be seen—type of a nation's

trust—a loved and loving daughter that now wears meekly his resplendent name, is seen no more. The image is indelible in every memory, but the original is gone. The parliament that once rung with congratulations has a few days ago given expressions to the depth of its sorrow and the greatness of its loss. The cypress has taken the place of the laurel, and the funeral anthem rises where songs of rejoicing swelled before.

But our duties remain, our responsibilities are increased. Let us pray to God for that land he sent forth a hero to defend. Let us cultivate its religious character. Let us make Old England a monument to Wellington by carrying the glorious gospel deeper down among its population, by putting the Bible in every man's hand—by multiplying the means of religious light, and life, and freedom, and peace, and prove to brave hearts that still beat in the midst of us, that we are a country worth defending. Our immortality is contingent on our character. I never will believe that God gives up a nation till it has given up God. Our country strong in her Christian character will fall before no foreign foe. All elements will serve her who serves the living God. In her sorest struggles the everlasting hills will be her sentinels, and the rugged rocks her palisados, because their Maker is her ally. The sword of the Spirit, and the shield of faith, and the breastplate of righteousness, are not shadows.

Let us draw from the soil we tread upon, and from the grave a nation's tears have just fallen on, new and more burning attachment to blessings so nobly defended, to freedom so dearly bought!

Above all, let us draw from that Sacred Volume, which is still our country's handbook, new and pure and

ennobling inspirations. Let us resolve, by God's grace, that wherever the torch of Christian truth, and love, and freedom, shall expire, it shall not be on that land which contains the graves of Wellington and Nelson, or among men speaking that tongue in which the names of Latimer, and Cranmer, and Ridley, and Knox, are household words. We will give up our lives, but not our rights, on earth, nor our hopes of heaven. By God's grace, we will increase, but not diminish them. The invader's foot shall not touch our shores. The confessor's shadow shall not darken our homes. Our land shall yield her increase, and God, our own God, shall bless us. God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

The procession to the grave, on which so many were present as sympathising witnesses, will one day be forgotten in that awful procession to the judgment-seat, in which we, my hearers, shall be deeply interested partakers. We might absent ourselves from the tribute of national respect to a great soldier, but we cannot withdraw or retire from the awful solemnities of that mixed and mighty multitude that shall pour up one day from every grave, and river, and sea, and battle-field. From the once sanguinary, and now peaceful fields of Marengo and Austerlitz, of Assaye and Waterloo, will rise masses of long-buried men, awakened by a trumpet-voice they never heard before. The sea, too, will send up from its silent depths the dead of Trafalgar and the Nile. We now living must join the procession of all ages. Nothing will accompany us there save character which grace has made or sin has ruined. Honours, rank, riches,—all that so dazzles mankind and drives so many to make terrible sacrifices, will all drop from us, and

with nothing but our moral and spiritual state we shall stand naked before Him, from whose face heaven and earth flee away, to receive irreversible and inexhaustible retribution.

This is the great procession for which we should all make ready, in which we all have a deep and eternal stake. Do we live in the forethrown light of it? Do we walk as they that must give an account? This world has inexpressible greatness, but not from the pomp, and splendour, and circumstance, that most strike the eye, but from the fact that acts are done here which have their echoes in eternity,—that character is formed here which shall last for ever. This is our seed-time. Eternity is an everlasting reaping of what we have sown on earth. Let us ever hope of the dead, oh, let us never fail to be faithful to the living. What are we sowing? Are we sowing to the flesh, and so preparing to reap corruption? Or to the spirit, and so ripening for eternal joy?

We have seen the funeral obsequies of an illustrious hero.

But what, were it right to conceive such a thought, would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul?—Your soul!—my soul! Would myriads of angels following it with bowed heads and folded wings be a procession equal to the occasion? Would the muffled thunder of the skies, and the wild wail of universal nature, be a dirge expressive enough of the terrible disaster—meet music for this Dead March? Were every star to become a funeral torch, and every tree to be covered with crape, and the whole earth clad in sackcloth, and creation, that has so long travailed in pain, to utter her grief in one loud and rending groan, it would not be a scene suffi-

ciently expressive of that loss of losses — that unspeakable wreck — that death of deaths — a lost soul !

Souls may be lost, and, blessed be God, souls may be saved ! They climb to glory in shining groups every day by that better than patriarchal ladder, the Lord Jesus. The bosom, not of Abraham, but of our Father, is open for the reception of every returning prodigal. Why defer to be happy ? You know not that you will live to forty, sixty, seventy, or eighty-three ; and if you do, you do not know that then you will be disposed, as now, to read, to pray ; or that your having put off God may not miserably end in his putting off you for ever.

Life is a mighty battle, eternity a solemn close. Hear me, my young friends. There is but one Name that is the password of the universe, but one Saviour for the greatest saint and the chiefest of sinners.

All the victories that nations win — all the captains and heroes that God in his providence raises up from time to time, are sent only to secure for us the means and opportunity of acquainting ourselves with the truths, and duties, and responsibilities, of the everlasting Gospel. It is possible to be the greatest on earth, and yet to be the least in the kingdom of heaven. It is possible to be embosomed in the praises of men, and yet to miss the praise that cometh from God only. Nature has many gifts ; Christianity alone reveals to us the fountain of those high heroic graces that beautify and ennoble the soul.

God forbid that anything I have said should lead you to form a low estimate of the unrepealed and ever obligatory demands and requirements of the Gospel, — “ Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of heaven.” Seek this great change from the

only Author and Giver of it ; and may that peace which no battles can achieve and no conquerors can bestow, —the peace that passeth understanding—keep your hearts and minds continually ; and the blessing of God Almighty, which no price can buy, but grace ever gives to them that seek it, be with you all evermore Amen.

Gold and Gold-Seekers.

A LECTURE

BY THE HON. AND REV.

H. MONTAGU VILLIERS, A.M.,

RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S, BLOOMSBURY, AND CANON RESIDENTIARY OF
PAUL'S.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

DECEMBER 7, 1852.

GOLD AND GOLD-SEEKERS.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—It is with some regret that I appear before this audience this evening, for I cannot but feel that I ought to have given much more time to the investigation of this very important subject; and I can only beg to assure this meeting, that it is not from want of will on my part, that I have been unable to give a fuller consideration to the matter, so as to bring before you as many points as I could have wished. Under any other circumstances than those in which I have been placed, I should have prepared a written lecture for you this evening. I believe that it is impossible for any man to stand before an assembly of greater importance to this metropolis—I think I may say, to the country at large, than a body of young men, such as those who are met together on this occasion. I should, therefore, have preferred a more formal manner of addressing you than that which I must now adopt.

Sir, I have undertaken, if I understand the matter rightly, to address a body of men who profess, that the only right principle of action is that which is Scriptural. Whatever, therefore, I may lay down as worthy of condemnation, or, on the other hand, as a ground of ex-

hortation or advice, must be consonant with Scripture, and to that, and to that alone, I am bound to appeal. "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them." Now, I am quite aware that, in making this assertion, I may be speaking, in a measure, contrary to the feelings of some—I do not say, of some here, but of some persons in the world at large; for there are many people who believe that matters of a mercantile character are separable, and ought to be separated, from religion, just, in the same manner, as we find persons asserting that education ought to be divided into two parts, secular and religious. Against such a statement I venture to offer my most decided protest. I believe, that if a man does that which is just and right, he will not introduce his mercantile views into religion, but he will introduce his religion into his mercantile views. It is from men overlooking this that we find, on many occasions, persons taking Adam Smith as their great authority when they ought to be taking the Bible itself. We are to recollect, indeed, that the Bible is not to teach science, but it is to teach principles. Science will really confirm the truths of the Bible; but our scientific principles, brought to bear upon moral action, must not be set up against the morality of our unscientific Bible.

But while I am making these remarks, by way of introduction to my subject, I must allow, and assert plainly, that I believe that political economy is not, in any way, opposed to the Bible. It is true, political economy may treat of gold, but it is not limited to gold. Political economy does not treat exclusively of that one topic; it treats of wealth generally. Gold happens to

represent wealth, but it is not necessarily wealth itself. We are all acquainted with the history of Robinson Crusoe, and of his finding a bag of gold in the desert island—an anecdote which is quite sufficient to convince us that gold is not necessarily wealth. Political economy, I believe, does tend to morality; it shows the error of class legislation—it tends to raise the poor—it shows the real value of the working-class—it is calculated to encourage industry, and certainly to promote right views of trade. I say all this, that it may not be supposed that I want to make to-night an ignorant and bigoted tirade against a science which, in proportion as it is understood, augments the happiness of our fellow-men. At the same time, I am prepared to maintain that we must lay down and adhere to the precepts of the Bible in every action of mercantile life, and that there can be no reason why these two should not be found together. I do not believe that there was but one Mr. John Thornton—I do not believe that there was but one Mr. Samuel Budgett, and I am not prepared to believe that there is but one Mr. Hitchcock. Although we are accustomed to look up to all these as great lights, shining in the midst of a dark world, yet I believe there are other lights also, though our eyes are not so constantly turned to them as our guiding luminaries.

I would remark, further, that the seeking gold is not in itself unholy. Wealth, by itself, is neither good nor evil. In seeking gold, in a measure, we do our duty. Our families are supported by it, commerce requires it, and man is taught, indeed, that he must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. But the real question before us bears upon *the love of gold*, when that love takes the place of the

love of God, where the earthly relationship is considered to the forgetting of the heavenly. It is not the seeking the things which are lawful, but it is yielding to excess in things which are lawful. We must remember, that though a Dives went to hell, Abraham and David were rich men, and they died in faith. Money, in short, must not be our chief good. If we are Christians, we are taught to believe that the Lord himself is our portion; and, I am quite sure, that all persons who really have the Lord for their portion, and who are desirous of walking consistently with the light which God has vouchsafed to them, will be found "not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." This is what ought to be, but not what is; and, I think, we may say, that the common phraseology of the world very much proves the truth of the assertions I am making. The common language of the world concerning our fellow-men is, "What is he worth?" meaning, "How many thousand pounds is he worth?" They do not mean what I should mean, and what, I am sure, many of you would mean. What is the worth of that man's soul, which cost the precious blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ?

Now, it is from a deep conviction of the value of man, created as he was by the great God, by the triune Jehovah,—it is from the recollection of the redemption of man, "not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of the Lamb,"—it is from the recollection, therefore, that man is not his own, but is himself "bought with a price," and is bound to glorify God with his body as well as his spirit, which are God's, that I intend now to direct your attention to

the particular subject which is intrusted to my care, under the very peculiar title of "Gold and Gold-seekers."

I think, Sir, that I shall open the matter more plainly—and my sole object in addressing this assembly will be to speak the words of truth and soberness, with great plainness of speech, not desiring, for one single moment, to indulge in the enticing words of man's wisdom, which might do very well to secure the applause of men, but for which I should have to give an account at the last day, for losing such a glorious opportunity of speaking to so many of my fellow-men concerning those great things which belong to their everlasting peace,—I say, Sir, I shall address this assembly with greater plainness if I open the matter by inquiring, first of all, how it is that gold itself is sought? A few words will convey to your minds my ideas upon this matter.

It is sought with great eagerness : home is given up for it. The time was when many of us used to sing, "There's no place like home ;" but the time is when men cry, "There is nothing like gold !" I am convinced that I am correct in making this assertion ; for what is it that is constraining so many to leave their homes in search of gold ? It is not that there is a lack of employment at home. What is it that leads men who have been colonised some years in Australia from their own particular settlements in search of gold ? It is not a lack of employment there. On the contrary, reports have reached us in this country of men who have gone to the diggings from their farms, and merely sent a messenger back to say that their cattle must be turned into the fields, for they themselves have no time to come back and reap

them, so entirely engrossed are they with the all-absorbing work of seeking for gold. The golden fields are left for the golden diggings.

So, again, the family's comfort is sacrificed. Men leave their wives, parents leave their children, children leave their parents; nothing, in fact, stops the man whose hope is in his gold. Intellectual cultivation is stopped in the very same manner. Gold-digging certainly is not the most intellectual pursuit which a man can follow. And if we turn from the golden search abroad to the golden search at home, I think I may say that the late-hour system is equally subversive to intellectual cultivation. We may indeed say very much in the language of the poet:—

“Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine.
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?”

Indeed life itself is always endangered, and often sacrificed. I do not stay to mention the accounts which I have read of the earth falling on some of the miners, for I believe in general that the holes from which the gold is dug are comparatively so small that that is a very rare occurrence. Nor will I dwell upon the injury which sedentary habits must inflict upon men at home, when, in the discharge of their professional duties, they give themselves up to the search for gold. I will not allude to the vitiated air in the shop, and its effects upon the lungs of those who inhale it—effects which I have myself seen in my own parochial visitations. Nor will I stay to speak of the lawyer with his gigantic intellect, but who—I am afraid quite as much from the love of gold as from what is more generally called the love of his profession—takes in so much business that

at last his brain gives way, and he falls an early victim to his search for gold. We know these facts well. But by turning to our Bibles we may at once see the contrast, for we read, "He that hateth covetousness shall prolong his days." (Prov. xxviii. 16.) I would put it to any thoughtful man, which is the better position of the two—a large amount of money with a small amount of health, or a large amount of health with a small modicum of wealth? Or compare it with that which is of still higher importance to man—a strong, healthy intellect, as compared with the mind being altogether absorbed with the search after filthy lucre.

But again, we find gold sought for diligently and perseveringly—that is, thought is really given to the subject. Men's thoughts are fixed upon their gold; their conversation turns upon it morning, noon, and night. Their last thought when they go to sleep at night is what money they will get the next day; their first thought in the morning is how they shall get it. In short, labour is given to this one end from morning to night. It is not mere surface work with them; it is hidden treasure, and the one great motto which is put over the chimney-piece of all these characters is, "Try and try again."

But to what does all this lead? for that is the grand practical question which is connected with the thesis that is before us—this diligence, this perseverance, this forsaking of home comforts, this earnestness from morning to night—to what does it all lead? Frequently to disappointment. Riches are well called "uncertain." They may, and in many instances they do, add to our outward comfort, but they cannot give what the Lord's last legacy ensures, which is peace. I may just refer

here to an extract from a book which has been placed in my hands bearing upon this subject, entitled "Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange," and, judging from the comments which are given from the daily press at the end of the work, I apprehend that it is really considered a standard book, and that the statements contained in it are not to be denied. I find here the account of one who, as he is now gone, I may fairly allude to as a matter of history. I mean Mr. Rothschild. I was saying just now that all our possessions cannot bestow upon us that which the last legacy of our Lord has given—peace, inward peace. We read of Mr. Rothschild :—

"He had also other sources of apprehension ; threats of murder were not unfrequent. On one occasion, he was waited on by a stranger, who informed him that a plot had been formed to take his life ; that the loans which he had made to Austria, and his connexion with governments adverse to the liberties of Europe, had marked him for assassination ; and that the mode by which he was to lose his life was arranged. But though Rothschild smiled outwardly at this and similar threats, they said who knew him best, that his mind was often troubled by these remembrances, and that they haunted him at moments when he would willingly have forgotten them. Occasionally his fears took a ludicrous form. Two tall, moustachioed men were once shown into his counting-house. Mr. Rothschild bowed ; the visitors bowed ; and their hands wandered first in one pocket, and then in another. To the anxious eye of the *millionnaire* they assumed the form of persons searching for deadly weapons. No time seemed allowed for thought : a ledger, without a moment's warning, was hurled at the

intruders; and, in a paroxysm of fear, he called for assistance to drive out two customers, who were only feeling in their pockets for letters of introduction. There is no doubt that he dreaded assassination greatly. 'You must be a happy man, Mr. Rothschild,' said a gentleman who was sharing the hospitality of his splendid home, as he glanced at the superb appointments of the mansion. 'Happy! me happy?' was the reply. 'What! happy, when just as you are going to dine, you have a letter placed in your hands, saying, 'If you do not send me 500*l.*, I will blow your brains out?' Happy! me happy?' And the fact that he frequently slept with loaded pistols by his side, is an indirect evidence of a constant excitement on the subject."

I must also give you another instance, the account of which has just reached this country from the diggings themselves. Mr. P——, one of the clergy there, describes the colony as being in a most excited state. "The enormous yield of gold," he says, "still continues. It must not, however, be supposed to bring any benefit to us. Our greatest alteration is in expense, discomfort, drunkenness, and the prevalence of every kind of vice. The sober-minded people of the colony would rejoice if the gold ceased to be found to-morrow." You see, therefore, that this possession does not necessarily afford either peace or happiness to the possessor. But it does often lead to results the most opposite to our intentions. It is just an illustration of the language of the Psalmist, who tells us that "men heap up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them." I remember two striking instances of this kind which have occurred within the last few years. One was the case of a gentleman who had—and, in my judgment, very

properly had—very strong feelings against Popery. He was a very rich man. He had heaped up riches, and at his death the whole of his wealth descended to an individual who at that moment was a member of the Church of England, but who is at this moment a pervert of the Church of Rome. Now if that money had not been laid up in heaps—and it was an enormous fortune—how very differently it might have been working at the present hour! Another case of a similar kind was that of a gentleman who had a love of money, I am afraid, to a great extent, but who, at the same time, had, if I may be allowed to say so, a very proper antipathy to the theatre, believing in its demoralising effects—demoralising to the spectator and auditor, for eyes and ears are both too often polluted, and to the whole surrounding neighbourhood in ways which I shall not attempt to describe—he died, and left his money to one individual, who soon ran through the whole of it, having invested all in one of the leading London theatres. Now this just shows to you how very soon men's objects of life may be disappointed, as regards the ultimate distribution of that wealth for which they have laboured early and late for so many years of their lives.

But if this were all—that it led to disappointment, or to the dispersion of wealth in a way which is little intended—the harm would be, comparatively speaking, very small; but I am quite sure that the amassing of wealth, the searching for it with the zeal and earnestness which we see every day around us, generally leads to sin. In short, I may say that, in the search for gold, the golden rule itself is forgotten and that so far from men desiring to do unto others as they would that men should do to them, their whole object is to do for them-

selves that which they are not at all prepared to do for others.

Now I must be permitted to turn away from mere general expressions upon such a subject as this, and to enter somewhat more into particulars of a practical character, which, I hope, by God's blessing, may be of use, at least in putting some of my younger friends here upon their guard against this sin-producing work, the search for gold.

I will allude, then, first of all, to that which I suppose will be sufficiently understood by the expression—and for want of a better I can only use that expression—the *grinding system*; I mean a system which is the very opposite to the love of mercy. I am aware that it is very difficult to touch upon this topic with any propriety, for the political economist will tell us, and tell us with justice too, that we must not interfere with the labour market—that to legislate on this subject (and I quite agree with him) would be as impossible as it would be impolitic; for the fact is, you cannot manufacture Christians by act of parliament. Nevertheless we are at liberty to turn to our Bibles upon this and every matter. When I speak, therefore, of the grinding system, I would use the language of St. James, “Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him? Do not rich men oppress you?” If men would be contented with less profit, and the same business, and the same price, our work would be done at once. Let me again turn to the history which is contained in these “Chronicles of the Stock Exchange.” Of the first Mr. Rothschild:—

“The old and the new world alike bore witness to

his skill ; and with the profits on a single loan he purchased an estate which cost him 150,000*l*. Minor capitalists, like parasitical plants, clung to him, and were always ready to advance their money in speculations at his bidding. Nothing seemed too gigantic for his grasp ; nothing too minute for his notice. His mind was as capable of contracting a loan for millions as of calculating the lowest possible amount on which a clerk could exist. Like too many great merchants, whose profits were counted by thousands, he paid his assistants the smallest amount for which he could procure them. He became the high-priest of the temple of Janus, and the coupons raised by the capitalist for a despotic state were more than a match for the cannon of the revolutionist."

You see here what I mean. If persons, instead of seeking to make by one single transaction 150,000*l*. would be content with smaller gains, how much more might be done for all who are round about them ! I am convinced, from looking at the subject, that unfair profits are generally connected with unfair wages, and, I may add, with an unfair mode of paying them. This existed in the truck system of old, and I believe it exists in the remnants of that truck system at the present day, as we find it carried on among the ballast-heavers. Let it not be supposed that this is a light matter for our consideration ; let it not be considered that because these poor ballast-heavers are men comparatively ignorant, that it is a matter not thought of, not weighed, not discussed by them. I must be allowed to read a very interesting account which was given me by the gentleman to whom the circumstance happened—Mr. Champneys, who is so well known, and

is so deservedly esteemed, by so many of you — because it shows the feeling entertained by the body to which I am alluding.

He had been himself attending a meeting for endeavouring to obtain relief for the ballast-heavers of the port of London, by the establishment of an office at which they might have their names registered, and so be employed without having to attend at a public-house where nearly half their wages were, as they termed it, “clipped” for drink. A working man seconded a vote of thanks to him, which was moved by another working man, thanking him for advocating their cause; and he said, “I am sure Mr. Champneys will not think this vote of thanks a matter of *form*. It is not so; it is the honest, hearty, real thanks of working men, who feel indebted to him, and to others with him, for taking up their cause.” “On going out of the room,” Mr. Champneys writes, “I spoke to him, having been struck by his manner and look, and wished him good-night. He bowed most respectfully, for he was evidently not a forward person, and said, ‘Sir, we are all deeply indebted to you, and such as you. The Queen on her throne owes you a debt. The working classes have been sometimes almost driven to desperation. Pinched with poverty, and in many cases by oppression, they have more than once been ready to throw off all restraint, and overturn all before them. I have tried to reason with my brother men; I have urged them to be patient and to submit, to bear on; but it has been hard work to keep them quiet; we have scarcely been able to do it; when your work and efforts, and the efforts of such as you, have thrown a ray of hope across us, given *us* fresh arguments and *them* fresh hope.

Many a time has it been so; and but for what you have done, and tried to do, for the poor working men of England, they would have become desperate.' This circumstance occurred just before the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington; and the man added, 'The great man you are going to bury fought a hard battle, and gained a great victory; but you are fighting a harder battle, and and we hope you will gain a greater victory still.'"

Another branch of what I may call this "grinding system" we may describe as persecution — I cannot call it by any other name. I find that in some great houses of business shopmen are turned away if they do not sell not only what is wanted, but what is not wanted. A gentleman walks up to the unsuccessful assistant ("walks" is the right expression, I believe, for I think they call him a "shop-walker") and says, "For what are you paid a salary I should like to know? Do you think you are paid to get swaps?" And, upon the strength of this, a young man who comes up to London for the sake of learning his business, and doing his duty faithfully, is deliberately and at once turned out of the shop. That I call persecution.

This, however, is not the only illustration which I should like to give you; there is another which strikes me as still worse. I find that a number of young men are brought together in these houses, and after passing there several years of their lives, they not unnaturally, from a sense of duty after their long connexion with the head of the house, go to him and say that they are now twenty-five or thirty years of age, and (with a modest look and hesitating tongue I doubt not) that they should like "to settle in life." In short, they, like a great many other young men who do not happen to be drapers,

have a little desire to be married. This is met on the spot by a positive refusal. Now, in a free country, I look upon that as something *very like* persecution. The individual who has received this answer, so sympathising with his tenderest feelings, is not immediately to be put down; he ventures, therefore, to ask one little question, "Why, sir?"—not an unnatural question, I am sure many of you will say; upon which he receives the satisfactory answer, "Oh, if you are married, you will want higher wages." Oh, then, it is gold-seeking that comes in for this matter, and nothing else but gold-seeking! "I am afraid, if you were married, you would be so exceedingly attentive to Mrs. So-and-So that you would not be so attentive to my work." The gold again! And if this will not silence the honest-hearted and loving-hearted young man, the employer says, "I have no dependence upon married men. If you are married, it will be sure to lead to robbery, you will want some of my ribbons, or some other pretty things, perhaps, to adorn Mrs. So-and-So. No, sir, no married men for me." Now I really cannot say what may be the exact opinion of the different gentlemen whom I am addressing, but if I were to pronounce my own opinion upon it, I should call this most horrible persecution. I look upon that as most shameful tyranny which leads a man to be ashamed of doing what God himself has pronounced to be "honourable in all." Besides, I believe that so far from marriage being likely to lead to neglect of business, the man who finds himself responsible for his wife and family will act with greater honesty, and greater integrity, and will give greater attention to his business. Neither am I speaking off-hand in these mat

ters; for I thought it desirable to seek an interview on this subject with one of the most intelligent inspectors of police connected with the metropolis, who has had in hand many of these "little concerns," as he describes them; and he says that he has invariably found that wherever the men are allowed to marry, in those establishments there is the greatest amount of honesty, and there are the fewest cases of dishonesty to be found.

But persecution is not limited to the draper's shop; we find it existing among what, I suppose, would be called a higher class, as I find on reference to the work on the Stock Exchange, from which I have already quoted. I must own that I was not in the least aware of the mysteries of the Stock Exchange; and if it is likely to be followed by the results I am going to put before you, I will take very great care that it is a long time before I am initiated into them. The author says:—

"If the morals of the Stock Exchange be as described, its manners are as curious. It is not long since the papers reported a limb broken in sport. The writer has perused in the journals occasional duels which have arisen from the 'fun' of the members; and the courtesies of life are wanting if a stranger ventures among them. When this is the case, instead of the bearing of gentlemen, the first discoverer of the intruder cries out, 'Fourteen hundred fives!' and a hundred voices re-echo the cry. Youth or age is equally disregarded; and the following description of what occurred to an unhappy visitor will attest the truth of that which has been asserted:—

"Not long ago, a friend of my own, ignorant of the rule so rigidly enforced for the expulsion of strangers, chanced to drop in, as he phrased it, to the Stock Ex-

change. He walked about for nearly a minute without being discovered to be an intruder, indulging in surprise at finding that the greatest uproar and frolic prevailed in a place in which he expected there would be nothing but order and decorum. All at once, a person who had just concluded a hasty but severe scrutiny of his features, sent out at the full stretch of his voice, 'Fourteen hundred.' Then a bevy of the gentlemen of the house surrounded him, 'Will you purchase any new navy five per cent, sir?' said one, eagerly looking him in the face. "I am not—" the stranger was about to say he was not going to purchase stock of any kind, but was prevented finishing his sentence by his hat being, through a powerful application of some one's hand to its crown, not only forced over his eyes, but over his mouth also. Before he had time to recover from the stupefaction into which the suddenness and violence of the eclipse threw him, he was seized by the shoulders, and wheeled about as if he had been a revolving machine. He was then pushed about from one person to another, as if he had only been the effigy of some human being, instead of a human being himself. After tossing and hustling him about in the roughest possible manner, denuding his coat of one of its tails, and tearing into fragments other parts of his wardrobe, they carried him to the door, where, after depositing him on his feet, they left him to recover his lost senses at his leisure."

Again, I believe, that this same search tends to a vast amount of lying. Now, I know that, in common parlance some people speak of these being "white lies." But, I believe, that white lies and black lies are very much alike, and that they are nothing else but lies.

I am inclined to think that the whole system of "premiums" in the shop gives an encouragement to lying. I have a book here, written apparently by one who has been connected with the draper's business. I scarcely ever read a more extraordinary book; and if one-half of it be true, I can only say, that what the writer calls "Life behind the Counter" will end with death behind the counter in a great many cases. He says:—

"There is a system of making premiums, which is a *douceur* for selling old stock, damaged goods, and remnants. There were also various articles, whose real value it was difficult for inexperienced buyers to tell, such as shawls, on which a graduated premium was put. For instance, a shawl would be marked to cost 30s.; if a young man sold it for 40s., he would be allowed 1s.; if for 50s., 2s. 6d.; and if for 60s., 5s."

Now, if that system is really carried on—and I quote my authority, for I have not been initiated practically into these matters—if it be true, as is here stated, it is no great breach of charity for me to say, that this earnest desire to make the odd 5s. leads to a great deal of lying. And what is more, lying and robbery in these matters are cousins, and cousins not very far removed from one another. So true is it, as St. Paul tells us in his epistle to Timothy: "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition; for the love of money is the root of all evil: which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But thou, O man of God, flee these things."

To illustrate what I am now saying—for facts, I

think, are the best things to give you—I would allude to some of the adulterations of food. I find, for instance, that oatmeal is adulterated with barley-meal. It is nothing new to us, for it has been pretty well known in London, to be told that milk is sometimes adulterated with water; and it is an old story to say that sloe-leaves are sometimes taken, or mistaken, for tea. It is, perhaps, more extraordinary, though it has been known to many of those to whom I am speaking, that coffee is adulterated with chicory; and I am assured that most people think coffee without chicory is not worth drinking. I can only say, “There is no accounting for tastes.” This question has been debated in the House of Commons, and for a time this adulteration was legal; but I do not think, as far as I remember, that anything was said in the debate about chicory itself being adulterated with “carrots, parsnips, beans, and roasted corn, burnt sugar and red earth, horse-chestnuts and acorns.” This statement of adulteration I find, however, in the accounts published in the “*Lancet*.”* I find, in the same volume, that there is one firm publishing that “they pledge themselves that all their coffees are of the finest sort; that their chicory also is the most genuine.” They positively assert that they have never used any other than the best and purest. They then go on to say, that “the coffee and chicory are respectively of the finest, purest, and most genuine descriptions;” and they as positively deny any knowledge of the use of the various infamous adulterations which are said to be employed in the admixture of coffees by some grocers in London and in the country. They then

* See “*Lancet*,” Vol. I., for 1851, pages 303 and 304.

proceed to quote from the "Morning Advertiser:" "We will undertake to say, that owing to the far richer flavour, as well as the greater cheapness of the mixed article, the retail dealers would sell fifty pounds for every one pound they vended of coffee without chicory." And now observe this is the fruit of the examination — "ADULTERATED — THE GREATER PART OF THE ARTICLE CONSISTING OF CHICORY, WITH BUT LITTLE COFFEE TO BE DETECTED!"*

In a well-written little work, entitled, "Coffee as it is, and as it ought to be," recently published by Mr. Simmonds, the "Lancet" reports to have found the following observations in reference to the adulterations of chicory:—

"In various parts of the metropolis, but more especially in the east, are to be found liver-bakers. These men take the livers of oxen and horses, and bake them and grind them into a powder, which they sell to the low-priced coffee-shopkeepers at fourpence or sixpence per pound; horse's liver-coffee bearing the highest price."†

On the same page as the above may be found another account of a little pleasing tonic which is occasionally detected in the cup of coffee-cum-chicory, which is, mahogany sawdust. I read as follows:—

"Numerous statements have been made of the discovery in coffee of mahogany sawdust. This adulteration is so atrocious that until recently we have refused to give credit to it, until we ourselves had obtained evidence that this substance is actually employed in the adulteration of chicory."

However, I must acknowledge that one house of

* See "Lancet," Vol. I., for 1851, p. 505.

† Ibid. p. 527.

business in which adulteration was discovered in the coffee, was exceedingly indignant at its being supposed to allow of any adulteration at all. In short, coffee and chicory was, unadulterated, good drink. It was said that coffee would not sell without the chicory, and that the majority of people when they asked for coffee meant coffee and chicory, and there could not be the least doubt of it. I have no doubt, with a morality which is as pure as their tea, but purer than their coffee, they said,—“If any one asked for a pound of pure coffee they would have had no chicory at all; but that when a person asked merely for a pound of coffee, they understood it to mean coffee and chicory.” Really when I read that, I thought there must be some mistake in the print; and that, instead of coffee and chicory, it ought to be coffee and cheatery.

I was also astonished to receive a paper from a gentleman, narrating some facts which, he says, transpired some years since:—

“I went, by invitation,” he writes to me, “to see certain mills (the name of the firm it would be very unfair to mention). Amongst other fabrics I saw an immense pile of unfinished goods, of what appeared to me to be cotton gauze. On my inquiring what sale there was for that article, I was told, with a smile, that a portion of them should be completed in my presence, and I should then be able to judge for myself. They were covered with paste, and afterwards passed between two large hot rollers, from which they emerged highly glazed. They were folded up, and each had a piece of dark blue paper, with gold stamps attached to them, and in this state they were laid aside as Irish linen. I asked whether they were to be sold under that title, and was answered

in the affirmative, with the addition that they were intended for the Brazilian market. 'But,' I said, 'that material can never be washed.' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'they can be passed through water once or twice.'

I must say, I think it no breach of charity to affirm that this conduct is very much like that little union to which I was just now referring—the lying and the robbery together.

I will only make one passing allusion to another point; and would ask, whether it is not the opinion of this meeting that the whole system of slavery is downright robbery; and yet it will not be denied that that horrid traffic is carried on by those who are gold-seekers. In short, I may say that the gold-seekers seem to have but one object—each to outwit his neighbour. Their inward, but unceasing cry, is, according to the old Latin words,—

“Rem, rem, quocunque modo, rem.”

Now if things such as I have been reading to you this evening are really carried on in London, is it not a matter of astonishment to a religious mind that they should by any be considered fair and honest? And yet I suppose we must say, “We are all honourable men.”

While I am on this part of the subject, I must not forget to allude to betting-houses. The most selfish vice of all is gambling, and betting is a part of it. It simply means, “Get what you can, and give nothing for it.” It is of no use to say that men stand upon an equal chance when they are betting. It is no such thing. All men do not stand an equal chance. There is what is called a “sharper,” and there is what is called a “flat;” and we know very well that if these

two meet, deceit is pretty sure to be practised. God's command is, "Thou shalt not covet;" and that is the lesson we all of us ought to learn. Man's general resolution is, "I will covet, and I will get too, if I can." If you only look for a moment at the faces of parties engaged in these transactions, you will learn a lesson never to be forgotten. Look at the winner, and see the smile of joy and satisfaction as he turns from a poor fellow with an empty purse and a broken heart, who knows that he has to go back to his poor wretched wife and family, to say that he left them with money that would have bought them comforts, and has come back a beggar. Look at their faces, I say, and then determine whether you can take part in such a work as that, which must tend to make a whole family wretched; and not only wretched in time, but which often ends in making a man wretched for eternity. There are many cases of persons, as we all know, driven by this vice into that state of desperation that, remembering only the sorrows present, and forgetting the torments in prospect, they have rushed from the scene of the loss of their money into the place of the loss of their souls,—they have rushed unprepared into the immediate presence of their God and Judge! Nor is it a matter which we ought to overlook, that while these betting-houses are chiefly kept by gamblers, two-thirds of the frequenters of these houses are servants and young men. Robberies are, on account of them, frequently committed. The betting parties want the money, and they must get it; and if they cannot get it fairly, they will get it foully; if not honestly, they will seek it dishonestly. And in how many cases do we find "the biter bit!" How often did it happen last year, when

the settling day came, that the betting-houses were found shut up, and the holders of the stakes had decamped! But it is astonishing how low men's minds fall upon these subjects. It is a known fact that there is a house in the West End of London in very great repute for a particular business, the whole of the upper part of which is let out as a hell. Yet I suppose I must say of the owner of that house, as of all others, "We are all honourable men."

I do not want to enter into the case of that which I am afraid is a fact, and which could not, and would not, be contradicted by many that are here, that there are shops which have a great reputation for cheapness, and that are very cheap—for they buy in a cheap market—purchasing their stock of men who ought not to sell it, and who are cheating their own creditors. These firms have, if I am not misinformed, other places of business for the purchase of these goods at a certain hour of the morning. Who is cheated they care not:—"This is all in the way of business!"

There is another matter which ought not to be overlooked, in which robbery, or dishonesty at least, is connected with this search after gold. I refer to the case of servants who have the character of being honest, who declare themselves that they have an unimpeachable character for honesty (and they believe it too), but who do not hesitate to take a percentage. It is all in the way of business, but who must pay it at the last? Do they think of that?

Hitherto I have been looking at the subject as one which is chiefly concerned with the robbery of men; there is, however, a greater robbery still, and that is the robbery of God. I refer especially to the breach of the

Sabbath-day, and that, too, for gold. We are told by some, apparently most plausibly, as if their hearts were really bubbling over with their philanthropy, that recreation is so exceedingly wanted that it must be had on Sundays. Indeed, I think, we have heard from very high quarters lately, that breaking the latter half of the Sabbath-day was an exceedingly good mode of increasing the morality of the metropolis; as if there were a new reading to the fourth commandment, "Remember to keep the Sabbath-day holy till one o'clock!"—a reading which I never found, but which seems likely to come into use in any new edition of the Decalogue. I answer, recreation is wanted, but I cannot discover why God should be robbed of what Mammon ought to give—yes, I repeat of what Mammon ought to give. If recreation is needed, why should not Mammon part with half a day out of six, instead of God's being defrauded of his Sabbath? Besides, if men are so fond of giving recreation to some, I do not understand why it should be given at the expense of others. There is an old proverb. "We must not rob Peter to pay Paul." If men are so anxious about helping the people out of London on the Sundays what is to be done with all those people who have the care of the railroads? Will they thank you for their Sabbath recreation? I rather suspect that they find their work no recreation, but, from the increased numbers crowding into the trains, the Sunday will be a day of increased labour and exertion for those men in the country, for whom, quite as much as for the mechanic or artisan in London, God has appointed one day to be kept holy. I will read you a very striking letter from a poor man in Australia, bearing on the observance of the Sabbath. I shall omit all names, but

in other respects I will read it to you just as it is written, for I like nature in all these matters :

“ *South Australia*, 1852.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,—Here I am, thanks be to the Lord! safe and well, at the goold ragings, on the other side of the world. Glory be to God! My dearest mother, we were all in sich regular confusion after landing in Sydney, that I couldn't sit down to write to you and my dear Margaret; but I felt all as one as if I was at home with you on the old ground, at ——. Australia is a queer place intirely, not laste like the county Monaghan, or, I believe, ony place else; but in my next letter I hope to insense you into the whole consarn. The first day I and Jem — began to dig, I turned up a nate bit of gold, nuggets they call 'em here, about the size of your thimble. I intend, plase God, to send you this, my darling mother, as soon as I can get to Sydney and find a dacent captain of a ship going to Liverpool. We got a dale every day since. I think you'll be freckened when I tell you that I have the worth of 400 pounds, this minute, under the table where I'm writing, waiting for the escort. But, my darling mother, tho' we have good luck in regard of money, I'm afraid o' the curse o' God upon us all account of Sabbath-braking. Us two, Jem and I, strive to spend the Sundays as well as we can. I read the prayers, and Jem reads the lessons, by ourselves under a rock near the river every Sunday. O mother! as long as you are able go to church. I would give half my diggings for one sight of a clergyman once more reading the ould prayers foreanint me. I never knew what it was to be in a foreign country, till I kim up here. There's a power of English and Scotch, but

they're mighty careless and covetous, as Jem says, and it's throo they live like haythens, and die like dogs. Jem made a prayer, and says it every night, me and him, that God Almighty would send us a minister into this place; and I hope, my darling mother, you and Margaret will pray the same night and morning.

"There's a nate, quite boy, here, what we know, from Lincolnshire, a carpenter, and he says if a parson comes, he'll build him a house for nothing. There's a man higher up the river, a Methodist,—I think one of the diggers,—who prophesies that if the Sunday is not better kept, we'll have a plague or a famine before we're much oulder, and it's no wonder. Dear mother, I don't forget you, tho' far away. When I make a little more money here, I don't intend to forsake you; but to go home once more, and bury you dacently, with the help of God. Give my love to —, likewise to his wife—to my dear Margaret—and accept the same yourself. my darling mother above the world, and remain your obedient and affectionate Son."*

I now come back to a somewhat graver topic, and must allude again to the late-hour system. What can a young man do for his intellect or for his soul after fifteen hours' service of Mammon? It is quite true that, fatigued in their bodies, they may sit down, which they were not allowed to do in the shop. It is true they may read exciting books; but I look upon this as so much literary dram-drinking; whereas, what we want is the pure water of life, and that is only to be got from the Bible. The late-hour system is another form of slave-holding, whose motto is, "Work and die!" As for the soul, they say nothing about that. Saturday

* *Literatim et verbatim.*

night comes, and Saturday's fatigues come, and Sunday morning comes; but where is the energy of the man? I find this subject alluded to in the book from which I have before quoted ("Edward Charlton"), to which I may refer you. Persons may speak of the foppery of some of these young men,—no wonder; for where is their opportunity to enable them to cultivate self-respect, or to let them see the real value of themselves in the sight of God and man? The more I look into this subject—and having to prepare this lecture has compelled me to look into it more than I have ever done before—the more I am convinced that the late-hour system leads to those sins which ruin body and soul. We see this borne out in every branch of the work of gold-seeking. The time will not permit me to enter into these matters at the length I might have wished; but I will read you a passage from a letter written by a clergyman living near Melbourne, in which he draws a contrast between what I may call the gold-seeker and the soul-seeker!

“The gold-fields, as you may suppose, have made a total revolution in the affairs of the colony. It is now no longer a colony, but a place for adventurers of the lowest and worst description. It has become the receptacle of the filth of the world. It is utterly impossible to tell the vast amount of iniquity and vice which is rife in this unhappy country. Nothing is thought of now but gold, gold, gold! and too often this coveted gold, when obtained, is not only squandered away in reckless disregard of the comforts and blessings it might bring upon a family or community, but used for the vilest purposes. I think I shall not be far from the truth if I say, that for every single person it has been a blessing, there are fifty,—ay, it might be a hundred, to

whom it has been a curse : it has helped them to ruin both body and soul for ever.

“ For the spiritual wants of the tens of thousands at the diggings, our Church has but one clergyman and one lay assistant. Of the value of our dear brother, whose post is the ‘gold-fields,’ I cannot speak too highly, being intimately acquainted with him ; we were ordained together. I speak from a knowledge of his worth and excellence, and can say that, early and late, in season and out of season, he is instant in his Master’s business ; and, without disparaging any one of my brethren in the ministry—indeed, I am sure they agree with me—I feel sure that there is no man in the diocese more suited for that difficult post than the Rev. J. H. Gregory. But what can he do ? There is full employment for ten or fifteen men as active he is.”

This is the testimony of an eye-witness, who has seen all that is going on in this land of gold, to which so many are hurrying at the present time. Then recollect when men have got so much money, what a false estimate of self it gives ! How much pride there is in it all ! How much of the grossest folly is really introduced. I may read to you another letter from a private friend in Australia, showing the ridiculous effects of the pride and vanity engendered in the minds of some of these persons who have suddenly become rich,—

“ This morning,” says the writer, “ we had a beautiful sight. All the distant mountains (the famous Mount Alexander amongst the rest) stood out in bold relief, heavily covered with snow. What a treat for the diggers, especially those in their canvass huts ! Many have already got their deaths there, and I fear many more will follow. What a strange thing the eager

thirst for gold is! stranger still, to see the effect it produces on most of those who become suddenly possessed of vast quantities of it; their brains are actually turned! Some kill themselves with drinking, some with eating; and the rage for fine clothes is absurd,—a constant sight in the streets of Melbourne being carriages absolutely filled with muslin and gauze, with streamers of white riband everywhere on the horses, drivers, whip (three bows on the whip), &c. &c. All the diggers marry, and the fashion invariably is, to be married by special license. Of course, the brides are of the lowest, coarsest, and least respectable of the females here, and it leads to a vast amount of evil and misery. Often men come to get a license who do not know the names of their intended wives, ‘Indeed I don’t know, your reverence; but it’s that young woman standing there,—I’ll go and ask her.’ This was told me by one of the clergymen of ——. I will just give you a sketch of one or two of the wedding-dresses, as specimens. Our laundress, a rough, stupid, worthless, and dirty girl, married to a man she had not seen a week before, in a white book muslin, for the making up of which she paid 1*l.* 1*s.*; white silk bonnet, and a long white feather. Mrs. ———’s servant-of-all-work, in a shaded blue silk flowered with white; drawn silk bonnet, with a long blue feather tipped with gold; and a beautiful white China crape shawl. My husband met a bridal party one broiling day in summer, bride, bridesmaids, and all, bedecked from head to foot in brilliant scarlet! And poor Mrs. ——— said to him the other day, in her broken English, ‘It do look so funny, to see a woman take off a beautiful bonnet with fine feathers in the street to scratch her head.’ You also see constantly carriages driving up

and down the streets filled with rough working men, lounging and driving about absolutely for the pleasure of idleness. I cannot tell you half the absurdities; but Melbourne is a horrid place now, and really oppresses the heart and spirits with sounds and sights of evil."

One of the clergymen out there bears testimony to the same facts. He says :—

"With respect to Port Phillip, it still continues in the same disorganised state as when I last wrote, with the addition to our population of some of the vilest characters from the penal settlements. The effect on public morals is alarming. Drunkenness and debauchery prevail to a frightful extent. The daily round of industry is broken up, social ties are loosened, and the sudden acquisition of riches has given rise to extravagance and idleness in many who before were sober and prudent."

In the same way, men not only form this false estimate of themselves, but we find a false estimate also formed of them by others, whether it be at home or abroad. Even dishonesty is soon forgotten where there is plenty of gold to make up for it. It would be improper to allude to any person now living, but I cannot help stating, that I believe that the following account of one who is dead may be borne out by similar instances in London at the present time :—

"The name of this gentleman, the entertainments given by him, the charities to which he occasionally subscribed, and the amount of his transactions in the money market, were blazoned abroad. Peers and princes of the blood sat at his table, clergymen and laymen bowed before him, and they who preached loudest against Mammon bent lowest before the Mammon-

worshipper. Gorgeous plate, fine furniture, an establishment such as many a noble of Norman descent would envy, graced his entertainments. Without social refinement; with manners, which offensive in the million were but *brusque* in the millionaire, he collected around him the fastidious members of the most fastidious aristocracy in the world. He saw the representatives of all the states in Europe proud of his friendship. By the democratic envoy of the New World, by the ambassador of the imperial Russ, was his hospitality alike accepted; while the man who warred with slavery in all its forms and phases was himself slave to the golden reputation of the Hebrew. * * * It is painful to write thus depreciatingly of a man who possessed so large a developement of brain; but the golden gods of England have many idolaters, and the voice of truth rarely penetrates the private room of the English merchant."

But even yet I have not done with the baneful effects of gold-seeking. I would notice that which I am afraid is very common in all classes, but which I can only describe as the prostitution of God's ordinances,—I refer especially to marriage for money. There are scarcely any but those who are most decided Christians who do not say that So-and-so has married very well, because there are so many thousand pounds in the background, and not because he or she is sure of being the partner of one who is a possessor of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

I do not stay to enlarge upon these points,—time forbids it,—they are clear and plain to us all; but I cannot help feeling that some of us would do well to look into our own hearts. I speak now of ministers,

for I have sometimes, in calm hours of reflection, questioned whether the love of money does not produce carnal views of the ministry itself. I hope I could say for myself, and many of my brethren also, that they do not always consider that the rich livings are the good livings, but are prepared, wherever Providence leads them, to say, "Here am I; send me." Let me read you an account in which you will see my statement fully borne out by an eye-witness in Australia:—

"Of Mr. G.'s assistant I will tell you, that at the present moment he could with the greatest ease obtain a situation as overseer on a sheep-station, with a salary of 200*l.* per year and rations, with the use of a horse, and other advantages; but, like the apostles, he forsook all, and followed Jesus. All he now has is 60*l.* a-year, but little better than bread and water. I do not think any person could point out a more beautiful example of the power of divine grace than is exemplified in this gentleman. It has been a most serious question with myself, 'Am I prepared to forsake all my worldly advantages, if it be needful, and to follow Jesus Christ, like Mr. Sheridan has done?' He has been engaged, I think, about six months in the Lord's work: he was originally managing a large sheep-station, just close to the Forest Creek, or Mount Alexander Diggings. I believe he was considered very clever in his profession. It has been said of him by a settler, 'Ah, Sheridan has completely buried himself now; he is lost to the world; he is of no use; he is become a nonentity.' Such is the estimate of a man of this world,—of a Christian, who has forsaken all for Christ; but how honourable to be thus spoken of by this world! They have taken knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus." What Christian

young man would not prefer to be the soul-seeker rather than the gold-seeker?

I had intended to dwell upon the fact, that wherever the search after gold is carried on with real eagerness, as we know it to be, it is generally followed by the obscuring of the moral vision. If I wanted an illustration of this, I would refer to that very interesting and striking work, which I believe has obtained a larger circulation than any book from America — I mean "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I would refer to the extraordinary quotations of Scripture in favour, not of the lawfulness, but of the duty of slave-trading; and how even an unlettered by-stander sees that such quotations are entirely one-sided; or, in other words, that a man must be blind in one eye who could quote "Cursed be Canaan," and not see, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." Gold-seeking hardens the heart in every way. The heart of the gold-seeker seems to become very much of the nature of the gold itself. It becomes metallic, and when thus hardened it is a barrier against the reception of truth as it is set forth in God's holy word. It is not that these people do not listen to truth, — it is not that they never set their foot in the house of God, but they seem exactly described by the prophet Ezekiel: "The people say one to another, every one to his brother, Come, I pray you, and hear what is the word that cometh forth from the Lord: and they come unto thee as the people cometh, and they sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them: for with their mouth they show much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness." Indeed the whole subject which I have been bringing before you, the search after gold, in the spirit to which

we have been referring, is altogether irreconcilable with God's service. It is called in Scripture — and, of course, called rightly, because it is in Scripture — idolatry. It destroys altogether a right dependence upon God. The more you examine into this question the more convinced you will be that the spirit of covetousness and the spirit of faith cannot be found together.

It now behoves me to bring the matter nearer to a conclusion, and we will, therefore, ask, how this disease is to be treated? I would remark, that because a sin is common, it is not the less a sin on that account, and not less hateful to God ; therefore, let us call things by their right names. If covetousness is idolatry, and idolatry is sin, covetousness is sin ; therefore we should do well to look to this matter practically and scripturally. Here I would venture to say, that it is of no use our talking of the evil of contracts, or of our doing away with competition. It is neither desirable nor possible. Competition prevents success to the covetous man in many cases, though at the same time it does excite much that is evil in some of the competitors. Competition sharpens intellect, it quickens and encourages art. We must not allow ourselves to condemn competition because there are sufferers. Every great change will involve partial suffering ; every fresh introduction of machinery involves a certain amount of suffering ; yet when we come to reason upon the matter calmly, we see that it is a false and limited charity which would make the whole body of men suffer for the sake of keeping up the present comfort of a few who, after a short time, can and do turn their hands to other branches of trade. What, then, should really be done? We ought to look at ourselves, we ought to press it upon one ano-

ther's attention, that in everything we do, it should be done as to the Lord. It is quite true that there are young men in houses of business, and they speak of others as their masters ; it is true there are servants in families, and they speak of those from whom they receive their wages as their masters ; but it is also true, that there is a common Master that is above them all, and that to Him we must all one day give an account. We see in families of the nobility and gentry that there are men of different degrees of wealth, having a different extent of land and possessions, and that, therefore, their stewards have a different degree of influence and power intrusted to them ; yet it is the same thing with them at the reckoning day ; the steward must give in his account, whether for great things or small. So it is with all the servants of God. Whether we are intrusted with much or with little, every man, woman, and child amongst ourselves to-night will have to give an account before God ; we ought, therefore, to keep in mind, that during the time in which we are living previous to giving in our account, we are bound to use what we have for the Lord's own glory. We may all do our duty in that station of life in which God has placed us ; and the more I think of the matter, and compare it with Scripture, the more am I convinced that whether men are preaching the gospel in the pulpit, or are engaged in cleaning shoes, they may be equally doing God's work. If a man does all he has to do as unto the Lord, and not as unto man, he is a faithful servant, whatever be his position in life. The Scripture says upon this subject, " Give a portion to seven and also to eight ;" and what is the reason ? Not simply because it is your duty, not because you have plenty, but because " thou knowest not

what evil shall be upon the earth." This is the very reverse of the argument which the world in general uses. Men say, "I cannot give a portion to seven, and I am quite sure I cannot give a portion to eight, because I do not know what evil may come upon the earth—I may want my money." Scripture says, "Give while you have the opportunity; the time may come when you cannot give at all." This is the secret motive of a Christian's action.

And, above all things, let me say to you, there is one point which must be realised if we would cure the evil in our own hearts, or in the hearts of others, and that is, we must realise the atonement of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It is when we are able to turn our thoughts to the great work which he performed—it is when we remember that he who was so rich, became poor, that we, through his poverty, might become rich, that we see things altogether in a different point of view from that in which we had contemplated them before. Once we looked upon money as making the man; now we do so no more, but we look upon man as lost without Christ, we believe him saved by Christ, and we learn that we cannot do enough for Him and His cause who has done such great things for us. I am convinced that if the love of money exist in our heart, it is a passion which nothing can control but those higher principles which the gospel of Jesus Christ alone can inculcate. His love will constrain us to love him; but without it, the love of gold will harden our hearts against all other principles whatever. Then let me earnestly and seriously address you upon this subject. I have spoken to you as young men who may be exposed to these perse-

cutions, these trials, and these temptations, to which I have alluded at great length; I have spoken to you, not because you were masters,—not because I thought masters were present, but because the very fact of your being young men in these houses may lead one day to your becoming masters. I believe that to be forewarned is to be forearmed. I want to show you the misery, the wretchedness, the sinfulness of that condition now while you are not tempted, that when you are tempted you may learn to go to the only real source by which you may overcome temptation. Let me, therefore, earnestly and affectionately beg of you to beware of this snare of gold-seeking. I do not doubt, by the manner in which you have received the statements I have made, that you deeply feel the sad state of others; but let me remind you, that one man's heart is like another man's heart, and that there may be the same seed sown in your own hearts at this moment as we have had to lament in others. Many a man falls suddenly into this pitfall, who little knew how near danger his steps were leading him. Many a man disbelieves that he can ever do such things as those to which I have been alluding, and will be prepared to exclaim with Hazael of old, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" But let there come the opportunity—let there be the hope of impunity, and then it is that we find how many fall into those very sins against which they had most loudly protested before. The desire for gold, and the undue value set upon gold when acquired, are in fact only different phases of the same thing; you are looking at the same object, but from different points of view—it is the same principle in the

one case as in the other, and when indulged it will lead to every kind of hardness. Riches may well be described, therefore, as "deceitful riches;" and when you remember that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," how can you be surprised when you have such deceitful things to work upon, and such deceitful hearts to work with, that deceit, robbery, and lying, should be the result of the whole matter? I do not deny that your difficulties will be very many and very great, if you are determined to act upon Christian principle. I do not deny for a moment, that if you were placed in one of those houses of business, and yet dared to maintain your Christian character, and say, "How can I do this wickedness, and sin against God?" you would suffer persecution. More than one has lost his situation that he might not lose his soul. If there is a man among you who would "live godly in Christ Jesus," he will meet with his reward, and that reward will be,—he shall suffer persecution, as St. Paul teaches us. Men will sneer at you, because you will not indulge in vices to which they themselves are prone; they will tell you that you are less dashing than others, less bold than others, that you are a comparative milk-sop, because you are more afraid of God than you are of man. Do not be ashamed, my friends, at your own responsibilities. But watch against inconsistencies; for you are never in greater danger than when your enemy detects an inconsistency; he will taunt you and twit you over and over again with it; he will lay aside all former plans in which he has endeavoured to lead you back to the world and sin, and by showing you your inconsistency, and reminding you of that again and again,

he will hope to make you consistent in sin, and so obtain a power over you which he never possessed before.

Let me give you another word of warning. Make your money your servant—never let it be your master. Your success will be assisted by remembering that the only real use of money is to do good with it. Now, don't think I am running into extremes, and treating the subject in a way that is not practical. I do not for one moment say that no man has a right to spend money upon himself; I do not want to run into any such extreme; but if you will just take the advice I give you, and identify your own interest with the Lord's interest—if you will remember the characters of those of old, and the manner in which they despised the riches of this world, because they were looking for better, incorruptible riches in the world to come, you will, I am sure, find yourselves better prepared to join in the prayer of the Psalmist, where he says, "Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to covetousness." And if you thus pour out your heart in prayer, with a simple desire for God's grace to help you, I am sure you will come off more than conquerors through the Lord Jesus Christ.

I know what may be said of such a lecture as this. There is many a man of the world—many a man who never thought of the real Christian principle which is to guide a man in every action, who would say, "You might as well go to those shops, and tell them to give up business altogether. It is all nonsense urging these principles—they cannot be brought to bear." My only reply is, "If that be the alternative, far better that a man should give up his shop than give

up heaven." If they tell me that all the advice I give, and all the pictures I draw, are Utopian, I simply say, "Call it what you will, I believe it to be Scriptural and Christian." Men may say, "Man must live;" true, I grant man must live, but God has said, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Depend upon this, my dear friends, that the day will come when a very different estimate will be formed by men from that which is formed now. There is many a man at his dying hour who would part with all the wealth he ever possessed for a few minutes more in which to live, to hear of salvation to his never-dying soul; and I am afraid (to take up the language of Scripture), that in granting their requests God has sometimes sent leanness to their souls, and they find their fat possessions and lean souls are bad partners in a dying hour. Oh! do not be caught with the deceitful words of men, when they tell you that "So-and-So is an excellent man of business—see how he gets on; yet you don't hear him speaking of religion—you don't hear him talking about missionaries, and gathering his people to family prayer, giving short hours, that their young men may attend lectures, read books, and think of the matters of their immortal souls; but he is an excellent man of business." Many a man, of whom it may be said that he is an excellent man of business by his fellow-men, may be pronounced, after all, by the Judge of the whole world, to be a great fool; for what saith the Scripture?—that every man is a fool who is not rich before God.

In short, let me beg of you, in concluding the whole of this matter, to look well to the state of your own souls. Only ask this question, "What is a man pro-

fited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Few, I am afraid, there are, who take delight in helping a friend secretly and unasked. I have known such men, and I have observed, with great comfort, and joy, and thanksgiving of heart, the manner in which they have anticipated the wants of those that were known to them as friends and acquaintances. I have known a person go to another, and place a sum of money in his hand, and say, "You may want it; keep it for the present,—return it to me if you don't want it, but let there be no difficulty about it. There it is—use it as it is wanted." I call that liberality—the liberality of a friend and of a Christian. I have known another person call on a friend, and try to find out what things he was most likely to want—articles of dress or anything else, and then make a present of them in a way that could not hurt the feelings of the most sensitive. I call that, too, Christian love and Christian liberality. The rich man's question should be, not "What must I give?" but "What shall I keep?" And if there were any rich men here who would ask me that question, "What shall I keep?" I would say, "Form your own estimate of what you have, and then keep within the bounds. Recollect, the rich out of their abundance gave much, but, after all, what did the Lord say?—That the poor woman gave more, because she had less left than the others had. Let no one measure this matter by the opinions which may be passed upon it by men of the world. Recollect, a good reputation does not save a soul; and that should be our great concern. "What saith the Scripture?" is the question. Search the Scripture upon all these topics, and judge by that standard. Pray earnestly. This is the great secret of

getting out the bad and getting in the good—pray earnestly for heart-purification ; for be assured that it is now as it was before the days of our Lord, and during his life, too, that the miry clay does hold the soul down upon earth. I will not run to the other extreme in this matter, but I will say that homœopathic treatment will not do for this disease, but that allopathic treatment must be resorted to. I would therefore say, if you find stinginess creeping on you, and covetousness obtaining power over you, force yourselves to give, and, I will venture to add, that you will then find the truth of the wise man's words, " There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth," and you will realise the power of the apostle's words also, " God loveth a cheerful giver "

P.S.—Since the above lecture was delivered, I have received a letter, of which the following is a copy :—

" 50 Borough, Dec. 8, 1852.

"REV. SIR,—Desirous of encouraging the young men in our establishment in a course of moral and rational improvement, we permit them to attend in turn at occasional religious meetings and lectures. Two of them had the pleasure of hearing your lecture at Exeter Hall last evening. To our great surprise, we learn from them that you took that opportunity of bringing against the trade to which we belong the most serious charges of fraud and imposture. And as we feel convinced that you uttered only what you *believed* to be true, we think it the more incumbent upon us to seek to remove from

your mind impressions, the falsehood of which we think we can prove to you if an opportunity be afforded us. While such accusations rested only on the authority of anonymous publications, or on the dictum of self-appointed 'Commissioners' in the 'Lancet,' very few persons have thought it worth while to notice them. But when they are repeated before a large assembly, and probably may be printed under the sanction of your name, we think we should not do our duty to ourselves, who have always advocated a fair and open use of chicory as a mixture with coffee, if we did not ask of you the favour of *an interview*, in order to place our views on the subject before you, which we believe may lead you to qualify considerably the opinions you have formed of a body of tradesmen who claim to be as honest and respectable as other classes; and perhaps obtain at your hands more justice on a future occasion. If agreeable to you, Mr. Abbiss, of Gracechurch Street, will wait on you with one of our firm at any convenient hour.

"We have the honour to be,

"Hon. and Rev. Sir,

"Your obedient servants,

NEWSOM AND WILLIAMS."

"*To the Hon. and Rev. M. Villiers.*"

To which I returned immediately the following answer:—

"*Bloomsbury Rectory, Dec. 9, 1852.*

"GENTLEMEN,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated December 8.

"I most fully appreciate the motive which induced you to address me on the subject of my lecture. If you think I have not done justice, or rather if you

think I have done injustice, which may be in any way remedied, it will be as much my duty as my pleasure to endeavour to do so. At the same time, I beg to call your attention to this fact, that I made no charge against your firm in particular, nor the trade in general, nor any charge on my own responsibility at all. I read extracts from the 'Lancet,' and permit me to say, that though your firm may not have thought it necessary to notice the published accounts, other gentlemen have done so; and if they have been unable to refute the statements made in that long-established journal, I am afraid the public will still believe that there is too much truth in them.

"I am particularly engaged the next few days; if, however, on Tuesday next, at ten o'clock, you would like me to receive the gentlemen whose names you mention, I will take care to keep that hour open for them.

"I have the honour to be,

"Gentlemen,

"Faithfully yours,

(Signed) "H. MONTAGU VILLIERS."

"To Messrs. Newsom and Williams,
Borough."

On Tuesday the gentlemen above named called upon me, and, in the most free and cordial manner, discussed the question of the adulteration. The substance of the conversation may be summed up as follows:—

Messrs. A. and W. altogether deny any concealment as to the fact of the mixture of chicory and coffee together. They assert that the sale of this compound was open and avowed during the period in which such sale was legal. They affirm, as Mr. Abbiss had for his own establishment before affirmed, in his correspondence with the edi-

tor of the "Lancet," that no adulteration had ever taken place in the chicory which was used by them. To this I replied by reminding them of the reiterated statement of the "Lancet," and the full correspondence carried on between that journal and Mr. A. Upon this, I was desired to remember that the question, as taken up by the "Lancet," was not philanthropic, but economical—a question between the Ceylon planter and the British chicory-grower. To this I could only say, that while I would give publicity to the conversation equal to that of the printed lecture, yet the accuracy or inaccuracy of the reports of adulteration in the trade in general, as well as in the coffee-shops, must be left to those who originally tested the quality of the material sold, or who subsequently suffered under the material bought.

Irish Eloquence, as illustrated in the
Speeches of Curran.

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D.

RECTOR OF ST. STEPHEN'S, WITH ST. BENET'S, WALBROOK.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

IN EXETER HALL,

DECEMBER 14, 1852.

ON
IRISH ELOQUENCE.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—My having the honour to appear before this intelligent assemblage is not at my own suggestion, but in deference to the opinion of others whom I respect, seconded by my personal wish to contribute, so far as in my power, to the objects of this Association. I have no passion for publicity; this is the first duty of the kind which I have ever ventured to undertake, and, long as this Hall has been opened for public objects, this is the first time that my voice has ever been heard within its walls.

But, I have always felt a strong interest in the intellectual progress of my fellow-men. And I have no hesitation in expressing the sentiment, that to institutions of this order the country may yet be indebted for its most vigorous advances in both knowledge and virtue.

For, what can be more conducive to both than to impress on the glowing hearts and plastic faculties of the rising generation those tastes, which at once delight and purify—which no time can exhaust, no indulgence satiate, and no labour weary? Which in youth, instead of surrendering the mind to the frivolous dissi-

pations of early years, train the energies which lead to honour; in manhood enable us to sustain the duties of life with dignity, or bear its calamities with fortitude; and, in the inevitable coming of years, give age a beauty of its own, exhibit a memory furnished with lofty thoughts and noble recollections, a spirit after its long voyage anchored in peace, and a heart enjoying that mental sunshine, more glorious than the setting magnificence of day; which throws lustre round the final career of the philosopher and the Christian.

If no man can wisely depreciate the prizes which the world offers to vigour in its service, to the labour by which wealth is acquired, to the gallantry of adventure, and to the dexterity of invention, there can be no question, that to the exertion of intellect all owe whatever of beauty, greatness, or duration, there is to be found among them. There can be as little question, that intellect has the power of obtaining the highest distinctions, without owing the slightest step of its advance to the possession of those prizes; and that the noblest names of the world seem to have been even involved in a perpetual combat with misfortune. But, without soliciting that combat, let us remember, that the true glory of man is to fulfil man's duty, and well and wisely cultivate the faculties which God has given. On looking back over the journey of life, to feel that we have lost no time, that we have not lingered by the way, either to pick up its weeds or to slumber, that all our steps have been upward, and that when we have climbed at last that ridge of the ascent from which man sees both worlds at once, we have the consciousness that we have not neglected that nobler portion of our nature, which is destined to—

“Flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds!”

As a clergyman, I feel still more solicitous for that progress, for I regard all that is connected with mind as connected with immortality. I look upon the faculties of man as only the budding of those powers which shall never cease to expand—the fledging of those pinions which shall yet bear us above sun or star—instantments of our great inheritance—passports signed by the hand of Nature, to carry us through the tomb.

I cannot humiliate the condition of our being to the narrow career of life; I see immortality in every aspiration of man. The *proof* of the great fact, that man shall live beyond the grave, must depend upon the resistless authority of Scripture. Immortality can be proclaimed by Inspiration alone. But, I see its corroborative evidence in every power, impulse, and imagination of human nature. I cannot bring myself to conceive, that the intellect which measures the courses of the stars, which weighs the globe, which resolves the fine tissues of light, and which reveals the structure of the earth, can have been given only to heighten the moral of our decay; that the faculties which have controlled the lightning, have ruled the winds and waves, and have guided us over the ocean through night and storm, were given but to tantalise the brevity of human aspirations; that the talent which covers the canvass with life, sculptures the stone into beauty, and creates the grandeur of architecture, all should vanish, like the floating atoms seen only by a passing ray of sunshine. Above all, that the genius of the poet, the preacher, the philosopher, and the statesman,—those founts of thought

flowing for all mankind, and for all time—those pinacles on the great palace of intellectual empire, which catch the first light of nations and retain the last—those minds, whose very dreams are of immortality, whose words descend upon posterity with the impress of an inspiration, and whose memories remain, like altars on mountain-tops, fixing the eyes, and directing the worship of all below; that all these should be compressed into a clod of the valley!

Impossible! No; we must not libel the wisdom or the beneficence of the great Disposer. Man was not sent here only for a glimpse of those splendours which he was never to share—to pine for that intellectual banquet from which, at its first sight, he was to be snatched away—to feel his heart filled and his spirit exalted by that majesty of creation, from whose worship he was to be banished at the first bend of his knee!

The brevity of human existence, and even the precariousness of that existence, are arguments for its higher destiny. If a touch, the breaking of a fibre, too minute to be visible, the sting of an insect, may extinguish for ever the finest imaginations of the poet, the profoundest thought of the philosopher, and the noblest purposes of the statesman, where do we find such waste in Nature? Not a dying leaf is thrown away, not a drop of water is lost, not a particle of earth but varies into new forms. And is man to be the only instance of this contemptuous prodigality of Creation. The whole analogy of Nature compels us to believe, that the great purpose of Providence in this world is, to train both our moral and intellectual faculties for a perpetuity of progress in another, to exercise our mental nerve for the conquest of perpetual difficulty, re

warded by a perpetual increase of power, and that power given only to render us capable of the knowledge of a higher sphere, to prepare our intellectual eyes for the expanding glories, and to invigorate the Spirit of Man for the mighty mysteries of Providence.

In a national point of view, I regard these associations as of the very first interest to the community. It is the honour and it is the strength of the British constitution that no barrier exists to the rise of talent, intelligence, and character; that no man who possesses those qualities is excluded from the prospect of honours; that the highest positions of society are before him; that we have no *Heralds' College* for genius, but that each may choose his own arms; that, in fact, there is a perpetual operation going on in society, to reinforce the State from the humbler conditions—a great artesian well, constantly bringing up from the deepest strata of society the tribute of that mighty subterranean stream that had never seen the sun, to restore the freshness and fertility of the intellectual soil.

In England every man has an original birthright in his country. No man is born with the badge of serfdom on his shoulder. There is not an infant at this hour in England, over whose cradle the most malignant prophet might stand and predict obscurity. All are partners in the great firm of national honour. Where is the barrier to prevent the cultivated mind from sharing in all public distinctions? Where is the gate of Parliament so high as not to be scaled? It is the glory of England that, like the prayer of Solomon, her first wish has been wisdom; and it is her happiness that, like the answer to that prayer, riches and honours beyond all measure have been her blessing.

The great practical point is, to consider by what means the progress of the national mind may be most rapidly, directly, and permanently promoted. The subject which has been selected for this night is Eloquence; and though the orator is as much the work of Nature as the poet—though all men cannot be orators, and need not be orators, yet if we are to fix our choice on the finest combination of the finest faculties, on the noblest application of historic knowledge, and on the most comprehensive, captivating, and powerful instrument of the influence of man over man—the *golden sceptre*, at once lovely in its ornament and rich in its material,—the choice would fall on ELOQUENCE.

And this I say, with especial feeling for the honour of the British name; for Eloquence belongs to Liberty alone. And where is Liberty to be found in Europe but in that name, or where is it to be found in the Globe but in the descendants of Britons? The power of its wing and the brightness of its eye droop in the foreign menagerie. It must have the broad atmosphere of a British Constitution. And Eloquence must bear this character, or it loses its dignity. I see none of that dignity in the rhetorical displays of the Continent. I should as soon take the slave that watches, sabre in hand, at the doors of the seraglio, for the soldier; as I should take the foreign artifice of words, with its tinsel ornament and transparent tissue, for the manliness, simplicity, and stateliness of Eloquence,—that lion's hide, proudly won and proudly worn, fit only for the shoulders of Freedom, at once the ornament and the emblem of the country whose labours are for the world.

But the extent of the subject requires division, and I shall limit myself for the present to one branch of

oratory, to one country, and to one man—to the Bar, to Ireland, and to the celebrated advocate, Curran.

Curran was born in Ireland, in 1750, of respectable parentage, but in narrow circumstances. "The only inheritance," said he, in after times, "that I could boast from my poor father was the very scanty one, of an unattractive face and person like his own. But, if the world has ever attributed to me something more valuable than face or person, or than earthly wealth, it was, that another and a dearer parent gave her child a *portion* from the treasure of her mind." But Curran wanted no genealogy.

Like other remnants of the dead when they come into the light and air, pedigree perishes before the light and air of fame. Genius has no paternity. When some laborious sycophant attempted to derive Napoleon's birth from the princes of Italy, he flung the parchment on the ground, and said, "My pedigree dates from Montenotte" (his first battle). When Marshal Lefebure was asked, at the French College of Arms, some question about his ancestry, the soldier turned on his heel, and exclaimed, "I am an ancestor!"

Curran's contempt of ancestry was equally characteristic. On visiting a London physician, to consult him on some illness produced by over-study, the physician, compassionating his emaciated look, asked him whether he might not be suffering under hereditary disease. "No, sir," said Curran, "my father left me neither money nor malady. He left me nothing but a great deal of good advice," adding, "which I have kept righteously, having never used an atom of it since." But this, though witty, was not exactly true, for he appears to have used it so far as to study his profession, during his residence in London, with great diligence.

In the year 1775, after some helpless ideas of trying his fortune in America, a perplexity which had disturbed the mind of Burke and of others, in the first struggles of life, he was called to the Irish Bar.

The bar at that period comprehended much of the birth, more of the talent, and all the ambition of Ireland. In both countries a high profession, essential to freedom, and often displaying the first minds of the community; in Ireland it was the first step to the Senate. The connexion was important to both; it gave to the Senate the constitutional learning of the Bar, and to the Bar the political animation, enlarged views, and classic eloquence of the Senate. The Bar legalised the Senate, the Senate popularised the Bar, and both produced these lofty specimens of oratory, which still rest, like chaplets, on the tomb of the Irish legislature.

It was Curran's good, or ill, fortune to have met, in the commencement of his public life, an antagonist of remarkable talents and inveterate hostility, Fitzgibbon, afterwards Lord Chancellor. Perhaps this antagonism was conducive to Curran's vigour, as it certainly was to his fame. The tempest compels the oak to strike its roots deeper, while it strips the redundancy of its foliage. Through every step of his profession, Curran had thus to fight his way; his muscle was exercised in constant struggle; he was forced perpetually to have his armour on.

But, let me give a passing tribute to his adversary. Fitzgibbon was among the memorable men of his country. The early history of talent is, by some strange fatality, generally a history of sorrow—the man of genius a pilgrim to the shrine of renown, and reaching it only with wounded feet and exhausted frame.

But this man began life with all its advantages. Heir to an opulent fortune, allied with the leading families, connected with the successful party, of vigorous capacity and daring heart, he had all the heights of office open before him, and he had ambition to soar to the highest of them all. He less rose than rushed through the ranks of his profession, till he reached the Chancellorship. Even then he did not stop; he disdained to shroud himself in the curtains of the Bench—he had a still higher view. He became the virtual ruler of Ireland. The successive Viceroys, strangers to the country, and transitory in their commission, naturally took refuge in the practised vigour and permanent position of the Chancellor. The lawyer's gown threw its shelter, if it threw its shadow, over the Viceroy. “Ego et Rex meus” was his motto. The mace was the sceptre; Clare was the Wolsey of Ireland. He had but one fault—he had not the magnanimity to forgive. He took his passions with him to his elevation, and, with all his sagacity, he had not the sense to avoid irritating a man of genius.

Fitzgibbon had quarrelled with Curran at the Bar, and the appearance of the advocate in his court always excited some mark of spleen, sure to be retaliated with tenfold scorn. One day the Chancellor happened to be followed by a favourite mastiff into court, and while Curran was pleading, his lordship carelessly turned away, and began to pat the dog. Curran instantly stopped. There was a sudden silence. The Chancellor looked surprised, and haughtily exclaimed, “Go on, go on, sir.” “My lord,” said Curran, “I beg a thousand pardons. I thought your *lordships* were in consultation !”

Even Clare, though he must have felt the wound,

must have acknowledged the brilliancy of the stiletto ; for he was a wit himself. On a deputation from the Irish Parliament to the Prince of Wales, headed by the Chief Baron, and attended by Curran, Egan, a rough barrister, and another member, reported to be fond of play, " There goes," said he, " Yelverton (the Chief Baron) ; he travels like a mountebank, with his monkey, his bear, and his sleight-of-hand man."

But this antagonism continually increased, every repulse followed by a rebound, until Curran, inflamed with indignation, took a public opportunity of dealing a direct and desperate blow, which finished the battle of years.

There had been a dispute between the aldermen and the Common Council of Dublin, on the election of a Lord Mayor. The choice of the aldermen was objected to, and the Common Council, having the right of refusal, used it. Seven names were sent down, and equally refused. The aldermen then declined to send any more, and elected *their* Mayor. The Common Council took the election into their own hands, and elected *their* Mayor. The dispute now excited great interest, and the whole was referred to the Lord Lieutenant in council, the Chancellor, Lord Clare, of course, being present.

Curran appeared on the part of the Common Council. After some general observations, referring to the conduct of Sir Constantine Phipps, Chancellor in the reign of Anne, who had made certain attacks on the rights of the citizens, he opened his masked battery full on Lord Clare. Alluding to the viceregal government, he marked as its chief difficulty, the habit of governing by individuals obnoxious to the people,—" Men," as he bitterly observed, " pointed out to the

viceroys notice by public abhorrence, and recommended to his confidence by treachery, so consummate as to preclude all possibility of their return to private virtue or public reliance." The object of the attack now became obvious to the whole court, but Curran had the lash in his hand, and he proceeded to use it with still keener severity. "Men," said he, "only *therefore* put in authority over a country, condemned to the torture of that petulant, unfeeling asperity, with which a narrow and malignant mind will bristle in unmerited elevation,—a country condemned to be disgraced and betrayed, and exhausted by the little traitors that have been suffered to nestle and grow in it, reducing it to the melancholy necessity of supporting their vices, and of sinking under their crimes; like the lion perishing by the poison of a reptile, that finds shelter in the mane of the noble animal, while it is stinging him to death."

The Chancellor now became indignant, and interrupted the speaker, on a reference to an act of Parliament. Curran proceeded still more indignantly:—

"In this very chamber did Sir Constantine Phipps and the Judges sit, with all the affected attention to argument in favour of that liberty and those rights, which they had conspired to destroy. But, to what purpose offer argument to such men? A little and a peevish mind may be exasperated, but how shall it be corrected by refutation? How fruitless would it have been to represent to that wretched Chancellor, that he was the betrayer of those rights which he had sworn to maintain, that he was involving a government in disgrace, and a kingdom in consternation. Alas! my lords, by what argument could any man hope to reclaim or to dissuade a mean, illiberal, and unprincipled *minion*

of authority, induced by his profligacy to undertake, and trained by his avarice to persevere?"

He then struck a still sterner blow:—"It may be given to a Hale or a Hardwicke, to discover and retract a mistake. The errors of such men are only specks that arise for a moment upon the surface of a splendid luminary. Consumed by its heat, or irradiated by its light, they soon purge and disappear; but the perversenesses of a mean and narrow intellect, are like the excrescences that grow upon a body naturally cold and dark, no fire to waste them, and no ray to enlighten; they assimilate and coalesce with the qualities congenial to their nation, and acquire an incorrigible permanency in the union with kindred frost and kindred opacity. Nor, indeed, my lords, except when the interest of millions can be affected by the vice or folly of an individual, needs it be much regretted, that to things not worthy of being made better it hath not pleased Providence to grant the privilege of improvement."

The Chancellor at this point could bear the shower of invective no longer, and declared that the conduct of former privy councils had nothing to do with the business. But Curran was neither to be daunted nor pacified. He proceeded:—"I mean, my lords, to avail myself of every topic of defence which I conceive applicable to my case. I am not speaking to a dry point of law, to a single judge, or on a mere forensic subject. I am aware, my lords, that truth is to be sought only by slow and painful progress. I know, also, that error is in its nature flippant and compendious; it hops with airy and fastidious levity over proofs and arguments, and perches upon assertion, which it calls conclusion"

The Chancellor instantly ordered the chamber to be cleared.

The judgment was finally affirmed, for the choice of the citizens.

Yet Clare was a man of talents and courage; and he could also show feeling and mercy. In the unhappy time of the Rebellion, a lady applied to him for leave to visit in prison an unfortunate relative arrested for high treason. The Chancellor was called out from a dinner-party; he was moved by her tears. "I cannot," said he, "give you an order for the prison; the council have decided against that,—" he paused for a moment. "But I can go with you there." He left his house, attended the weeping woman, and waited for three hours in an adjoining room, till the distracting interview was done. Say what we will of the stern statesman,—that was the act of a man and a Christian!

It should also be told, that on his deathbed, in 1802, he desired that all his papers should be burned, expressly lest they might compromise any one of the hundreds whom they implicated in the desperate transactions of the time.

Curran was now at the head of Irish advocacy. I make no further allusion to the state of Ireland than to say, that the courts were filled with trials for high treason.

The French Revolution of 1789 was the most memorable event since the fall of the Roman empire. It had instantly impressed its form upon all the councils, politics, and perils of Europe. It was a dagger struck into the centre of the political frame, and that frame quivers with the shock to this hour. It was an epidemic of a new species, sudden and sweeping,

baffling all state science—defying all human remedy—slaying its millions—making every man tremble for himself; and when at last it subsided, making us tremble as we walk over the grave, where the destroyer sank from the eye of man. War had shaken nations before, plunder had ravaged, power had oppressed, revenge had dragged its victims to suffering; but here were all combined, and yet with a splendour, a vigour, and a triumph, which dazzled the eye of Europe. This mighty change had begun like one of the fine tragedies of the Greek stage, where the curtain drew up on a scene of universal joy, youths and maidens dancing, the priesthood ministering at the altar, monarchs leading the march of their people, choruses crowned with laurel—all holiness and all harmony. But, the scene rapidly darkening, thunders rolling above, combats fought below, the angry gods descending upon the stage, till the altars fell in their own flames, the temple was overthrown by thunderbolts, and the curtain at last dropped upon massacre!

One matter, I would premise: it is my purpose to make as few references as possible to the disastrous history of Ireland. I have no desire to tread among the wrecks of scaffolds. I shall not visit that repository of the past, from which I could bring nothing away but fragments of funeral palls. I shall scarcely allude even to Curran as a man of Ireland. The portions of his speeches to which I shall advert, will be offered only as evidences of his powers. I let his opinions rest in the grave. I regard him only in that portion of his nature which survives the grave; and in this limitation there is, in fact, no narrowing of the subject. It is the quality of great talents, that death enlarges the circle of

their influence, as it secures the splendour of their fame; loosing them from locality, it makes them the property of universal mankind. As their age goes down into night, and the present becomes the past, the very revolution of time, like the revolution of the globe, raises the luminary. We see it no longer, with distorted shape and exaggerated colour, through the mists of earth; its tendency is still upward, at every hour ascending with purer brightness and more perfect form, till it stands in the zenith, and gives its lustre to a world.

The first state trial was in 1794—the trial of Hamilton Rowan, a man of family and fortune, arraigned for a printed address issued by a society to which he acted as honorary secretary. It was regarded as dangerous to the public peace, and was instantly indicted by the law officers of the Crown. Curran was counsel for the defence; and here it would be an injustice to the memory of the orator to omit a testimony to the moral courage of the man. He was then King's counsel, and one of the heads of the Bar, a friend, intimated to him the hazard of his gown, in holding a brief against the Crown. The bold and witty answer was, "Well, my lord, they may take the silk, but they must leave the stuff." The silk was left to him, and he also retained the *stuff*—the intrepidity of his heart, and the vigour of his genius, to his dying day.

"I feel no shame," he said, in speaking of the subject, years after, "at such a charge, except that of its being made. I think every counsel is the property of the King's subjects. If, indeed, because I wore his Majesty's gown, I had declined my duty, or had done it treacherously,—if I had made that gown a mantle of

hypocrisy, and had sacrificed my client to any personal view, I might have been thought wiser by those who blamed me, but I should have thought myself the basest villain on earth."

In his speech on this trial, after stating the case and commenting on its law at some length, he made a superb appeal to the uses of the press. Speaking of the means by which the liberty of nations may be subverted; he referred, as the great antidote to tyranny, to that instinctive power by which the voice of the people, in a righteous cause, penetrates the doors of cabinets, and reaches the steps of thrones. "What remains?" exclaims this eloquent advocate; "the liberty of the press only, that sacred palladium, which no influence, no power, nothing but the folly or corruption of a jury, can ever destroy." He then finely contrasted the national services of a free press with the national calamities that must follow on its restriction; and the advantages to good government of that openness which exposes all secret machinations to public view. "I will tell you, gentlemen.—In the one case (of a free press), the demagogue goes forth, but the public eye is upon him; he frets his busy hour upon the stage, but soon, either weariness, or bribe, or disappointment, or punishment, bears him down, or drives him off, and he appears no more. In the other case, how do the works of sedition go forward; night after night, the muffled rebel steals forth in the dark, and casts another and another brand upon the pile, to which, when the hour of fatal maturity shall arrive, he will apply the flame."

He then spoke of the result of this expression of the public voice, in the remoter regions of the globe:—

“ Look to the more enslaved countries. Where the protection of despotism is supposed to be secured by such restraints: even the person of the despot there is never in safety. Neither the fears of the despot, nor the machinations of the slave, have any slumber. The fatal crisis is equally a surprise precipitated upon both. The decisive instant is precipitated without warning, by folly on the one side, or frenzy on the other; and there is no notice of the treason till the traitor acts. In those unfortunate countries—one cannot read it without horror—there are officers whose province it is to have the water, which is to be drunk by their rulers, sealed up in bottles, lest some wretched miscreant should throw poison into the draught.”

He then turned to the reign of the second James and the glorious Revolution of 1688 (with an understood reference to the prosecutions of the day):—

“ Gentlemen, if you wish for a nearer example, you have it in the history of your own revolution—that memorable (preceding) period, when the monarch found a servile acquiescence in the ministers of his folly: when the liberty of the press was trodden under foot; when the devoted benches of public justice were filled by some of those foundlings of fortune who, overwhelmed in the torrent of corruption at an early period, lay at the bottom, like drowned bodies, while sanity remained in them; but, at length, becoming buoyant by putrefaction, they rose as they rotted, and floated to the surface of the polluted stream, where they were drifted along, the objects of terror, contagion, and abomination.”

Another portion of this great speech excited universal plaudits, even in the Court. In touching on that

illustrious feature of British legislation, which forbids the existence of slavery in England, he thus burst forth: "I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil, which proclaims, even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation.

"No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced—no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted on the altar of slavery; the moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the God sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in its own majesty, his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, which burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation."

This splendid appeal took the whole court by surprise—the crowd burst into a cry of admiration, the Bench, the Bar, and the people, were alike under the spell! There was a pause; at length Curran resumed, with singular and touching delicacy:—

"Gentlemen, I am not such a fool as to attribute any effusion of this sort to any merit of mine. It is the mighty theme, and not the inconsiderable advocate, that can alone excite interest in the hearer. This is but the testimony which nature bears to her own character, it is the effusion of her gratitude to that power which stamped that character upon her."

In a further passage he concluded with a panegyric on Rowan :—

“ You should consider the character of the accused, and in this your task is easy. I will venture to say, there is not a man in this nation more known than the gentleman who is the subject of this prosecution; not only by the part which he has taken in public concerns, but in his extraordinary sympathy for public affliction. There is not a day that you hear the voice of your starving manufacturers in your streets, that you do not also see the advocate of their sufferings; that you do not see his honest and manly figure soliciting for their relief, searching the heart of charity for every string that can be touched by compassion, and urging every argument, but that which his modesty suppresses, the authority of his own generous example. Are those the materials of which you can suppose anarchy and public rapine are to be formed? Is this the man on whom to fasten the charge of goading on a frantic populace to mutiny and bloodshed?”—and then, by a delicate and dexterous turn, supposing the event of his condemnation—“ Never did you, gentlemen of the jury, never can you give a sentence consigning any man to public punishment with less danger to his person or his fame; for where could the hireling be found to fling contumely on his head, whose private distresses he had not contributed to alleviate, or whose public condition he had not laboured to improve? * * * I will not relinquish the confidence that this day will be the period to his sufferings. And, however he has been hitherto pursued, that your verdict will send him home to the arms of his family and the wishes of his country. But if, which Heaven forbid, it hath been still unfortunately

determined, that because he has not bent to power, because he would not bow down before the golden idol and worship it, he is to be bound and cast into the furnace—I do trust, that there is a redeeming spirit in the constitution, which will be seen to walk with the sufferer through the flames, and preserve him unhurt by the conflagration.”

At the close of this speech the audience once more burst into acclamation, and on his leaving the court, the people took the horses from his carriage, and drew him in triumph home.

Rowan was sentenced to fine and imprisonment. He escaped from prison to France, and thence to America; but in 1805 received a pardon, and was restored to his property in Ireland.

The next great display was on the trial of a printer, for inserting, in a violent but clever journal of the time, a libel on the viceroyalty of Lord Camden. Thank Heaven those things, and the painful occasions of those things, are gone by. But England was then in the height of her struggle with France, and Ireland was in the crisis of conspiracy. A French fleet, destined for the invasion of Ireland, was lying at single anchor at Brest, and every wind brought sounds of alarm to the ear of the empire. At this moment of fever, the libel in question appeared, impeaching the justice of Government in the execution of a man of some influence, who had been found guilty of administering treasonable oaths. Curran was counsel for the printer; and it is to the honour of the advocate, that not even the popular excitement, the heat and passion of his susceptible spirit, nor even the whirlwind of his own eloquence, had power to unfix the barriers of right and

wrong which he had set up in his own understanding. The following distinction between the public arraignment of measures, and the malignant inquiry into private life, is the sentiment of a statesman, clothed in the language of a sage: "Personal and political publication," said he; "no two things can be more different in their nature. The criminality of personal libel consists in this, that it tends to a breach of the peace—it tends to excite all the vindictive paroxysms of exasperated feeling, or the deeper and more deadly vengeance of irritated pride. The truth is, however, that few men see that they cannot be much hurt by the mere battery of a newspaper. They do not reflect, that every character has a natural station, from which it cannot be effectually degraded, and beyond which it cannot be raised, by a newspaper; if it is wantonly aspersed, it is but for a season, and that a short one, when it emerges, like the moon from a passing cloud, to its original brightness."

Here spoke the ingenuity of the advocate; but I am afraid that it would be difficult to be thus reconciled to calumny; I am afraid that few would have the fortitude to wear this heavy armour of patience. However, it is not often necessary; the freedom of the British journalist does not run into assaults on private feeling, and it is to his honour to say, that in no country of earth is the power of the press more tempered by its consideration for private peace and personal character than in England. The advocate felt this too, and his reprobation of private attacks on character is unequivocal. "It is right that you (Juries) should hold the strictest hand over this kind of public animadversion, that forces humility and innocence from their

retreat into the glare of publicity, that wounds and terrifies, that destroys the cordiality and the peace of domestic life, and that, without eradicating a single vice or a single folly, plants a thousand thorns in the human heart."

He then pointed out the value, and the ground, of public discussion: "The enlarged freedom of the press, for which I contend, in political publication, I conceive to be founded on the peculiar nature of the British constitution. By this constitution the power of the State is a trust. * * * The real security of the British sceptre is the sentiment of the people; it is, consequently, their duty to observe the conduct of Government; and it is the privilege of every man to give them full and just information upon that subject. Hence, the liberty of the press is inseparably twined with the liberty of the people. In that press is the great public monitor; its duty is that of the historian and the witness; that '*nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere*:' that its horizon should extend to the utmost limit of truth; but beyond that line it shall not dare to pass; that it shall speak truth to the king in the hearing of the people, and to the people in the hearing of the king; that it shall not perplex either the one or the other with false alarm, lest it should lose its character for veracity, and be an unheeded warner of real danger. This, gentlemen, is the great privilege on which you are to decide."

Curran had a high estimate of the Revolution of 1688, as the final establishment of our freedom. He more than once alluded to it in contrast with the reign of James II.; the former as the culminating point of the constitution, the latter of slavery. After reasoning on

these views, he burst into superb description. Curran's art—an art taught only by nature—was, suddenly to start up from the details of argument into philosophic thought and poetic beauty, to light up the mists of law with a burst of imagination that cleared the whole face of the question, or like a man laboriously climbing through a mountain-chasm, to see suddenly before him the brightness and beauty of a new hemisphere. "I see you," said he, "turn your eyes to those pages of governmental abandonment of popular degradation, of expiring liberty, of sanguinary persecution,—that miserable period in which the abject state of man might have been almost an argument for the atheist against the existence of an all-just and all-wise first Cause. If that glorious era of the Revolution which followed, had not refuted the impious inference, by showing, that if man descends, it is not in his own proper motion; that it is with labour and pain, and that he can continue to sink only until, by the force and pressure of the descent, the spring of his immortal faculties acquires that recuperative energy and effort, that hurries him as many miles aloft;—he sinks, but to rise again." Then speaking of the time of depression: "It is in that period, that the State seeks for shelter in the destruction of the press; that the tyrant prepares for an attack on the people by destroying the liberty of the press, by taking away that shield of wisdom and virtue, behind which the people are invulnerable; in whose pure and polished surface, ere the lifted blow has fallen, he beholds his own image, and is turned into stone."

He now proceeded to draw a picture, thank God never realised in this country for the last hundred and fifty years, and now impossible to be realised. He

described the death-bed scene of popular liberty: "It is at these periods that the honest man dares not speak, because truth is too dreadful to be told; it is then humanity has no ears, because humanity has no tongue; it is then that the proud man scorns to speak; like a physician, who, baffled by the wayward excesses of a dying patient, retires indignantly from the bed of the unhappy wretch, whose ear is too fastidious to bear the sound of wholesome advice, and whose palate is too debauched to bear the salutary bitter of the medicine that might redeem him; and therefore leaves him to the felonious pity of the slaves, that talk to him of life, and strip him before he is cold."

How strange are the contrasts offered by nations, even in the same age! How strange that those immortal words should be incapable of now being pronounced but in one language of Europe;—that the freedom of the press, which once seemed dawning over the day of war and sorrow, should be clouded as the day of peace and power has advanced;—that the young giant which, even in his cradle, seemed to strangle the serpents, should be flung into his cradle again!

Who can doubt, that national intelligence is the great security of national greatness? If I look to ancient history I see its empires successively sink into the tomb; all their grandeur, wisdom, and wealth, mingled with the sands of the desert,—forgotten until some wanderer over the Asiatic plain, in some thousand years after, strikes his spade into the ground, and finds that an empire sleeps below.—They had not in them the living secret of dominion; they were not consecrated to immortality by the immortal principle of our nature—Mind. They exhibited no cultivation of the

intellect, and they perished. Dust they were, and to dust they returned.

I look to modern history, and see in Europe but one country free from convulsion. And why? because in that country alone the public intellect is in perpetual exercise. The great objects of national interest are here the constant objects of national inquiry. Parliament, with all its acknowledged privileges, is but the vestibule of the great tribunal of national council, in which Public Opinion sits, with Justice, Humanity, and Wisdom, for her assessors.—The nation is the legislature! It is this exercise of the national understanding which gives the Englishman the possession of right without the terrible price of revolution,—which enables him to look on European convulsion, like a spectator on land looking upon an enraged sea, pitying, perhaps rescuing, the unhappy strugglers, but the very shock of the elements only bringing his own security more strongly to his mind. It is this vigour and vigilance which save the man of England from folly and from fear; suffering him to be obedient to the law without being a slave to authority; loyal without humiliation, and subordinate without dependence; that endues him with the virtue to win, and the wisdom to wield power; instructs the nation in the use of the sceptre, and qualifies it for empire.

Curran's reputation for conversational powers was of the highest order, and the memories of his countrymen abound in the happiest instances of both his humour and wit. This combination was remarkable, for, similar as they are, they are not often found together. The humorist seldom attains to wit, the man of wit seldom stoops to humour. Humour consists in exaggeration, wit in refinement. Humour excites laughter, wit admiration.

Humour is often coarse, and always ridiculous; wit is always decorous, and often grave. Humour consists in breadth of colouring, wit in brilliancy of point. It is surprising how a mind so engaged as Curran's with the most anxious thoughts and the most tragic scenes, could have so readily relaxed into the most pungent pleasantry. Of his wit, I give a few examples.

One of the Chancellors who succeeded Lord Clare happened to be suddenly displaced by a change of administration. The manner of the dismissal excited his lordship's feelings, and, on the day of his farewell to the Bar, a few tears of nervousness fell down his cheek. Curran was present at the scene, and on a friend's asking him immediately after, how the ex-Chancellor looked in the ceremony, the prompt and contemptuous reply was, "*Perfectly resigned.*"

The immediate cause of the dismissal was supposed to be a correspondence of his lordship on the Roman Catholic question. "What has sent the Chancellor away?" was asked by some one. Curran's happy answer was, "The Epistle to the Romans, my dear."

On the union of the legislatures, the Irish Parliament house was turned into a bank, and various changes took place in the structure; among the rest, the interior was gutted, and the very handsome dome taken down. Curran heard of the remark of a celebrated and facetious lord, that the house looked "like a traitor that had undergone the sentence of the law." Curran, in allusion to that noble lord's activity in carrying the Union: "Aye," said he, "no man is likelier to make that remark,—a murderer is always afraid of ghosts."

Curran's figure was diminutive, and was sometimes the object of his own pleasantry. The river which

passes through Dublin once overflowed the room in which the barristers' wigs were kept. Of course, for the day the owners were forced to dispense with them. On a cause being called, the judge inquired who was counsel in the cause? Curran putting forward his little uncovered head, said, "What *remains* of me, my lord."

Even his contempt could be graphic. On being told that an acquaintance of his had given imitations of his style and gesture, "Imitations!" said Curran, "poh!—a rat running across the keys of a piano, and calling it *music*."

Happening to say, that he was not surprised at fondness for popularity, "It was a delicious draught;" a grim old lawyer said, *he* never thought so. "My dear fellow," said Curran, "how should you judge of a liquor that *you* never tasted?"

A barrister was one day bungling a cause. Curran was in agony: "That fellow," said he, "gives me the idea, of a man trying to open an oyster with a rolling-pin."

He was asked, how a member of parliament had spoken. The answer was, "His speech was a long parenthesis." He was asked to explain. "Why," said he, "don't you know that a parenthesis is a paragraph which may be omitted from beginning to end, without any loss of meaning?"

A noble member of administration, not remarkable for precision of speaking, was alluded to for the singularity of his style. "It is," said Curran, "phraseology sailing in ballast."

A poet, distinguished for his lachrymose view of things, was mentioned, with some surprise at his periodic bursts of anguish. "I'll tell you the secret," said

Curran: "he weeps for the press, and wipes his eyes with the public."

A nobleman, an able speaker, but addicted to lofty language, had made a speech in the House of Peers, at which Curran was present. He was asked what he thought of the debate, or some such passing question. "I had," said he, "only the advantage of hearing Lord — *airing* his vocabulary."

I shall give but one further instance of the *forensic* eloquence of this memorable man. It was on a melancholy trial for high treason, which had lasted till midnight. 'It is the description of a witness for the prosecution, who was charged with being an *unbeliever*. "Gentlemen of the jury," said Curran, "upon what are you to found your verdict? Upon your oaths. And what are they to be founded upon? The oath of the witness. And what is that to be founded upon? Upon this, and this only, that he believes in an eternal God. * * But, where the witness believes that he is possessed of a perishing soul, and that there is nothing on which punishment or reward can be exerted, he proceeds, regardless of the number of his offences, and undisturbed by the terrors which might save you from the fear that your verdict is founded on perjury. Suppose he imagines that the body is actuated by some kind of animal machinery; suppose, his opinion of the beautiful system framed by the Almighty hand is that it is all folly and blindness,—suppose him, I say, to think so:—What is perjury to him? He needs no creed, if he thinks his miserable body can take eternal refuge in the grave, and the last puff of his nostrils sends his soul into annihilation. He laughs at the idea of eternal justice, and tells you that the grave, into which he sinks as a log, forms an entrenchment against the

vengeance of exasperated justice and the throne of God."

He then finely mingled this powerful reprobation of the atheist witness with the natural feelings of a Christian jury: "Do you not feel, my fellow-countrymen, a sort of anticipated consolation in reflecting upon the religion which gave us comfort in our early day, enabled us to sustain the stroke of affliction, and endeared us to one another; and when we see our friends sinking into the earth, fills us with the expectation that they shall rise again; that they but sleep a while to rise for ever? But what kind of communication can you hold, what interchange expect, what confidence place in that abject slave, that contemned, despaired-of wretch, who acts under the idea that he is only the folly of a moment, that he cannot step beyond the threshold of the grave, that that which is an object of awe to the best, and of hope to the confiding, is to him contempt or despair?"

He now struck more deeply into the argument, that a witness who believed in nothing was not to be believed on his oath: "Bear with me; I feel my heart running away with me. The worst men only can be cool. What is the law of this country? If the witness does not believe in God, you cannot swear him. What swear him upon? Is it on the book or the leaf? You might as well swear him by a bramble or a coin! The ceremony of kissing the book is only the external symbol by which man seals himself to the precept, and says, 'May God so help me, as I swear the truth.' Man is thus attached to the Divinity on the condition of telling truth, and he expects mercy from Heaven as he performs his undertaking. But, the infidel, by what can you catch his soul? or by what can you hold it? You must repulse him

from giving evidence, for he has no conscience to smite him, no hope to cheer him, and no punishment to dread!"

It was the misfortune of the advocate, and of the time, that the guilt of the accused was generally so clear as to make the sentence inevitable. But, though those noble expressions were thrown away at the time, they are not thrown away, upon those who may be warmed by their feeling, and warned by their wisdom. We shall find in these speeches no popular seduction, no blazonry of revolt, no attempt to colour political convulsion into national virtue, none of the charlatanry which gives shape to shadows, and passes off the coinage of overthrow under the stamp of patriotism. No man more anxiously threw the flashes of his genius down the dark path where heated brains and desperate hearts rushed to their ruin, than Curran.

At length, a change of ministry occurred, and Curran was appointed Master of the Rolls, an appointment undesired on his part, and regretted on that of the public, as depriving the country of talents which were lost on the Bench, and which, at the Bar, were exerted only to the honour of the national name. His last speech at the Bar was in defending the family of an unfortunate nobleman from an act of attainder. I mention this defence chiefly to do justice to the humanity of the king, George IV., by whom the attainder was reversed,—a deed of mercy which was recorded by one, not much used to the panegyric of thrones, Lord Byron, in these lines :

“To be the father of the fatherless,
To stretch the hand from the throne's height and raise
His children who aspired in other days ;
To make thy sire's sway by a kingdom less.

This is to be a monarch, and repress
Envy into unutterable praise !
Dismiss thy guard and trust thee to such traits,
For who would lift a hand except to bless ?”

Curran had natural talents for poetry, and even his prose had the spirit of poetry ; but he rather toyed with the Muse than worshipped her ; he sported in the valleys of Parnassus rather than climbed the pinnacle — he left to others the whirlwind and the thunder that sweep the bard above the heads of men, and loved to enjoy the sunshine and the flowers, that cost him no trouble.

On entering parliament in 1783, Curran joined the ranks of opposition, then possessing the chief talent of the house. The romantic hazards, the eccentric habits, and even the misfortunes, of Ireland, always acted as a spell on this man of imagination. The history of his country was to him like the countenance which we often see in fine Italian pictures, the loftiest expression of mind, tintured with irrepressible melancholy. By some unaccountable fate every change in her government had produced a new course of calamity, and even every advance in her civilisation turned into a misfortune—every new constellation that glittered in her sky “shook from its horrid hair pestilence and war.” The last century opened on Ireland with civil war ; it closed with insurrection. The intermediate space might be filled with the story of a ruined mind, now inflamed with fantastic exultation, then plunged in sullen despair. The well-intentioned policy of England,—for nothing but folly can mistake or falsehood malign the benevolence of its motives,—was too limited to reform, and too powerless to renovate ; with the return of national peace came the return of popular passion. But the fate of Ireland was still characteristic. She had begun the century an en-

thusiast for despotism, she closed it an enthusiast for a republic; and in both instances she paid for her frenzy with her blood. Nature has never formed a population of nobler qualities. The crime rests on her deceivers. But Ireland then wanted the experience which has since been given to her and to Europe. Republicanism was still untried. It was the most showy of impostors; thrones fell before its magic, and its voice was an oracle. Like the Weird-sisters of the great dramatist, it seemed to summon the spirits of change, and compel them to pronounce the fates of kingdoms.

Ireland had an old, and unhappy, connexion with the monarchy of France; she now connected herself with the power which rose on its ruins. The party was changed—the unhappiness continued. The Revolution had not yet given its moral,—it was still a lofty and daring figure, with its deformities covered with its armour—the eyes of all nations followed it, as it charged over the Continent, and in the rapidity and the splendour of its course they had not leisure to look upon the havoc that tracked its road to supremacy.

I have hitherto limited the examples of Curran's oratory to the Bar, but his parliamentary successes must not be forgotten. His career in the Irish senate was short, but it began with the most brilliant period of that legislature, and ended only with its existence. The courts of law were the true scenes of his distinction,—the Senate was to him only a picture-gallery, into which he wandered from the noise and hurry of his day, to gaze on its portraits of originality and talent, without a wish to figure on its walls. Yet his parliamentary speeches, though most imperfectly handed down to us, will make no deduction from his fame.

Some of them exhibit the daring language which belonged to their angry time. The Secretary of State had brought in a bill which excited the wrath of opposition. Curran, after discussing its clauses, burst into indignation. "I know," exclaimed he, "it has been rumoured that the right honourable gentleman may take advantage of a thin house to *impose* on this country the resolutions that have passed the Commons of Great Britain! Sir, I do not suspect any such thing. Sir, I do not think it would be easy to find a man who would stand within the low-water mark of our shore and read some of these resolutions above his breath without feeling some uneasiness for his personal safety." Adding to this formidable hint, "Neither can I think if a foreign *usurpation* would come, crested to our bar, and demand from the treachery of this house a surrender of the constitution,—that we would answer such a requisition by *words*."

Those resolutions, which had been prepared by the English cabinet for the code of Irish commerce, were the subject of long altercation; they were subsequently modified by the English minister, and excited still greater displeasure. Curran's ridicule of the whole negotiation may give some idea of the occasional eccentricity of Irish debates. Addressing the Speaker, "Sir," said he, "I will suppose that an old friend of yours (Ireland) just recovering from a disease by which he had been wasted almost to death, should prevail upon you to take the trouble of buying him a horse." He then apologised to the chair for presuming to take the liberty of the supposition. "I will then suppose you send for a horse-jockey (the English minister), who sends his foreman (the secretary) Says the foreman, 'I know

what you want. My master has a horse that will exactly fit you. It has descended from Rabelais' famous Johannes Caballus, that got a doctor of physics' degree from the College of Rheims. But your friend must pay his price. If you are satisfied, I will step for the horse, and bring him presently, with the saddle and bridle, which you shall have into the bargain.'

"But, friend, are you sure that you are authorised to make this bargain?"

"What," cries the foreman, "do you doubt my honour? Sir, I can find three hundred men (the Parliament), who never saw me before, and yet have given bail for me at the first view of my face.' The foreman goes, but returns without the horse. 'Sir,' says he, 'I'm sorry for your disappointment, but my mistress has taken a fancy to the horse. But, we have a nice little mare that will match him better (the renewed bill). She is so low, that his feet will reach the ground when he rides her; and, still further to accommodate him, my master will have a chain tacked to her feet, and your master shall have a key to double-lock it if he will.'"

They did not get even the mare, for the resolutions were finally withdrawn, amid a national rejoicing, in which Curran joined, in a speech glowing with classic recollection. "The bill," said he, "is at an end. The cloud that has been collecting so long, and threatening to break in tempests and ruin over our heads, has passed away. The siege that had been drawn round the constitution was raised, and the enemy was gone. 'Juvat ire, et Dorica castra.' They might now go abroad without fear, and trace the dangers they had escaped. Here was drawn the line of

circumvallation that cut them off from the eastern world; and there the corresponding one, that enclosed them from the west." He then, by a happy turn, adverted to the members who had been prominent in their resistance to the Bill. "There stood the trusty mariner on his old station, the masthead; there (Mr. Flood, a great Parliamentary leader) all the wisdom of the State was collected, exploring your weakness and your strength, detecting every ambuscade, and pointing to the hidden battery which was brought to bear."

In those sketches of the orator I have referred only to his greater efforts. But, in the minor order of trials he had no equal. His cross-examinations were the delight of every one, but their subject. His wild wit and eccentric allusions, his knowledge of native habits, and his keen insight into human nature, made him triumphant in the presence of an Irish jury; and he was never more resistless than when he seemed to give way to the sportive spirit of the moment, and never nearer the detection of knavery than when he and the knave seemed to laugh together. It was then that, suddenly turning on him, he tore off his disguise, and, in language more searching than the scourge, tortured the naked perjurer into truth.

A fellow of this kind was once hunted by Curran to the very verge of confession, when he suddenly refused to answer; and, on the judge's demanding the reason, he replied, "he did not know what he said, the little gentleman (Curran) put him into such a *doldrum*." "What's that?" asked the judge. "Oh, my lord," replied Curran; "a *doldrum*'s a complaint common to gentlemen of the witness's family; it is a confusion of the head arising from a corruption of the heart."

At length Curran approached that period of life which the Psalmist describes, as the limit to all the natural enjoyments of existence. His frame, originally delicate, began to feel habitual infirmity; and his mind, though as vigorous as ever, felt anxious for repose. He had enjoyed nearly all that earth could give,—competence of income, high society, professional success, unexhausted popularity; and the great conviction, that in the annals of his country's genius he had secured an immortality. The world could offer him no more, and after about six years' tenure of office, he retired to seek for health in relaxation from labour and in variety of scene. But, like other vivid minds in retirement, he languished in inaction. The pursuit of health on the Continent and at the English watering-places failed to relieve either his mind or his frame; and after a brief illness, he died in his sixty-eighth year, at Brompton, near London, in 1817.

Those who would enter more minutely into the career of this man of genius should consult his Biography, written by Mr. Charles Phillips, the present Commissioner of the Insolvent Debtors' Court, his countryman and friend, who has rendered the last tribute to his memory in a volume, whose eloquence does equal honour to its subject and its author.

Thus passed away one of the most distinguished men of his country and his time. Ireland, like the Roman Cornelia, has no ornaments but her sons, and with them she wants no other. What girdle of national opulence, what jewel of national power on her brow, can add to the honours of a parent who has had such sons to show, as Swift, Berkeley, Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Moore, Curran, and, first of the first, Wellington? They are

gone, but I am no believer in the modern theory of the decline of nations. I cannot share in the conception, that the time will ever come, when the traveller from the antipodes shall stand on the broken arches of Westminster Bridge, and, gazing on a horizon of ruin, cry, "Here stood the metropolis of a mighty empire." I believe that England will stand, as long as the foundations of the globe will stand. I believe that the tomb has not absorbed the intellect and the heroism which constitute the true sceptre; that there are still potent spirits in the "vast deep" of the future, and that they "will come" when England calls for them. I believe that age after age will contribute new provinces to the national mind, and supply it with new sources of fertility. And I believe this, because I believe in a Providence. England has had a great trial, and she has nobly borne it. For nearly a century and a half she has been the refuge of all the principles of religion, morals, law, and polity, in the world. She has seen every other nation forfeit its public honour, or betray its political integrity; and she has adhered to both. And for this conduct I believe that she will stand, in permanent, or even in progressive, grandeur. She may suffer casualties in war and pressures in peace; but they will be no more than the winter gusts sweeping across her soil, to prepare her for a brighter sunshine and a more abundant autumn. If England now stands, like Jerusalem of old, at once the fortress and the temple,—her gates open day and night to the fugitive rights of nations, and her altars fuming with the perpetual incense of pure religion, I believe that no change awaits her except for her inauguration, like that "of Jerusalem to come," into universal empire and immortal glory.

I think that we already have an outline of this vision, —a shadowy shape of this supremacy,—an indistinct and yet stately evidence of the feeling with which Europe recalls the past, and looks to the future, of this country. When have we ever before seen *one name* commanding the visible homage of Europe,—the representatives of the armies of the Continent sent by its thrones to do honour to one memory,—the leaders of armies themselves coming to lay the emblems of their highest ranks on the tomb of the first soldier of Europe, and of the world?

I shall conclude with the vigorous eulogium on the character of this soldier by his countryman and friend, the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker :—

“Victor of Assaye’s Eastern plain,
Victor of all the fields of Spain,
Victor of France’s despot reign,
Thy task of glory done;
Welcome from dangers greatly dared,
From triumphs which the vanquished shared,
From nations saved, and nations spared,
Unconquered Wellington!

Thine was the sword which Justice draws,
Thine was the pure and generous cause
Of holy rites and human laws
The impious chain to burst.
And thou wast destined for thy part,
The noblest mind, the firmest heart,
Artless —last in the warrior’s art,
And in that art the first.

And we, who in the eastern skies
Beheld thy Sun of glory rise,
Still followed with exulting eyes
Its proud meridian height,
Now on thy grateful country’s breast
Have seen thy sun descend to rest,
Beaming through all the golden west
The memory of its light.”

The Precursors of the Reformation in
England.

A LECTURE

BY

ALFRED ROOKER, Esq.

OF PLYMOUTH.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

DECEMBER 21, 1852.

TO WYCLIFFE.

As the night-watcher, who at break of day,
From some tall Alp, looks toward the eastern sky,
And sees each peak grow golden in its ray,
While far below the twilight shadows lie,—
Yet soon the rising sun its light will shed
O'er rock and pine, the mountain and the glen,
Or where the lake its level waters spread,
Cheering alike the mountain and the fen,—
So thou, brave seer, the gifted and the wise,
Didst mark the dawn of freedom from afar,
And dared, while all around in darkness lies,
To point thy finger to its morning star;
And now the sun-bright truth, beams full upon our eyes!

THE PRECURSORS OF THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND.

ON reviewing the course of lectures which is appointed for the present session, I cannot but feel some hesitation in standing forward as the single representative of the lay members of this Association.

Honoured and devoted ministers of Christ have preceded me as lecturers, or will follow in their appointed order; but during this evening you are invited to listen to one who can claim no other title to your attention than his warm and growing attachment to your Association.

The responsibility of the invitation rests with the Committee; but if its acceptance practically express my own conviction that service is, in this Association, the *duty* of *all*—that it labours, not by ministers only, however respected and beloved, but equally by the faithful and diligent assistance of men devoted to business and the toils of daily life; then be the result what it may, I shall never regret that the invitation was accepted.

I greatly honour God's appointed ministers—their office I recognise as of divine authority, and their labours of inestimable value; but I also feel that God's work on earth is not in their hands alone, but in

ours also—every Christian a willing instrument, and every occasion to be diligently improved. And if this Association embodies these conditions, then I admire it the more when they are actively developed, and for one, though of its humblest members, I would shrink from no fair opportunity of practically enforcing a principle which I deem to be of vital importance.

“I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting;” and in this brief and beautiful formula, for nearly eighteen hundred years the followers of Christ have expressed their belief in the unity of that invisible body, of which their Lord and ours is the living Head—the spiritual Church, known by no outward symbol or distinctive sign of separation—a part of every Christian community—yet the whole of none, and distinguished chiefly by the faith which is embodied in a life of intelligent and active piety.

But that Church, though *invisible*, is *real*, every member being grafted into Christ, and holding communion with one another through Him. And believing as we do in this communion, though imperfectly developed and often unrecognised on earth, we joyfully anticipate its full consummation in the paradise of God. Yet whilst the Catholic and invisible Church is a real and subsisting unity, no sooner does it seek to embody itself in a concrete form, and amalgamate with human institutions, than it loses its purity and becomes isolated and sectarian. And yet the attempt has been constantly made, to confound these local or temporary institutions with the universal Church!

The creed of the ancient world, altogether human

in its origin, could not possibly evolve divine truth, and so its highest formulæ were in strict subjection to human philosophy. It embodied ideally the purest existing principles of social morality, and provided, at the same time, material forms of worship, which satisfied the grosser sympathies of the multitude; but there was nothing in the entire system that involved the subjection of *self* to the nobler purposes of spiritual life.

The religious systems of antiquity never thoroughly attempted to eradicate evil, but only to refine and disguise it. And failing, by severe and self-denying analysis, to discover the principles of virtue, they could scarcely be expected to present those motives or restraints, which are alone sufficient to control and regulate the affections. But at length it became impossible that men any longer, should believe implicitly in material idolatry, for they saw its refutation in the growing convictions of the multitude, in temples forsaken, and altars overthrown. Yet the cardinal principles of idolatry remained, though its outward forms were discarded, and Popery, whether in its patristic or mediæval form, was the compromise that resulted from this conflict; a laborious and painful attempt to supply the place which heathenism had left vacant, and out of the pure and spiritual elements that Christianity had provided, to mould a system conforming in some degree to its essential truths, but in the main congenial to depraved and fallen humanity. And hence, in tracing the developements of Popery, it is possible, in almost every instance, to perceive the attempt, to reconcile spiritual Christianity with an unspiritual profession. And so the truths of the Gospel are not denied, but

neutralised ; its fundamental principles admitted, but made the basis of vain and delusive superstition.

The message of divine mercy reaches man in his fallen and helpless state ; it provides an infinite and all-sufficient remedy, and in proportion to the depth of human misery is the greatness of the deliverance : but salvation is a divine gift, free and unbought, excepting by the costly sacrifice of the Son of God—a price so great, that it is sufficient,—so ample, that any other is an insult to divine justice. And the object of the Gospel is to present this truth in its simplicity and power, purifying the heart, by filling it with divine love. Yet all this is absolutely uncongenial to man in his natural condition, and seeking for some other form of religious belief, he finds, instead of pure and spiritual service, the gorgeous ceremonies of sensuous worship.

It is in this attempt of the papal system to unspiritualise the Gospel, and accommodate its truths to a lower condition of the mind, that we obtain a true solution of the difficulties which seem to be involved in a consideration of the progress and stability of papal error. A human system, based upon great central truths, but built up of dislocated and broken fragments, which utterly conceal the foundation ; so that the men who dwell in that almost inexpugnable citadel of error, scarcely ever reach the underlying truth which gives apparent stability to their creed.

It is comparatively easy to supersede any system which takes its root in fundamental error ; for as society changes its position, it is seen in a new light, and the feigned truth becomes and is called a lie. All that Popery does is to disguise the truth ; its errors are but modifications of the most sacred verity, and its solemn

service the material substitutes for a divine and living reality, every part interwoven with shreds of truth—a curious whole, if it were not so untrustworthy—like those deceptive fabrics in which the refuse and the sweepings of the mill-floor are held together in delusive continuity, by the few firm threads that make the woof.

Thus it is that it accepts the truth of the divine unity, but provides as objects of inferior worship, and more human sympathy, the Virgin and the saints. It recognises sin as the subject of divine displeasure, but it constitutes a distinction between mortal and venial sins, and purges the lesser guilt by indulgences and pardons. It admits the cardinal fact of the atonement, but implies its imperfection in the doctrine of good works and the fires of purgatory. It recognises the mediation of Christ, but turns still more confidently to the intercession of the Virgin. It accepts the simple ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper, but changes these symbols of divine love into moral and corporeal miracles. Whilst out of the simple and beautiful provision of a Christian ministry it has elaborated a system of priestcraft, more dangerous and oppressive than any to which the world had previously submitted. So that, whilst acknowledging the truth of God, not by its rejection, but by more cunning substitution, it leads the mind insensibly into dangerous and fatal delusion. Just as the bow in the cloud has its faint reflex, and if it were possible to suppose that the natural eye, like the moral, could turn away with dislike from the blended glory of that arch of light, then we can see, how in its dim and spectral image, there might be an attraction however unworthy, which would not be felt in the glowing purity of the rainbow.

And for the reasons already assigned, it is easy to perceive that popery, at the best, is an unspiritual and sensuous religion; an earnest faith in things seen and temporal, but having little communion with that which is within the veil; so that it never seems to raise the worshipper beyond a superficial and spurious devotion, whilst the stamp of insincerity is on all that it does. Just look into that cathedral, and see, even in the holiest place of all, the quaint, fantastic figures, and carved jests, which mar its silent sanctity! Look, again, at the stately monastery that, at the bidding of the Church, arose for God's service, in the city or on the mountain-side! Rich men contributed of their wealth, and the poor of their penury, to complete it, until at last, the cloisters, with their light and beautiful tracery, perfected the design. Yet take up their records, say perhaps the "*Chronicles of Brokeland*," representing, as they do, the daily life of one of these great religious houses; and whilst you may read of lands and revenues—of promotion and disappointment—of worldly ambition or the routine of retired service—you will read nothing of Christ—nothing of communion with God—or of real and intelligent piety—no hope of heaven, no love of holiness, and no fear of sin; nor will you see, in those dim cloisters, one ray of light that is anything more than a dull reflexion of the outer world. Or look at the peasant's life in England during the prevalence of Roman Catholicism; and whilst you may witness those religious mysteries in which the most sacred truths of scripture were turned by the priesthood into coarse and ludicrous dramas for the amusement of the people in fairs and markets, you will hear nothing of the Bible being freely

taught, or of the gospel preached to the poor.* Yet it is alleged by some, that notwithstanding its want of spirituality, and its evident insincerity to the Divine original, the Anglo-Catholicism of the thirteenth

* A word only as to those religious mysteries — the strange substitute in this dark age for more serious instruction. I quote from a recent and very valuable History of England :—

“They were generally composed by the clergy, and from these plays it frequently happened in the absence of better instruction that the laity derived their chief knowledge of religious doctrine and duty. Some of these mysteries, in fact, might be called entire systems of divinity, or biblical history beginning at the creation of man, ending with the general judgment. One of this character, which was acted at Skinner's Well, in London, in 1409, and which was attended by most of the nobility and gentry, occupied eight days in its exhibition. The manner in which these plays were acted, as well as the materials of which they were composed, gave offence to many, even in this unscrupulous age.

“The stage consisted of three platforms, on the highest of which was placed a profane representation of the Creator surrounded by the holy angels, the second was occupied by the saints and glorified men, and the lowest by those who acted the parts of mortals in the present state of existence. On one side of the lowest platform was a huge dark cavern, that represented the mouth of hell, resounding with yells and shrieks, and sending forth fire and smoke. Here, however, lay the favourite and comic part of the entertainment, as troops of merry devils continually issued from this grim opening, who kept the audience in a roar of laughter by their jests and buffoonery, or even by the severity with which they treated those unfortunate sinners who fell into their hands. In St. Paul's Church, where mysteries were frequently acted, the third person of the Trinity was represented by a white pigeon let down through a hole in the roof made for the purpose. After which a censer descended, smoking with rich perfumes, and which was swung to and fro over the spacious choir.”

And yet in what respect are these material representations of the fourteenth century worse than their counterparts at Rome in the nineteenth?—

“I think,” says one, whose witty laughter is more damaging than serious argument, “the most popular and most crowded sight, excepting those of Easter Sunday and Monday, which are open to all classes of people, was the Pope washing the feet of thirteen men, representing the twelve apostles and Judas

and fourteenth centuries, produced a very distinct impression in the popular mind; and, notwithstanding what has been stated, and even in accordance with it, this is very possible.

Religion, be it remembered, is but another expression for the highest ideal of our individual perceptions. Not ideal however, as being unreal or transcendental, but only as presenting the purest conception of which at the moment the mind is capable. There is an uniform tendency in every one to create for himself a more perfect standard of excellence than is practically realised. In minds of the highest order this ideal often results from intense introspection. And their influence is, consequently, inappreciable; for they

Iscaiot. The place in which this office is performed is one of the chapels of St. Peter, which is gaily decorated for the occasion. The thirteen sitting in a row on a very high bench, and looking particularly uncomfortable, with the eyes of English, French, Americans, Swiss, Germans, Russians, Swedes, Norwegians, and other foreigners nailed to their faces all the time. They were robed in white, and on their heads they wore a stiff white cap.

"Each carries in his hand a very large nosegay, and two of them on this occasion wore spectacles, which, remembering the characters they sustained, I thought a droll appendage to the costume. There was a great eye to character, St. John was represented by a good-looking young man, St. Peter by a grave-looking old gentleman, with a flowing beard; and Judas Iscaiot by such an enormous hypocrite (though I could not make out whether the expression of his face was real or assumed) that it left nothing to be desired.

"We posted off along with a great crowd to be in time at the table, when the Pope waits on these thirteen. The table itself, set out like a ball-supper, and ornamented with golden figures of the real apostles, was arranged on an elevated platform on one side of the gallery. The counterfeit apostles' knives and forks were laid out on that side of the table which was nearest the wall, so that they might be stared at again without let or hindrance.

"The Apostles and Judas, appearing on the platform after much expectation, were marshalled in line in front of the table

create, whilst others only admire and imitate. But most generally the ideal of which we speak is nothing more than a suggested thought, yet there it is, shrined and set apart—the intellect, the affections, the whole moral nature, subdued to a power which they can neither control nor weaken: no matter in what form it may be presented, since to the mind thus influenced it is its highest belief—a faith that transcends the act—a worship which recognises in its creed a purer morality than can be found elsewhere; and the moment when this implicit confidence is lost, the old religion, becomes effete and dead. That faith, so earnestly accepted, may after all be a falsehood; but, whilst believed, it

with Peter at the top, and a good long stare was taken at them by the company, whilst twelve of them took a long smell at their nosegays. Then the Pope, clad in a scarlet robe, and wearing on his head a skull-cap of white satin, appeared in the midst of a crowd of cardinals and other dignitaries, and took in his hand a little golden ewer, from which he poured a little water over one of Peter's hands, while one attendant held a golden basin, a second a fine cloth, a third Peter's nosegay, which was taken from him during the operation. This his Holiness performed with considerable expedition on every man in the line. Judas, I observed, to be particularly overcome by his condescension, and then the whole thirteen sat down to dinner. There was white wine and red wine, and the dinner looked very good. The courses appeared in portions, one for each apostle, and these being presented to the Pope by the cardinals upon their knees were by him handed to the thirteen.

"The Pope helped the thirteen to wine also, and during the whole of the dinner somebody read something aloud out of a large book—the Bible, I presume—which nobody could hear, and to which nobody paid the least attention. The cardinals and other attendants smiled to each other from time to time, as if the thing were a great farce. And if they thought so, there is little doubt they were perfectly right. His Holiness did what he had to do, as a sensible man gets through a troublesome ceremony, and seemed very glad when it was over."

And is it possible that, after eighteen centuries, the simple gospel of Christ can assume such a form, and be altogether lost in Ritual absurdity?

engrosses the worshipper, and subdues him to its influence. And hence, in religious systems which are most false and perilous, the whole soul is as really engrossed as with the purest forms of belief.

“And they believe it—oh! the lover may
Distrust that look which steals the heart away;
The babe may cease to think that it can play
With heaven's rainbow; alchemists may doubt
The shining gold their crucibles give out;
But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast,
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last!”

It never, therefore, moves us to any sympathy with a creed, be it papal or pagan, though it may to deep and abiding pity, that the worshipper devotes himself wholly to its service, for, after all, he may be only bending before some gaudy deceit, his belief a lie, his hope confusion. We counsel you, therefore, young men, not to be misled by specious tales of earnest attachment to the creed of Rome, or even by acts of heroic devotion in its service; for there is not a system of false worship on earth that has not been illustrated with devotion as sincere, and with sacrifices as large, as any that blazon the most sacred annals of the Romish Church.

We have thus spoken of Popery as a system, and of the principles it involves, but it is our immediate object to trace those circumstances which, by the Providence of God, led to its reformation in England, and by commencing this inquiry at the period of the Norman Conquest, and pursuing it to the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII. we include nearly five centuries, during which time the spiritual power of the Papacy was at its greatest height.

It seems probable that Britain was Christianised at a very early period, but on the withdrawal of the Roman

legions, and the subsequent invasion of the country by the Saxon tribes, it relapsed into idolatry, or its Christian inhabitants were expelled. After this, and through the labours of the Culdees, Christianity was partially taught in Britain, but it was reserved for Augustine, in conjunction with his companions, in the year 587, to undertake a special mission to this island under the auspices of Pope Gregory, which resulted in its nominal conversion; and, during the whole of the Saxon dynasty, this country maintained its place as a faithful fief of the Roman see, incorporated with it in the closest spiritual alliance, and yielding willing submission to the spiritual dogmas of the Church.

A recent writer on the early ecclesiastical history of England after the Conquest, has judiciously divided the papal era into three periods, the first extending from the reign of William to that of John, including one hundred and thirty-three years, which was chiefly distinguished by the developement of papal authority. The second, commencing with the reign of John, and ending with the determination of his dynasty, by the accession of Richard II., occupied one hundred and seventy-eight years, and is the era of papal supremacy in England, every other influence being at that time in absolute subjection to its spiritual authority. The third period extends from the reign of Richard II. to that of Henry VIII. including one hundred and thirty-two years, and is strictly antecedent to the Reformation. This was the age of the Lollards, and of that gradual change in the popular mind, which at length resulted in reformation.

The claims of the Church of Rome to supreme authority, even in things spiritual, were not advanced at

once. Until the reign of Theodoric, the king of the Lombards, as it is alleged by Macchiavelli, the power of the bishops of Rome did not extend to Ravenna; and Sylvius, the cardinal of Sienna, who afterwards became Pope, admits that, before the Council of Nice, "men in general evinced but a very small regard for the Church of Rome, and that even that Council failed to recognise the special claims of the Bishop of Rome."

In the year 590 Gregory became Pope, and his policy was chiefly directed to the extension of the papal power; but even Gregory acknowledged, that if the emperor were to depose a bishop, he must be obeyed. After several centuries and contemporary with William the First, was Hildebrand, who, in the year 1073, under the title of Gregory the Seventh, assumed the tiara, a man of consummate ability, of boundless ambition, and of the most resolute will. It was his great object to acquire for the Roman See political power through its spiritual influence, and he succeeded in the attempt.

But whilst the Church of Rome was extending its political authority, the papal see had become a prey to the most violent convulsion. "During the century and a half which followed the Carlovingian dynasty," says Stephens, "of the twenty popes who ascended the apostolic throne, two were murdered, five were driven into exile, four were deposed, and three resigned their hazardous dignity. Some of these vicars of Christ were raised to that awful pre-eminence by arms, and some by money. Two received it from the hands of princely courtesans; one was self-appointed. A well-filled purse purchased one papal abdication; the promise of a fair bride another. One of the holy fathers pillaged the treasury, fled with the spoil, returned to Rome, and

ejected his substitute. In one page of this dismal history we read of the disinterred corpse of a former pope brought before his successor to receive a retrospective sentence of deposition, and in the next we find the judge himself undergoing the same posthumous condemnation, though without the same filthy ceremonial."

But though Hildebrand possessed sufficient authority to enforce celibacy on the clergy, and even to compel the Emperor of Germany to stand barefooted in the snow at the gates of the papal palace whilst he sued for priestly absolution, yet William was scarcely less resolute than his ecclesiastical rival; no sooner did he feel the responsibility of his office as king of England than he perceived the necessity of curbing the growing power of Rome. Notwithstanding all opposition, he made church lands amenable to taxation; he refused to admit the claim of the Pope to tribute, and utterly denied the assertion that this country was a fief of the Roman see.

At first, the chief anxiety of William was to depress the Saxon clergy, but his sagacity soon taught him that the real danger lay in another direction. Hence he ordered, "First, that no Pontiff should be acknowledged in his dominions without his previous sanction, and that papal letters, before they were published, should be submitted to his inspection. Secondly, that no decision, either of national or provincial synods, should be carried into execution without his permission; and, thirdly, that the clerical courts should neither implead nor excommunicate any tenant holding of the crown *in capite* until the offence had been certified by himself."

The reign of William is remarkable for the earliest introduction of common prayer into the services of the

English Church, and this form having been prepared by Oswald, bishop of Salisbury, very soon came into general use.

William Rufus endeavoured to usurp the revenues of the Church, either by their alienation, or by retaining the incomes of vacant bishoprics. He even sold the highest ecclesiastical offices, and received from Flambard one thousand pounds on his appointment to the bishopric of Durham, though Anselm refused to pay a similar amount on his nomination to the archbishopric of Canterbury, and the king's passionate weakness was of little avail against the firm will of the prelate.

The reign of Henry I. was much affected by the conduct of Anselm, and is memorable for the contest which arose as to the right of investiture—the right, in fact, of appointing to vacant bishoprics and abbeys, exercised hitherto by the crown, but now demanded by the Pope. In 1106 this important claim was compromised, the investiture being given to the Pope, and homage reserved to the crown.

The reign of Stephen is remarkable for nothing but its executive incapacity, and the consequent increase of papal encroachments.

Henry II., soon after his accession, engaged in the memorable contest with à Becket, which ended in the death of the archbishop. The clergy had gradually claimed exemption from the jurisdiction of the civil courts, but in 1164 the barons met at Clarendon, and adopted the celebrated Constitutions, which were chiefly aimed at this dangerous innovation. The refusal of à Becket to recognise these Constitutions led to his quarrel with the crown, and its fatal issue.

During this reign, a band of German emigrants, led

by one Gerard,—perhaps exiles,—landed in England. They were denounced as heretics, and condemned in a synod at Oxford, but at that time there was no civil law in England against heresy, and the judges scarcely knew how to act. At length they branded the accused on the forehead, scourged them, and in an inclement winter sent forth these strangers homeless and indigent, forbidding any of the people to give them food or shelter. “They wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth, of whom the world was not worthy,” and in God’s strength abiding the trial of their faith, they were soon called to the recompense and the rest of heaven. I have sometimes thought that, in the midst of their cruel suffering, it would have greatly cheered them, if over the verge of coming centuries they could have seen the great change which has since been wrought in England; but let us not forget that they had immediately before them a far brighter prospect, which was soon to be realised through the sharp brief struggle of martyrdom.—

“A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour’s throne rejoice
In robes of light arrayed :
They climbed the dizzy steep of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain.
O God ! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.”

After the death of Henry II. his successor, Richard I. devoted himself almost entirely to the crusades, but notwithstanding his dedication to this service, he appears to have maintained his regal authority against the aggressions of the Romish Church.

John, who succeeded him, was distinguished by proverbial weakness, combined with passionate oppression.

His contest with Innocent III. resulted in a general interdict, and the ultimate cession of the kingdom to the Pope as a fief of the Roman See. But this last symbol of spiritual subjection was only the inevitable result of previous aggression. During two preceding centuries the absolute submission of the popular mind had been insured by the general reception of the doctrine of transubstantiation; since it is obvious that if papal authority were adequate to compel the acceptance of this dogma, no other possible dictum of the Romish see could be refused. Nor were the clergy less submissive than the laity; for, during the same period, the rule of celibacy had been authoritatively enforced, converting the entire priesthood into the vassals of an exacting despotism, whilst civil authority, in the concession of investitures, equally participated in this universal subjection to spiritual power.

In the reign of Henry II. we find the king not unwilling to accept from the Pope a grant of Ireland, in which he expressly says; "It is undeniable, and your majesty acknowledges it, that all islands on which Christ the Sun of Righteousness hath shined, and which have received the Christian faith, belong of right to St. Peter and the most holy Roman Church." Such principles, tacitly admitted, led inevitably, and by a natural sequence, to that weak and degrading submission which disgraced the reign of John. And, when it is remembered that the Pope had already of his own authority levied taxes on the clergy in England, and received tribute from the people, the act of the king becomes the simple corollary of preceding events. Even as early as the reign of Henry I. the Pope had declared "that the Church and all its reve-

nues belonged entirely to St. Peter and his successors, and that emperors, kings, and princes, had no right to give the investiture of benefices to the clergy or to demand homage from them;" and in the reign of Stephen, by the exercise of legatine authority in England, and by authorising an appeal to Rome in ecclesiastical causes, the Pope had greatly augmented his influence in this country, whilst during the reign of Henry II. several of the great abbeys, by virtue of papal bulls, discharged their demesnes from all episcopal jurisdiction, and placed themselves openly in subjection to the Pope. Such was the current of public events, and for nearly two centuries no visible diminution of Papal authority within the realm can be perceived by the most diligent inquirer.

Previously to this period, the Anglo-Catholic Church had been mainly divided between the regular clergy and the monks, who, before the Conquest, were chiefly of the Benedictine order; but, in the twelfth century, the Carthusians and Cistercians had established monasteries in England, and to the same epoch we may refer the conventual establishments of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John and the Knights Templars. But these changes were trivial, in comparison with that which was involved in the foundation of the Orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis d'Assisi in the early part of the thirteenth century. The Dominican and Franciscan friars formed at once a third estate in the papal hierarchy; vowed to perpetual poverty, they went forth with the zeal of reformers, and clothed in the rudest dress, without money or possessions, mere mendicants living on the alms of the faithful, they became at once a reproach to the luxurious monk

and a term of fear to the secular priest. But power and wealth soon became as corrupting to the friar as they had already proved to the monk; and a piety which had been stimulated by enthusiasm sunk into absolute inanity, until these mendicants constituted the greatest reproach of that system, which they were especially set apart to sustain.

From the accession of William to the death of John, the struggle of the Church was chiefly for power; but from that time onward, the conflict whenever it occurs is for money. And though the people do not seem to have questioned very closely the spiritual claims of the Church, they resented with the greatest decision its avaricious demands.

So general was the displeasure which had been excited in England by the incessant exactions of the Romish Church, that, in 1245, the barons sent orders to the different sea-ports to seize and detain all persons bringing bulls or excommunications from Rome; and no wonder, for at this period, as it was alleged, the annual revenues of church preferments in England held by Italian ecclesiastics exceeded 60,000 marks — a greater sum than the entire revenue of the English crown; they further said that the Pope exacted tribute from the clergy, obstructed the rights of patrons and presented Italians, unacquainted with the language, to the chief benefices in England, whilst churches were forced to pay pensions to the see of Rome; and they complained, that when the Pope appointed his creatures to the highest ecclesiastical offices in the realm, he exacted money for the appointments, and by drawing ecclesiastical causes to Rome, wasted the Church with costly and needless charges

These encroachments on the rights of the people led to frequent opposition. During the reign of Edward I., an act of parliament was passed to limit the claims of the priesthood, and the barons united for the purpose of resisting further aggression. Upon the same grounds, Edward III. openly remonstrated with the Pope, and the statutes of Provisors and Præmunire, passed in his reign, were intended to lessen these evils in some of their most unrighteous forms. But the struggle by the civil power was not only with the papal see, but with the clergy in England. They claimed exemption from civil authority in matters of criminal offence, or sought to impose such limitations in the civil courts, as virtually to transfer their powers to the ecclesiastical; they even denied the authority of the Crown to tax church lands, and by the aid of ecclesiastical censures, obtained an authority over the laity which was almost irresistible. During the reign of Edward III., Robert Lord Morley, a nobleman of great authority, trespassed on the park of the Bishop of Norwich. For this offence, though the king himself strove to mitigate the sentence, he was condemned to walk through the streets of Norwich, uncovered and barefooted, to the cathedral, and there, in its crowded aisles, in a posture of deep humility to supplicate pardon from the bishop. Four times in the course of a year, the sentence of general excommunication was pronounced. First, against those who should hinder ecclesiastical process by an appeal to the civil courts; secondly, on all who attempted to alienate church lands; and, thirdly, against any who withheld or diminished the dues of the Church.

With bell and candle, with book and uplifted crucifix,

the priest solemnly and in English, uttered the curse which seemed so terrible in an age of superstition:—

“By authority of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and the glorious Mother and Maiden, our Lady St. Mary, and the blessed apostles, Peter and Paul, and all apostles, martyrs, confessors, virgins, and the saints of God, we denounce all those accursed that have been so found guilty, and all those that maintained them in their sins, or given them thereto help or counsel. For they be departed from God and holy Church, and they have no part of the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, nor of no sacraments, nor of no part of the prayers among Christian men. But they have been accursed from the sole of their foot to the crown of their head, sleeping and waking, sitting and standing, and in all their werds and in all their works, but if (except) they have grace of God to amend them here in this life for to dwell in the pain of hell for ever without end.”

The book was closed, and the lights extinguished, whilst the bells tolled, in solemn ratification of this awful denunciation.

Oh! I wonder not, that looking back upon these evil days, our great poet should have said in prose, scarcely less resonant than his poetry:—

“When I recall to mind at last, after so many dark ages, wherein the huge overshadowing train of error had almost swept all the stars out of the firmament of the Church, how the bright and cheerful reformation by Divine power struck through the black and settled night of ignorance and antichristian tyranny, methinks a sovereign and reviving joy must needs rush into the bosom of him that reads or hears, and the sweet odour

of the returning gospel embathe his soul with the fragrancy of heaven."

And what, after all, was the result of this experiment? The Church of Rome for more than five centuries possessed the realm of England. Yet how did it fulfil its purpose? Educate, it did not, for it kept the Bible a sealed and forbidden book. It shut up the solemn services of God in an unknown tongue, and deprived the laity of the sacred cup, enforced pilgrimages, built cathedrals, honoured the shrines of saints, and multiplied relics, whilst it degraded the taste of the people by profane shows and idle mummeries. And, doing so little for society, what did it accomplish on its own behalf? I find that on the lowest calculation, in the reign of Edward III., one-fifth, or, as Wycliffe declared, one-third part of the entire lands in England was held by the clergy (at present only one-fifteenth), and that on the dissolution of the monasteries, in the reign of Henry VIII., there were no less than six hundred and sixty great houses of religion, and three hundred and seventy-six lesser monasteries, beside eighteen hundred other places of religious foundation; so that, by the most moderate estimate, when the population of England did not exceed four millions, its ecclesiastics must have numbered 21,000, whilst another calculation increases them to 47,000. There were but two alternatives for England, either, like Italy, it is to perish under the oppressive burden of an indolent and unproductive priesthood, or, as its political and spiritual strength increased, at any cost of suffering or toil the incubus must be thrown off. I thank God that in his mercy this noble land, destined by Providence for great achievements, and especially to augment its empire, and

extend the faith in its great colonial dependencies, was led by divine favour to choose the last, and that we, the children of these oppressed and down-trodden ancestors, are free!—free in the liberty of honest conviction to live as God's word and an enlightened conscience dictate.

And yet it would be in vain to say that the religion of these centuries was altogether uninfluential, for its material remains afford abiding evidence of past vitality: or what mean those mighty structures whose beauty brings down, even now, a loving benison on the dullest and dreariest homes of social life in England? It was this religion that raised the cathedrals of York and of Salisbury, kindling in the mind of the architect the noblest ideal that ever found expression in stone. Restrained by no poverty of thought or "hunger-bitten economy," the stone grew beneath the hand of the builder as the forest-tree springs in the swarded field. That carved and fretted front, with its quaint imagery, is hard, sullen stone,—those buttresses that rise from the turf, and lean, as if in weariness on the walls, uphold the supported tower with a giant's strength,—those graceful aisles and the arches that melt into the groined and vaulted roof,—the cloisters pierced and fretted till they seem like a cunning web for lightness, and that window with its jewelled sunshine, are the works of simple men that knew no other faith than the religion of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. And the same earnest belief that reared the cathedral raised those monasteries that have left their ruins in many a secluded valley, and on the lonely hill-sides of our land. And it brought within their pale the devout and studious man, as well as the indolent; it founded hospitals, endowed schools, made provision for the poor,

and unconsciously, but yet in truth, preserved from destruction the literature of the ancient world. And yet, with all these labours, there was much that it could not do, and even more that it never attempted. For all that it did, is just what any system of human religion can readily effect.

The mythology of Greece did it when every line of the Acropolis was fretted with stainless marbles that lay, like a cloud, on the purple sky of Athens.

The creed of pagan Rome did it, when that seven-hilled city was filled with temples and smoked with incense.

Mohammedanism did it, when, in the gardens of the Alhambra, its marble mosque looked down upon their placid waters, and trembled in reflected beauty.

And the worshippers of the Shasters and the Veda do it still, for they have their shrines glowing with gold and silver, and costly beyond imagined wealth.

But there is very much that an unspiritual creed can never do. It is true, that here and there hearts were nominally under its influence, which had become obedient to a purer faith; and that in the midst of the sensuous and material services of the Church of Rome, they had descried the higher truth that it so grievously concealed: but theirs was not the religion of the age. Such a creed could never purify the Church from corruption, and it did not—or subdue the pride of the heart, and it left it unhumbed; nor make the minister of Christ like his divine Master, and ready to follow in his footsteps, and so it constituted instead a human priesthood, and steeped it to the lip in pride and love of the world. A faith so void and dead could never make the people gentle and loving, and

civil war, political tumult, and fierce discontent prevailed; whilst slavery, like a foul cancer, festered in the very heart of social life. And yet they tell us, the men of genius and erudition who constitute the pioneers of Anglo-Catholicism—that it is to bring back these golden days—this age of “merrie England,” that they live and labour! This, the ideal to realise which their poets sing, their ministers apostatise, and their young nobles play cricket on the village-green, and in the library write foolish books in praise of the middle ages! Oh, sirs! is it not another forcible illustration of the familiar apologue?—

“Common Sense one night,
Though not used to gambols,
Went out by moonlight,
With Genius on its rambles;
Common Sense went on,
Many a wise thing saying,
Whilst the light that shone
Soon set Genius straying.
One his eye ne’er raised
From the path before him;
T’other idly gazed
On each night-cloud o’er him.
So they came, at last,
To a shady river;
Common Sense soon passed,
Safe as she doth ever;
While the boy, whose look
Was in heaven that minute,
Never saw the brook,
But tumbled headlong in it.”

It is a fact worthy of notice, that in England previously to the time of Wycliffe, personal piety does not seem to have been a diffusive principle; no body of people left the communion of Rome, and for nearly three centuries the papal power remained unbroken. But in this land, divine truth was not left without

a witness, for even amongst the foremost embers of the papal communion we discover evidences of undoubted piety. It seems needful to some, that the chain of living testimony to the truth should be unbroken, but the succession, of which we speak, is not maintained by lineal descent, or the imposition of priestly hands. We believe that the truth of God has never been deficient in the illustration of living piety ; still it has often been exhibited by the little ones of Christ's flock, who have left no record behind them ;—" Silent strings," as Fuller says on a different subject, " that send no sound to posterity ;" and we are strengthened in this belief by recognising, even in these remote centuries, amongst the few records of spiritual life which have been preserved, several instances of unfeigned and earnest piety.

The first Archbishop of Canterbury created by the Conqueror was Lanfranc; and although attached to some of the most serious errors of the papacy, he was equally distinguished by his desire to purify the monastic institutions from corruption, and by his clear and practical recognition of the great truths of vital godliness. He was succeeded in his see by Anselm. He did not seek preferment, which was forced upon him; but having once assumed official pre-eminence, he diligently laboured to discharge the duties of his rank in the fear of God—one while, contending with William Rufus or with Henry, for the right of investitures, and even driven into exile for his boldness, and then, in the privacy of the cloister, writing earnestly in defence of the truth against the Socinian heresies of Roscelin; meekly seeking deliverance from the burden of his archbishopric, and when this was denied him by

the Pope, consecrating anew his whole life to spiritual service. For sixteen years he maintained his office with an unsullied reputation, and died at the age of seventy-six. If for nothing else, I could reverence this man as having, for the first time in England, declared through a national synod at Westminster, "that thenceforth it was a thing unlawful and unchristian for men to be sold in the market-place as cattle;" but I wonder the less at this advanced philanthropy when his devotional writings disclose to us as they do the spirit of holy love by which his inner life was guided.

"I see," says he in one of his books, "that the man whom we seek as qualified to be our Mediator must be of this description. He must not die of necessity, because he must be omnipotent; nor of debt, because he must not be a sinner; and yet he must die voluntarily, because it was necessary that he should do so as Mediator."

Or, again: "He assumed poverty, yet lost not his riches, rich within, poor without—God was latent in riches, man was apparent in poverty. By that blood we have lost the rags of iniquity, that we may be clothed with the garment of immortality; lest we should not dare with our poverty to approach him who has all riches in his hand, he exhibited himself poor."

And thus, too, he breathes out his love to Christ, when he addresses him as "the Redeemer of captives, the Saviour of the lost, the hope of exiles, the strength of the distressed, the enlarger of the enslaved spirit, the sweet solace and refreshment of the mournful soul, the crown of conquerors, the only reward and joy of all the citizens of heaven, and the copious source of all grace."

Is not this, as if being on a foreign shore, we

were to hear the accents of our native land spoken, perhaps, by a stranger, and yet appealing irresistibly to the sympathies of home? Oh, what a world will that be where all who speak this language and realise the same spirit, shall meet for ever in the sweet and unbroken communion of heaven!

In the early part of the thirteenth century, the appointment of the archbishops and bishops having been secured to the Pope, Innocent III. in 1207 appointed Stephen Langton to the archbishopric of Canterbury; and we cannot justly omit his name as one distinguished by his religious learning, and by the boldness with which he maintained the rights of the people against the Crown or the Pope: it is enough to say, that he was the strenuous promoter of Magna Charta.

In the year 1175, Robert Grosseteste was born—a student at the Oxford university, and learned in all the science of the times, a friend of Friar Bacon, and the first public lecturer in the Franciscan school at Oxford, his elevation by Henry III. to the see of Lincoln in 1235 was a deserved reward for his great merits. His history presents one of the most striking illustrations of the religious condition of the times in which he lived. His devotion to the papal system was very sincere, and his acquaintance with simple evangelical truth most limited; but he possessed strong practical piety, and a sense of justice and hatred to wrong, which threw him into the ranks of reform, and directed his energies against the Pope, all the while, however, remaining in theory a firm and consistent Papist. He was very much attached to the mendicant orders, until he perceived their avarice, and then he reproved them with boldness. He checked immorality in his diocese,

reformed the clergy, and devoted much time to religious services, especially in the translation of the patristic epistles. But his great work was the resistance which he offered to the Pope when he endeavoured to impose unfit persons on the livings within his diocese. The Pope proceeded to excommunication, but the bishop disregarded it; he deprived him of his office, but Grosse-teste went on discharging his episcopal functions, and even fulminated an epistle against the infallible Pope, which is rife with great Protestant principles. We cannot say how these shocks, perhaps not much felt at the time, may have tended to weaken popular confidence in a system which was open to such just censure.

It was not much to the honour of John Peckham, the Franciscan friar, that in the middle of the fourteenth century he gave 4000 marks (about 15,000*l.* of our money) to the Pope for his presentation to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, and more deeply disgraceful to the papal see, that this office should be sold for a bribe. Such was the temper of these centuries, that this archbishop, upon his own responsibility, ordered the destruction of all the Jewish synagogues within his province; but the Crown interfered, and the Jews were protected until their expulsion from England in 1390. We refer, however, to this ecclesiastic mainly on account of his endeavours to render more effective the spiritual instructions of the clergy: he complained in Convocation that "a great part of the English people were the poor and needy, who seek water and there is none, and whose tongue fail for thirst." To remedy this evil, the archbishop published certain constitutions, which at all events prove how utterly destitute the people must have been in sound religious instruction: he also directed

that each clergyman in his province should preach four times within the year to his parishioners.

During the same period, or perhaps a little earlier, our attention is arrested by the labours of Richard Roll, who died in 1349. He resided near Doncaster, and is remembered in history as the Hermit of Hempole. We rejoice to know that he translated portions of the Bible into English, and that it was in his heart to have accomplished the entire work. Thus it is that he meditates on the name of Jesus. "Thy name, says Solomon, is ointment poured out, therefore do the virgins love thee.—O wondrous, O delightful name; for this thy name is most high above every name, without which no man whatever may hope for salvation. For sweet is thy name, and pleasant to the human heart, affording true consolation, for Jesus is in my mind a song of joy, in my ear a heavenly sound, in my mouth a honeyed taste. No wonder, then, if I love that name which affords me solace in my every thought."

Another eminent ecclesiastic excites our attention in the early part of this century. In 1325 Thomas Bradwardine is one of the proctors of Merton College, in Oxford; in 1349 he was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury, and a few months afterwards he died: but within this limit lies a history of deep and significant interest; the life of one who, whilst profoundly learned in all that was then deemed most excellent, is better known for his piety than even for the extent of his literary labours. With Grosseteste, the service he performed consisted mainly in resolute opposition to the practical corruption of the Romish system, whilst his allegiance was freely rendered to its doctrinal principles.

But these men, of whom we have been speaking.

laboured chiefly for the learned and devout, and their writings had often been succeeded with quiet acquiescence. But in the person of John Wycliffe, who was born in the year 1324, the popular reformation began in England. His life is, or ought to be, familiar to every Englishman. His birth, his education at Oxford, the deep and serious impression made in his mind by the great sickness of 1347, his conversion, his early and his later writings, his contests with the friars, his denial of the Pope's authority, the favour of the University and the Crown, his spirit of reform, the growth of religious feeling in his heart, his fearless avowal of opinions, whether held in favour or in disrespect, his translation of the Bible into English, the censure and persecutions that ensued, the home of Lutterworth, and his peaceful, holy death, are all matters of sacred and deeply interesting history and deserve to be remembered. Nor can we forget the doctrines that he professed so nobly and with such lasting effect. He taught that salvation was to be found in Christ only, and that, though good works were necessary, it was as a sign of a holier work that had been accomplished in the heart. He denied the mediation of saints, the value of indulgences, or the absolving power of popes or prelates. He looked to the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit as the efficient cause of a holy life, and in everything he made the Scriptures the sole authority in matters of faith, and claimed for all, whether the "poor catiff," or poorer priest, the inalienable right of private judgment. In some things, indeed, his opinions will be questioned by many, even at the present day, for he held firmly the doctrine of the election of grace. He believed that the Church consisted only of faithful

men, and he recognised but two orders of ministry in its government—the presbyter and the deacon. He disapproved of tithes and endowments, and imagined that the Church would be more pure if its ministers were supported by the constant “alms-giving” of its members. Holding these views, almost every error of the papal system met with his uncompromising resistance. He denounced the temporal power of the Pope, denied that his spiritual claims were authentic, and with an unsparing hand revealed the many corruptions which infested the religious system of Rome.

We said that he translated the Bible, and in doing this he accomplished a great practical work, and one of inestimable value, since it contained within itself the germ of all that is most important. The truths of Scripture were no longer the heir-loom of a privileged class, for in this act of translation, the right of private judgment was implied. A revelation from God, which needed a second from the priest to make it intelligible!—a Bible given to the whole world to be chained in the chapter-house and convent! All this was at an end, and no true man wept over it. And when the career of Wycliffe terminated, the work of reformation went on. That brave one had kindled a living flame in many hearts, and words spoken before rulers, in the Church, or by the way-side, became a quickening principle of spiritual life, the harbingers of fuller and more perfect day—streaks, as it were, in the grey morning, that grew at last into full and joyful sunshine!

But we are standing on the very verge of the martyr age of England, a day of suffering, and yet of bright and cheerful promise. It was truly a

glorious time when that little Church, feeble and despised, the very poorest and meanest upon earth, feared not at the command of Christ to drink of his cup of sorrow, and to be baptized with his baptism. I do not know a nobler incident in the battles of the Peninsula than when a small band, the fragment of a larger regiment, was separated from our army, and forced to traverse a wide plain swept by the French cavalry, before it could regain a safe position. From the hill-side, but too far away to render help, the English soldiers watched the conflict. Ever and again, in the clear sunshine of a Spanish summer's day, the dark bands of France swept round this little phalanx: they formed, fired, and marched on, as the discomfited cavalry broke away from them, like the billow from the rock. Again and again, the effort was renewed, until at last that small company, worn but not dispirited, reached the main body in safety and in triumph. Have you not in this, an epitome of the history of the Church during the succeeding century, only that in the spiritual conflict, often repeated and terrible, there was one with them, like unto the Son of Man?

From the death of Wycliffe to the accession of Henry VIII. there elapsed a period of one hundred and twenty-five years, and from the commencement of Henry's reign to the suppression of the monasteries about twenty-seven years, in the whole one hundred and fifty-two years, and during this century and a-half the preparatory work of reformation was accomplished. But whilst these changes were being gradually effected in England, the continent of Europe was not unmoved. And what was passing there would soon be felt at a distance, for the web of society is so closely interwoven that

one thread cannot be touched without causing the rest to vibrate. Sometimes great social and moral revolutions are effected simultaneously, and society in its various phases becomes almost equally changed. A spark, as of electric fire, passes through the whole social system, and kindles it into flame ; and at other times these influences are only felt as a slow fermenting principle, that gradually leavens society and changes it into its own nature. The minds of men are never stagnant, and opinions cannot be cooped up within a province or a kingdom, any more than the man in Milton's bold apothegm could impound his crows by raising his park walls. Public opinion existed in the thirteenth century not less really than at present, and truth and error found a current way to the homes and the hearts of millions.

The changes which effect social morality are not less widely related than physical phenomena. That earthquake which rocked a city to destruction at the same time raised a reflux wave on the remotest shore, and trembled in slight convulsions along an entire continent. Here it is a chasm that becomes the grave of a province, and there, at the distance of a thousand miles on some mountain-side, it troubles the little spring that gushes from the rock in crystal. There can be no disturbance of the ordinary course of nature which is not felt in its remotest limits, not even a ripple on the lake that does not repeat itself in faint undulations until it touches the shore. And when I trace the history of society, and mark the changes which have arisen from the efforts of a single mind, and perceive that by such means the entire aspect of social life has been altered, then I feel the beauty of the

analogy, and gratefully acknowledge that there are lines of communication as real, and sympathies as potent, which bind together mankind in common brotherhood, as those that link indissolubly the separate elements of the material universe.

From a very early period a spirit of persecution has peculiarly characterised the Roman Catholic Church. Not only is it intolerant in the sense of an absolute and unqualified rejection of every opinion which it does not accept or sanction, for in this respect the principle is common to every sincere and earnest creed, but in the repugnance that it has always exhibited to the toleration of any other forms of belief, however unobtrusively maintained or seriously professed. And we believe this to arise mainly from the peculiar manner in which the Roman Catholic priesthood are bound up with their system, and identified with its success. To deny the authority of the Church is to invalidate their title to ecclesiastical pre-eminence, for their position of isolated superiority depends solely on ecclesiastical dogmas; and if in any instance the authority of the Church be questioned, there is no longer any security for the official position of its ministers. Hence, it becomes needful for the priest to watch the least tendency to impugn the spiritual absolutism of his creed, since, if this be shaken, he has nothing on which to stand. With the priest who has so much of personal interest at stake, the heretic is not one who merely opposes theoretic belief with opinions, however erroneous, but the opponent that seeks to dislodge the Church from its authority, and in doing this, to change the temporal relation of every one that ministers within its walls.

It is easy to tolerate an abstract proposition; meta-

physicians may discuss it, and moralists weigh its probable influence on society, but to the priest of the Romish Church there are no abstract truths in relation to his hierarchy, since they are all practical, either sustaining the superstructure in which he dwells, or weakening its foundation, and discovering rents and crevices in the fabric. His antagonism is, therefore, fiercely personal, and persecution in its most active form becomes only an agency of self-defence.

In the reign of Henry IV. the first statute making heresy a capital crime in England was passed. This instrument once prepared there were willing hands to wield it ; and during the archbishoprics of Arundel and Chicheley the Lollards endured very severe and cruel persecution, and their sufferings for conscience sake continued during the succeeding reigns ; but in the time of Edward IV. we hear of only one Lollard having been brought to the stake.

The first of these confessors was William Sawtree, rector of St. Osyth's, in the city of London. The chief articles against him were " that he would not worship the cross on which Christ suffered, but only Christ that suffered upon the cross ; that every priest and deacon is more bound to preach the word of God than to say particular services at the canonical hours ; and that after the pronouncing of the sacramental words of the body of Christ the bread remaineth of the same nature that it was before, neither doth it cease to be bread ;" and in the year 1401 this proto-martyr was burned to death in the city of London.

Oh, Sirs ! we give thanks to God for these brave men, since in their death we perceive that true faith is not only a living but an expanding principle. In the

common walk of life I do not ask for that faith which would take me to prison or the stake, but when in old and honoured books I read of martyrs and confessors, and find that their faith so rarely failed in the hour of deepest suffering, then I bless God that he provides his servants with armour when it is needed; with strength for the conflict, with grace for the trial, and with a faith that is stronger than death. Think of that poor tailor, Badby, who, when the flames had been already kindled about him, was taken from the stake, and offered by the Prince of Wales, not only safety, but a provision for life, if he would recant; yet, "not accepting deliverance that he might obtain a better resurrection," he refused, and was led back again to the fire and to his crown of martyrdom.

Think, again, of William Thorpe, examined before the archbishop, when he threatened him that he should be burned to death in Smithfield. "At this saying," says Thorpe, "I stood still and spake not, but I thought in mine heart that God did to me great grace, if he would, of his mercy, bring me to such an end."

Later still than this, in the reign of Henry V., the good Lord Cobham could tell the king to his face, "But as touching the Pope and his spirituality, I owe them neither suit nor service, as I know him by the Scriptures to be the great Antichrist, the son of perdition, the open adversary of God, and the abomination standing in the holy place." In 1417 he was burned to death at a slow fire, but remained firm in the principles which he had professed and to his God.

Think, again, of John Claydon, burned to death in 1415, because he had in his possession a book, which exposed the errors of the Church of Rome; and his

servants testified "that he delighted to hear it read, and said that many things he had heard from this book were profitable, good, and healthful to his soul."

In the diocese of Norwich alone, during the reign of Henry VI., and within three years, one hundred and twenty persons were apprehended on the charge of heresy, some imprisoned, some compelled to recant, and others put to death.

In the reign of Henry VII., 1494, Joan Broughton, at the age of fourscore, was burned to death for professing the doctrines of Wycliffe; and it is worthy of notice that she was the first woman that suffered martyrdom in England.

Think, again, of John Brown, of Ashford, who was so piteously treated by Fisher the bishop of Rochester, and by the archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of Henry VIII., that his bare feet were set upon hot burning coals, to make him recant, but he would not; and when they put him in the stocks, and his loving wife sat by him all night, he told her how his feet were burned to the bones by the two bishops, so that he could not set them to the ground, "'to make me,' said he, 'deny my Lord, which I will never do, for if I should deny him in this world he would deny me hereafter.'" And so he was burned to death the next day, saying, as the flames rose round him, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit, thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth."

No, Sirs! it is not good that these things should be forgotten; and I pray God that when our faith fails us, and love is cold in the heart, and as a people we yield for awhile to the blandishments of Rome, and are subdued by its sensuous splendours; or when, more dangerous even than Rome itself, a formal

Ritualism finds its way to the heart of our common Protestantism, and checks its very life-blood,—that then these old stories of cruel suffering and triumphant faith should be told yet again, till, like the tones of a trumpet, they stir within us the breath of life. But, say they, it was only the spirit of the times, and Protestants could persecute too. Yet what was it that at first excited that spirit of persecution, if not the Church of Rome and her instructions, bequeathing even to those who left her communion and received a purer faith, the old and fatal leaven? But Protestantism works itself free from this great evil, whilst everywhere Popery cleaves to it. Never let THIS be forgotten! And when you speak of a creed that finds no warrant in the Word of God, of prayers uttered in an unknown tongue, of the Bible a sealed and dishonoured book, of image-worship, and the adoration of saints, of the civil tyranny and priestly oppression of the Church of Rome, of her cunning craft and delusive miracles, of people bowed to her control as the slave bends to the fetter, of monks corrupted by the monastery and of nuns devoted to profitless seclusion, of popes whose whole lives were one long act of profligacy, and of Jesuits whose names have become the byword for faithlessness and duplicity—oh forget it not! in this land of ours, where the martyr-fires have been so often kindled, that when God shall accuse that church for her many corruptions, it will be remembered against her that she was drunk with the blood of the saints!

The period of which we have just spoken was especially distinguished by the large amount of royal favour bestowed on the Church of Rome; but on several occasions the Commons were very desirous of restraining the grow-

ing wealth of the clergy, though generally defeated in the attempt. Still the influence of the Romish see was gradually diminished, and this mainly through its internal dissensions. At one period no less than three popes claimed to exercise supreme authority; and this unseemly spectacle did no disservice to the approaching Reformation.

The reign of Henry VIII. was one of a very singular and important character, but its history chiefly pertains to the actual Reformation. On his accession to the throne the King was a sincere Romanist, and he persecuted the Lollards, or Gospellers, as they were then called, with unrelenting hatred. He even burned in one fire at Coventry, seven men for teaching their children the ten commandments in English. Henry wrote earnestly against Luther, caused the translation of the New Testament, by Tyndal, to be publicly destroyed, and punished a man that was found reading it with death; and this even as late as the year 1541. Then came the marriage with Anne Boleyn, his quarrel with the Pope, the denial of papal supremacy, the suppression of the smaller and larger monasteries, the translation of the Bible by Cranmer, the prayers in English, and at last the King's marriage with Queen Catherine Parr. But in the midst of this change, the spirit and the principles of Popery prevailed; so that at length it was very difficult to continue safely in the communion of Rome, and quite as hazardous to forsake its tenets. As late as 1541 we find, that at one stake three Roman Catholics were burned for refusing to deny the Pope's supremacy, and three for objecting to the Protestant doctrine of justification by works; but, notwithstanding these

anomalies, the reign of Henry VIII. constitutes the first great act of Reformation, and therefore lies beyond our immediate province.

In reviewing the period which has occupied our attention to-night, we cannot wonder that Reformation followed. We only feel surprised that it was delayed so long. "The greater part of literature in the middle ages," says Hallam, "at least from the twelfth century, may be considered as artillery levelled against the clergy. I do not say against the Church, which might imply a doctrinal opposition by no means universal. But if there is one theme upon which the most serious as well as the lightest, the most orthodox as the most heretical writers, are united, it is ecclesiastical corruption. Divided among themselves, the secular clergy detested the regular, the regular monks satirised the mendicant friars, who, in their turn, after exposing both to the ill-will of the people, incurred a double portion of it themselves. In this most important respect, therefore, the influence of mediæval literature was powerful towards change."

Such were the writings of Chaucer in the fourteenth century, and the still earlier verses of Piers Ploughman. Hear how the great father of English poetry lays bare the corruption of the Church, or rather of its officers :

"With him there rode a gentle Pardonere,*
 Of Rouncevall, his friend and his compere,
 That strait was coming from the court of Rome.
 His wallet lay before him on his lappe,
 Bretful of pardon come from Rome, all hot,
 A voice he had as small as hath a goat.
 But of his craft from Berwick unto Ware,
 Nor was there, such another Pardonere,
 For in his mail, he had a pilwebere,†

* A seller of Indulgences. † The covering of a pillow.

Which, as he said, was our Lady's veil.
 He said he had a gobbet* of the sail
 That St. Peter had, when that he went
 Upon the sea, till Jesus Christ him hent.†
 He had a cross of laton‡ full of stones,
 And in a glass he had pigges' bones.
 But with these relics, when that he found,
 A poor persone, dwelling up on land,
 Upon a day he got him more monnie,
 Than that the person gat in months tweie.
 And thus, with feigned flattering and japes,§
 He made the persone and the peple his apes."

But these verses, and many like them, were the results of a previous impression on the popular mind. It was in that lust of power within the Church, which seemed to be omnipotent, until it was swallowed up by the fiercer lust of gain, that we hail the proximate cause of discontent,—in those fierce struggles against temporal wrong which resulted, by a very slow yet certain process, in the extinction of all spiritual reverence for the oppressor,—in the growing intelligence of the people,—in military and commercial enterprise which drew men away from the narrow circle of priestly influence,—in the sympathy that was gradually felt with the growing Reformation on the Continent,—in the miracle of the printing-press—in that unobtrusive line of piety which appeared like a thread of gold that remains untarnished in some dishonoured garment—in the open Bible of Wycliffe, in the great and simple verities which he taught—in the doctrines of the Lollards and their unflinching testimony for truth, in their hours of imprisonment, in the dungeon and the stake—in one and in all we recognise the precursors of that great change for which God was silently preparing his Church.

* Morsel, or bit.

+ Took hold of.

† A mixed metal like brass.

§ Tricks.

It came at last, mingled with much of human infirmity, and accomplished by hands that sullied its purity—a reformation that needed to be reformed—a revival of religion that has yet to be kindled into an expansive and glowing piety; but it came as God intended it, in failure and in weakness, to be a period of probation—another hour of service—the dawn, as we believe, of a purer, a holier, and more blessed day.

We look back thankfully on the past, and feel that in the Reformation of the Church a work was accomplished which calls for earnest and abiding gratitude. We recognise in that change the germ of intellectual freedom, the pledge of political and social emancipation, and, above all, the true principle of spiritual life. Nor can we feel any discouragement, that as, in God's material works, so in this his spiritual, he does not perform all for us, but leaves much for men to do. I cannot undervalue the Reformation whilst I think of what preceded it; and yet the more closely its history is studied, the more we feel that God never meant the human mind to rest in it, or in anything short of himself, but using each provision of His mercy as a stepping-stone, that it should go on to perfection, sought after only on earth, but to be realised by those who are before the throne.

And whilst we review the history of past centuries, and with a fearless criticism assign them their proper place in the world's history, is it not, well sometimes to consider that the character of each age is determined by a multiplicity of individual actions? The few great names that have come down to us from the past did not constitute the era in which they lived, and their influence was only felt because others were prepared to

recognise it; alone they could have done nothing, but operating upon other minds which were ready for action, their power either for good or evil was effective and permanent. Philosophers tell us that the rays of the sun, as they pass through space, flow on in one broad, uninterrupted beam of light, whilst all around is absolutely dark; but as soon as they enter our atmosphere, every ray becomes reflected, and the world rejoices in light.

The age in which we live is passing rapidly over us, and it will soon take its appointed place in the world's history; and I sometimes wonder what that place will be: but it ceases to be a question of vague curiosity if we accept it in its practical issues, and earnestly inquire as to our part in relation to the present.

Are we, each one of us, at this moment, holding up his mirror to shed some portion of God's truth on the world, receiving light that we may reflect it, truth that we may spread the truth, knowledge that it may be communicated? Young men! this institution is nothing if it begin and end with the instruction that is imparted from this platform. This would be but ploughing in the sand, or sowing salt in the furrow. Yet it accomplishes a real work, and becomes an inestimable blessing, if it make you feel the importance of labouring for God and the good of your fellow-men; if receiving you as learners it sends you forth, equipped as labourers, the willing-hearted and the strong.

We do not want you to be ambitious of *great results*. Leave these to God, but do faithfully whatever he commands. The earth was never made fertile by men who sought at once to bring the entire waste into cultivation, but each garden-plot, each little enclo-

sure, diligently watered and sown with care, rewarded its cultivator, and grew, at last, into the fruitful province. For you, young men, and for ourselves, as the time for labour is passing away, we earnestly desire, not wider fields of enterprise, but the will to improve whatever God has committed to our care, and He will enlarge the sphere as He sees that we are obedient to his designs, and faithful to every opportunity.

We have spoken much of reformation to-night, and have seen that it implies conflict; nor will the battle cease until the toils of earthly warfare terminate for ever in the rest of heaven. Reformation is but another name for the constant antagonism of God's truth with error, of good with evil, of light with darkness; and in this there never has been, and there cannot be, neutrality; and in the age in which we live the conflict deepens. Men of piety are awakening to a sense of responsibility, and the world is quickened in its enmity to spiritual truth. Superstition in strange forms, and under new aspects, is seeking again to enthrall the minds of men, and bind the world that seemed to be emancipated from its thralldom, with broken and discarded fetters; or what means this renewed life in the papacy, or what this Anglican heresy, that has led so many captive at its will? And whilst superstition is doing such great evil, and benumbing thousands with its drowsy enchantments, is it not strange, that cold and heartless scepticism should be checking in others the current of religious life? Our Bible, superseded by the one, and denied by the other; our faith,—the simple Gospel of Christ,—the prey of superstition and the sport of infidelity. Yet, be not discouraged, for, though you see them not, there are “the horses of fire

and the chariots of fire," and wherever these are, there is safety. Look upon the PAST, and take courage! From the hills of the Vaudois—from the prison of the Lollard—from the stake of the martyr, come the clear and thrilling tones of victory! No matter how many or how powerful were their foes, or how faint and feeble the means of resistance, they went out in the hour of darkness, but they were not forsaken, and from broken pitchers their lamps shone forth upon a troubled and flying enemy. Take courage from the PRESENT; for never was there greater reason for hope and confidence than now. Even the conflict inspires it. I see on every shore the heralds of salvation, and hear the hymns of praise going up from the forest-home of the settler, whilst men unite as they never did before to accomplish the purposes of God; nor is this Association of yours the least valued sign of Christian progress. Oh, young men! brethren and fellow-workers with Christ, united as you are to spread His truth and to commend it others, be not faithless to that solemn trust which he has committed to your care, but carry on the work of reformation that God has begun, and which, by willing hands and a fitting agency, he will complete.

And take courage from the FUTURE, for its promises are even clearer than the utterances of the past. The earth, in its bondage, already sighs for deliverance, and with earnest expectation the Church awaits the hour of her triumph.

Along that avenue, which widens into millennial glory, the lamps of prophecy shine with undiminished lustre. Events that were foretold are already numbered with the past, and the remotest future seems to be drawing very near. As the cycle of prophecy fulfils its

appointed period, each star in succession goes down behind the horizon, and in the clear sky of the morning the Sun of Righteousness arises with healing on its wings.

A little longer, Popery, with its dreary superstitions, may obstruct God's truth, and Infidelity hinder its progress, for the struggle is not yet ended, or the warfare accomplished.

Young men! beloved and honoured! you are still upon this battle-field, yet how noble and how safe, to be among the early called, by God's grace, summoned to the conflict, and by that grace destined to the crown!

For the honour of your God—for the glory of His name—for the stability of truth—each one of you is invited to be a reformer in the stern spirit of the past, a soldier of the cross, a follower of the Lamb; and for this you need no conspicuous field of conflict. In the place of daily business, in the crowded mart, and in the quiet chambers of domestic life, are the noblest opportunities for service, if the heart be willing and the purpose strong. Young men! it is God's own word, "Be ye faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life that fadeth not away."

In this great assembly, is there *one* who will refuse the service and shrink from the reward?

Sincerity, in its relation to Human Actions, and
to Matters of Religious Belief.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. SAMUEL D. WADDY,

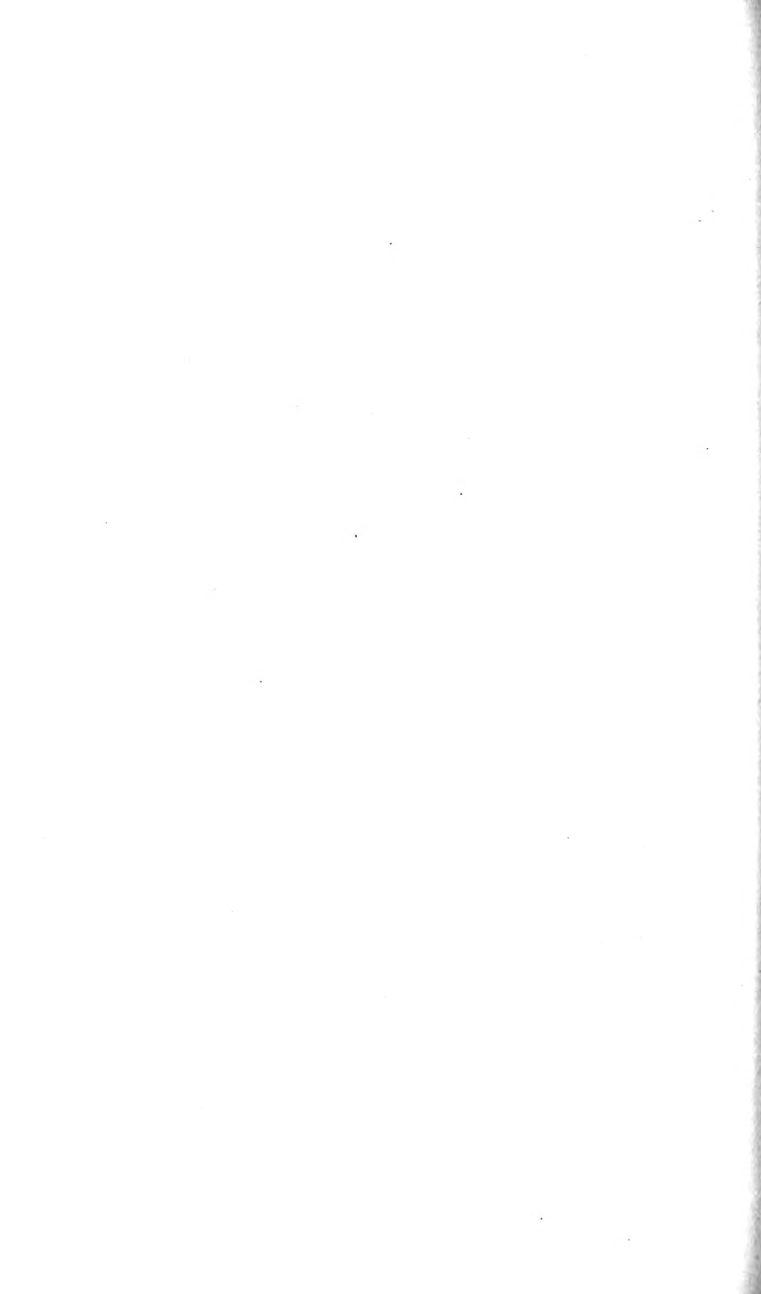
GOVERNOR AND CHAPLAIN OF WESLEY COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

JANUARY 18, 1853.



SINCERITY, IN ITS RELATION TO HUMAN ACTIONS, AND TO MATTERS OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

WE cannot overrate the vast importance of principles. In the phenomena of nature and the wonders of art, the man who views only the results is dazzled and confounded, and the mind, instead of being enlightened, is brought more completely under the influence of darkness and fear; but he who searches beneath the surface perceives, that what is so varied and complex in its developement, is simple in its nature and process, and that these results, so numerous and *apparently* so different, are but the diversified applications of a few principles. So in morals and religion, it is of vastly greater advantage to understand principles than to be acquainted with mere rules. Principles are unchanging and invariably applicable. Rules are affected by circumstances and times, and are only applicable in analogous cases; and even then require to be applied with exception and variation. Principles are few; rules, innumerable. Principles, intelligible; rules, complex and difficult.

The principles of a nation are the evidences of its greatness, and not the monuments which its industry or art may have reared. High principles will adorn each succeeding age with monuments. The monuments alone would be a standing reproach when the principles and greatness were gone. Rome preserves not for the honour, but for the reproof and disgrace of her sons, the

.

monuments of the liberty and power which once made her the empress of the world; and the name which is now the synonym for heartless perfidy, for degrading superstition, and for cringing bondage, is all the more humiliating, because the noblest men were once proud to bear it, and the most illustrious of other nations purchased it at a great price. And the modern Greek is all the more despicable because he plots his little schemes of falsehood and knavery amid the ruins of Athens, and under the shadow of the trophies and monuments of mighty deeds. National character is but the aggregate of individual character; and in the formation of individual character, and in our estimate of human conduct, principles are to be especially regarded.

I have to address you to-night on sincerity, in its relation to human actions, and to matters of religious belief,—a principle which has to do with all the transactions of time, and which extends its consequences into that eternity in which there is no disguise, and in which men and things all appear in their true and proper characters.

To be sincere is defined by Dr. Johnson as being honest, undissembling, uncorrupt, without hypocrisy. The word “sincere,” from the Latin *sincerus*, is, according to some, derived from the two Greek words, *συν* and *καρδια*, “with the heart;” but we greatly prefer the notion of Cicero, who derives it, with but little change either in spelling or pronunciation, from *sine cerâ*, which means “without wax,” and refers to clarified honey, freed from all impurities,—a beautiful metaphor under any circumstances, but especially so if we remember the universal and almost miraculous medicinal properties which pure honey was formerly supposed to possess; whereas, most

things pleasant to the taste were injurious to the health, and most things which were healing and restorative to the constitution were nauseous to the palate. The *mel sincerum* combined the most delicious sweetness with powers of sovereign remedy, and to eat of it was to seek at once your pleasure and your life.

The Greeks used several words to indicate sincerity ; but the best and most expressive—*εἰλικρίνης*—is compounded of two words, *εἶλη*, the splendour of the sun. and *κρίνω*, I judge ; thus describing it as something which might be examined in the clearest and strongest light without the possibility of detecting a single flaw or imperfection, referring specially to the practice of the jeweller, who does not decide on the value of the precious stone merely by the ingenuity and labour of its cutting or the brilliancy of its polish, but holds it up between his eye and the sun, to look into it and through it, to see that its quality and colour are perfect and uniform. A sincere man, says a quaint old writer, is not gilded, but gold ; not a splendid and burnished plating outside, to cover some baser metal within, but all the way through to the heart what he outwardly appears to be. Sincerity is one of the great bands of mutual intercourse, and the foundation of mutual trust ; without it society would be the dominion of mutual jealousy and fraud, and conversation a traffic of lies and dissimulation. It implies a conformity of our words with our sentiments, a correspondence between our actions and dispositions, a strict regard to truth, and an irreconcilable abhorrence from falsehood. It does not, indeed, require that we expose our sentiments indiscreetly, or tell all that we know in every case ; but certainly it does not, and cannot, admit the least violation of truth or contradiction to

our sentiments ; for, if these bounds are once passed, no possible limit can be assigned where the violation shall stop, and no pretence of private or public good can possibly counterbalance the ill consequences of such a violation.

It is not for us to say how large a portion of the degradation and misery of mankind is to be attributed to the disregard and violation of this great principle ; but it is too evident that insincerity does more or less pervade and poison all ranks of society, high and low,—all engagements of life, public and private, grave and gay. And while all men professedly pay homage to sincerity, and allow it to cover a multitude of errors and sins, although it may be mistaken both in its objects and its means, yet a large proportion—we fear an overwhelming majority—acknowledge and admit insincerity as an allowable and even essential element in human actions.

It seems to be universally understood, that however possible and desirable it may be to banish insincerity from the minor transactions of individual men, it must be retained and cultivated in national negotiations. Diplomacy, as conducted by its most approved masters, is one continued series of deceptions. Talleyrand, whom the world accounted the greatest politician of his day, unblushingly adopted the principle that “the use of language is to disguise and conceal our thoughts ;” and how often do the tenor and words of international treaties show that they are made for the very purpose of evasion ! The hostile intention is concealed under professions of indissoluble alliance, and treachery lurks in language abounding with declarations of honour and confidence. Men have been lured to imprisonment and

death by the safe conduct of a prince. Armies and nations have been betrayed to destruction by the false promises of men who have prided themselves on their integrity. Until it appears to be pretty universally understood that princely promises and national engagements are to be kept only so long as it is *convenient* to keep them; and that their real obligation consists not in the justice of their provisions, nor in the binding precision of their terms, nor in the solemnity of their ratification, but solely in the interest or caprice of the stronger party.

In political affairs the public servant is appointed to his office, and regards and performs his duties with insincerity. His qualifications to meet the requirements of the place are little, if at all, considered. It is enough that he stands in some relation to, or has established some claim upon, the men who have the power of appointment, and who, instead of regarding such power as a public trust, regard only their own aggrandisement and that of their friends. The vice of the appointment runs through the servant and the duty, until the incompetency of government servants, and the expensive inferiority of government work, are alike proverbial.

The patriot builds his popularity and fortune on the advocacy of principles which he never sincerely held, and a cause in the success of which he has no interest beyond his own advantage; and feels, while giving utterance to his most stirring appeals, and in the very tide and tempest of his passion, that he is a knave for the part he plays, and that the people are fools for applauding and believing him. Wilkes declared that *he* never was a Wilkite; and it is reported of one of the most successful of modern orators, that before entering on

public life he invited a party of his friends, to consult with them which side it would be most profitable for him to take.

Insincerity characterises the conduct of the senator while seeking the suffrages of his countrymen; it breathes in the condescension of his personal canvass, and dictates the topics of his public addresses. He gains his object by making professions which he knows are not sincere, and promises which he never means to fulfil; and is fully aware that he has corrupted by bribery, and debased by drunkenness, the people whose intelligence and honesty he is lauding to the skies. When once returned, his main object is a place, a pension, or a peerage. He advocates measures, not because they are good in themselves, but because they are likely to advance his own interests or those of his party; conceals his real motives under a well-dissembled zeal for the public good; and if he have not the effrontery of Sheil, who boldly defended lying in his parliamentary speeches as a rhetorical artifice, nevertheless tries to advance the meanest and most selfish purposes by loud and eloquent declarations of the noblest sentiments.

Insincerity poisons the amenities of social intercourse. Character is slandered, under the pretext of indignation at the vice or pity for the misfortunes of the sufferer. Men appear in disguise. The mind and character, as well as the body, are dressed up for the occasion. Mutual hatred is hidden under professions of friendship. The man who is in heart despised is addressed in terms of adulation and respect, and "lowly fawning is called compliment." Follow these persons into other company. The subsequent description of the guests, with whom they had been associated,

the remarks upon their sayings and attire, the evidently low estimation in which they are really held, form a humiliating contrast to the terms of admiration and eulogy spoken in their presence; and the heart sickens at the contemplation of the hollowness of ordinary friendships, and the insincerity which lurks under the apparently spontaneous and unreserved avowals of affection and esteem. All flattery, which is the extravagant praise bestowed upon a person for acts performed or for qualities possessed altogether beyond the limits of fair and courteous description, or, as in many instances, on grounds purely imaginary and fictitious, by which men have been puffed up with pride and ambition, and by which women have been intoxicated with vanity and drawn on to ruin, is opposed to sincerity, as it is opposed to truth. It involves the insincerity both of the giver and receiver. He who is true to himself can never receive praises to which he knows he is not entitled; and he who is true to another can never give them. This vice is well described by the the poet as—

“ Parent of evil, bane of honest deeds,
Pernicious Flattery! thy destructive seeds,
In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand,
Sadly diffused o'er virtue's gleby land,
With rising pride amid the corn appear,
And check the hope and promise of the year.”

Trade is one vast system of insincerity. Every article of valuable manufacture is imitated in a cheaper form. If the aids of science and industry are employed on the one hand to invent and improve, they are employed on the other to deteriorate and injure, to supply by showy appearance the lack of quality and use.

Inferior material and imperfect workmanship in some things, extensive adulteration in others, contracted width and deficient measure in others, are among the daily cheats practised in tens of thousands of instances. Then these defective and inferior things are obtruded upon the public by inflated puffing, deceptive tickets, and false and exaggerated advertisement; and urged upon the customer by the most shameless misrepresentation, till lying becomes a habit; and, if used for the purposes of profit, ceases to be considered a crime or a disgrace, till all confidence in matters of business is destroyed, and the man, on whose word you would implicitly depend in all other cases, is justly suspected the moment he enters his counting-house or his shop; till facility or expertness in lying has become a merchantable commodity. Employers bargain and pay for it; and then, with ridiculous inconsistency, expect that truth and falsehood, integrity and dishonesty, should dwell in perfection, and dwell unmixed and without confusion in the same mind, and be always used with the nicest discrimination; and are surprised and horrified to find, that the man who has been lying and cheating for *their* profit has been doing it in another direction for *his own*, and has failed to see the difference in moral turpitude between robbing the public for his master and robbing the master for himself.

The workman unhesitatingly promises to complete your work at any time you may happen to fix without feeling himself bound to fulfil his engagement, unless you hold him by a bond which it would cost him too much to break. The servant renders what the Scriptures call "eye-service," shows care and diligence before the master's face, and is idle and destructive behind his back.

The opposite parties are too often equally insincere. The master devises schemes to grind down and overreach the labourer; the buyer depreciates the goods as fast as the seller praises them, and offers a price as much below their real value as the demand of the seller is above it; and then come the excuses for postponing payment, engagements deferred and broken, all manner of shifts and devices made, and discovered, and changed, until the great principle of English justice is entirely reversed; and instead of thinking every man honest until he is proved to be a rogue, you are tempted to suspect every man a rogue until you have proved him honest.

It would be well if religion were exempt from the insincerity which more or less tarnishes and corrupts the other actions and relations of human life, but unhappily it is not. Hypocrisy assumes the garb and learns the phraseology of godliness—enters its holy brotherhood, and ministers at its sacred altars—often too subtle to be detected by human judgment, “The only vice that walks unseen by all but God,”—often, alas! too manifest to men through the thin veil of its concealment.

Professing a faith which is not sincerely believed; singing praises without adoration; giving thanks without gratitude; confessing sins without penitence; praying without either confidence or desire; professing to have renounced, and yet clinging to, the world; talking of the joys of heaven, yet wedded to the pleasures of sense; fasting, to appear unto men to fast; giving alms without pity or benevolence; professing to rejoice in the anticipations of eternity, yet dreadfully afraid of going there; seeking office and influence in the church for the gratification of personal vanity, under the pretext of zeal for

God; compassing sea and land to make proselytes for the aggrandisement of a party or a sect, and calling it pity for the souls of men. "Surely man walketh in a vain show;" and if one were to speak in haste we should say, "All men are liars."

Sincerity, although we are considering it in its relation to human actions, is no matter of mere external conformity, it cannot be superinduced from without: it is an inward principle, it must be wrought within, and thence pervade and influence all the motives and actions of life. There must, therefore, be sincerity of thought. "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." He can never be sincere to others who is not first true to himself. There is for the insincere man only the alternative of humiliation or misanthropy. He must either feel that he is sinking below the moral level of other men at every double and shift; or if he thinks others as bad as himself, he must form an increasingly degrading estimate of all men. The sincere man thinks *honestly*, does not trifle with convictions and evidence, learns to attach the same definite character to moral actions, whether they be his own or those of other men, and not to palliate in himself faults which he would blame in them, and not to plume himself on excellencies which he would hold of small account in another. He thinks *straightforward*, is not afraid of carrying out his ideas and reasonings to legitimate conclusions. If the conclusions should prove startling or dangerous, he will examine the ideas and principles again; and if he finds they cannot be sustained, he will honestly renounce what he cannot honestly hold; false and dangerous theories cannot long be innocently held, they will grow on to their results and lead to humiliation or deceit, while

sincerity of thought will give true nobleness and independence of character. The man who can stand upright in his own presence will not crouch in the presence of another. This straightforward thinking tends to clearness and distinctness of thought; insincerity mystifies. It tends to vigour; the sincere man pursues his object with undivided and concentrated attention, not called off at every turn by a host of probabilities, not alarmed lest some new and unexpected consequence should cross his path; he follows with steady determination to the result.

Sincerity of thought will lead to sincerity of speech. As Juvenal has it, A sincere vessel will sound sincere. Where there is no guile in the heart, there will be none in the lips. The two great means which insincerity uses in order to deceive, are simulation and dissimulation: simulation is the seeming to be what we are not; dissimulation, the seeming not to be what we are; according to the old verse, *Quod non est simulo: dissimuloque quod est*. Innumerable are the shapes that simulation puts on in order to deceive; and almost as many are used by dissimulation for the same purpose. But the man of sincerity shuns them both. It may be asked, Suppose we are engaged with artful men, especially if they ask insidious questions, may we not use silence or reserve without falling under the imputation of insincerity? Undoubtedly we may; and there are many occasions on which we ought either wholly to keep silence, or to speak with more or less reserve, as circumstances may require. To say nothing at all is in many cases consistent with the highest sincerity, and so it is to speak with reserve, to say only a part, perhaps a small part, of what we know; but were we to pretend it to be

the whole, this would be contrary to sincerity. A more difficult question than this is, May we not speak the truth in order to deceive? like him of old who broke out into that exclamation, applauding his own ingenuity, *Hoc ego mihi puto palmarium, ut vera dicendo eos ambos fallam*, "This I take to be my master-piece, to deceive them both by speaking the truth." I answer, A heathen might pique himself upon this, but no member of a Christian association. For although this cannot properly be said to be contrary to truth, it is certainly contrary to sincerity. If, therefore, we speak at all, we must not only speak the truth, but speak the truth from the heart. As sincerity forbids all deceptive speaking, it of course forbids all direct falsehood.

Most casuists distinguish lies into three sorts. The first sort is malicious lies; the second, harmless lies; the third, officious lies;—concerning which, respectively, they pass very different judgments. I know not any who are so hardy as even to excuse, much less defend, malicious lies, that is, such as are told with a deliberate design to hurt any one. These are condemned by all parties. Men are more divided in their judgments with regard to harmless lies,—such as are supposed to do neither good nor harm. The generality of men, even in the Christian world, utter them without scruple, and openly maintain, that if they do no harm to any one else they do none to the speaker. They are certainly not consistent with that rule of Christian sincerity, "Putting away lying, speak every man truth to his neighbour." Concerning officious lies—those which have been spoken to do good—there have been numerous controversies in the Christian Church. Some writers—and they men of renown for piety as well as

learning—have published whole volumes on the subject, and, despite of all opposers, not only maintained them to be innocent, but commended them as meritorious. Whatever might have been said by writers on moral philosophy, it is most strange that any doubt should have existed in the minds of Christian men on a case fully argued and settled by the inspired apostle, Rom. iii. 7, 8, “If the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory, why am I yet judged as a sinner?” Will not that lie be excused from blame, on account of its good effect? “And not rather, as we are slanderously reported, and as some affirm that we say, Let us do evil that good may come? whose damnation is just.” Here the apostle plainly declares, 1. That the good effect of a lie is no excuse for it; 2. That it is a mere slander upon Christians to say, that “they teach men to do evil that good may come;” 3. That if any, in fact, do this, either teach men to do evil that good may come, or do it themselves, their damnation is just. This is peculiarly applicable to those who tell lies for religious purposes, concealing the truth, handling the word of God deceitfully, or teaching for the doctrines of God, and as of divine authority, the traditions of men. All lies, these as well as others, are abomination to God and insincerity to man.

Sincerity does not require incivility or coarseness. A man's sincerity must not be estimated by the boldness or confidence of his speech, much less by that blunt vulgarity which often hides a shallow and a hollow heart. Our great dramatic poet, an acute observer of human nature, says, in his description of such an one,—

“ This is some fellow,
 Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
 A saucy roughness ; and constrains the garb
 Quite from his nature : He cannot flatter,—he !
 An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth,
 An they will take it so ; if not, he’s plain.
 These kind of knaves I know, who in this plainness
 Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
 Than twenty silly ducking observants,
 That stretch their duties nicely.”

The Scriptures themselves teach us to be courteous—to address men by their recognised titles ; and sincerity will allow us to use conventional forms of speech for the expression of real sentiments of esteem and respect ; for although the expressions so used, when strictly and grammatically examined, might appear to be extreme, or even excessive, yet if conventionally used they will be conventionally understood ; and neither he who uses them, nor he to whom they are addressed, is in any danger of being deceived by them. But this somewhat extreme expression of a real sentiment, is essentially different from the expression in any form, especially in a strong one, of a sentiment which is not felt ; this is insincerity. Nor will conventionalism, or mere custom, justify another practice which is very common, and is opposed alike to sincerity and truth, but which some religious men have not scrupled to defend. When Atterbury was bishop of Rochester, he was asked by several other bishops, “ My lord, why will you not suffer your servants to deny you when you do not care to see company ? It is not a lie for them to say that you are not at home, for it deceives no one ; every one knows it means only your lordship is busy.” He replied, “ My lords, if it is (which I doubt)

consistent with sincerity, yet I am sure it is not consistent with that simplicity which becomes a Christian bishop." Sincerity in speech includes fairness and honesty in controversy; shunning a sophism, however tempting, if we know it to be such; scorning to take an unfair advantage in argument, or trying to make "the worse appear the better reason." It is opposed to another dangerous practice, against which it is scarcely possible to inveigh too strongly,—avowing and defending, for the sake of argument, opinions which we do not believe. It might, perhaps, appear, that a man is in no danger of being deceived by that which he knows to be false: but the constitution of the human mind is such that it is easily impressed by *reiterated* sentiments, whether true or false. The cases are innumerable in which a man has become the first convert to his own foolish theories, the first dupe of his own deceivings; and long before he could persuade any one else to adopt his views, he has, in the worst sense, "got his own soul for a prey."

Sincerity in our civil and political relations will lead us to use with integrity the rights of which we become possessed, whether in the appointment of others to office, or in the obtaining and holding office ourselves; not favour popular delusions, nor deal with popular fallacies, to accomplish a selfish purpose. Appoint no man to an office for which we believe him unqualified. Take none ourselves the duties of which we do not feel competent to perform. Our patriotism must be a sincere love of our country, and a sincere desire to perpetuate and increase the national prosperity.

When urging sincerity in our commercial transactions, we do not condemn *all* attempts to recommend

our wares, or set them off to the best advantage. Sincerity is perfectly compatible with the best representation that truth will warrant. A sincere man may act upon the same plan as the painter, who studies to catch and represent the best expression of his sitter, but it must be a *true* expression, or it is no likeness: *all* that is said must be strictly *within* the truth. Three questions are likely to be asked on this subject:—

1st. Is not the practice of deception, in some form or other, universal in trade? Does not everybody do it himself, and everybody know that it is done by others?

2d. Is not the moral quality of the practice altered by its universality—as a deception ceases to be a deception when nobody is deceived by it?

3d. Is it not necessary to success; so that the giving up of all insincerity in trade would involve the giving up of trade altogether?

As to the first, which assumes the universality of the practice, we reply; that the practice is too general we have already admitted, but its *universality* we deny; honourable exceptions, in reality numerous, although relatively few, are to be found in all ranks of trade, from the merchant princes down to the little shopkeepers. And we can scarcely determine whether the rich man or the poor is more to be admired. Whether he who resists the temptation of making large gains, of adding greatly to his fortune and position, when the prize is within his grasp, at what may appear to be but a small compromise of truth and principle; or he who, if from the smallness of his dealings the prospect of immediate gain be less, is nevertheless urged by the stronger necessity, and nobly refuses to find a refuge, even from poverty and want, in the abandonment of his honesty.

Both are worthy of our admiration and our praise; and although we may hesitate to go quite the full length with the poet, yet he was not far from the truth when he said, "An honest man is the noblest work of God."

The second question, Is not the moral quality of the practice altered by its universality—as a deception ceases to be a deception when no one is deceived by it? fails, if the universality on the presumption of which it is based, cannot be sustained, as we maintain it cannot. But waiving this, the question supposes either that no one is deceived at all, or that no one is deceived to the full extent of the terms employed. If no one is deceived at all, then the practice is utterly useless: it is a wanton sacrifice of truth for no valuable purpose; and he who does it exposes himself to the humiliation of being thought not honest enough to tell the truth, and yet not clever enough to lie with effect. If the question merely supposes that no one is deceived to the full extent of the terms employed, we then answer that we dismiss from our argument any part of the misrepresentation which does not deceive; and as to all that portion of it which does, it is false to all intents and purposes, and the failure of a part of the experiment of deception does not alter the character of the rest.

But, Is it not necessary to success? We confidently answer, No! Honesty is the best policy; and truthfulness, punctuality, and diligence, are yet the highroad to prosperity and wealth: and where these are brought into competition with the vices to which they stand opposed, although the advantage may at first appear to be on the side of the unscrupulous and insincere, it will in the end be found that the triumph of the

wicked is short, and that heavenly wisdom is the best worldly prudence.

The learned professions are not free from this vice. There is one of them the pursuit of which, according to general and popular opinion, is *necessarily* identified with insincerity and falsehood. I refer, of course, to the profession of the law. This general and sweeping censure pronounced upon the whole profession is, like all such censures, unjust. I know that there are to be found, prowling about the purlieus of your inns of court and your tribunals of justice, men who are ready to become either parties or advocates to the most nefarious schemes, and who are ready to defend their villanous transactions by the most enormous lying,—men lost to all principle, and long since abandoned by all their respectable associates. I know, too, that many who still retain their position in society, and are accounted as respectable and estimable men, are sadly unscrupulous, both as to the nature of their business, and the want of truth and sincerity with which it is conducted. But I know, also, that there have been, and still are, men in that profession, not a few, whose moral and religious character, and whose regard for truth and honour, are as unimpeachable as those of any men taken from any other walk of life.

The two points on which the lawyer is supposed to be most exposed to temptation, and on which he is most frequently charged with insincerity, are—

1st. His advocacy of any cause for which he may be engaged, whether true or false.

2d. His insisting on mere technicalities for the escape of a culprit of whose guilt he is, nevertheless, fully assured.

I doubt whether the public generally takes an enlightened and dispassionate view of either of these cases. As to the first, the advocacy in the civil court of any cause, whether true or false. It should be remembered that a man is not ordinarily disposed to incur the expense and anxiety of a suit unless he believes himself to be in the right. Upon the strength of this conviction he comes and represents his case to his lawyer, and in almost all instances so disguises it by a suppression of the weak points, and by giving undue prominence to the strong ones, as to produce a more favourable impression than the strict truth will warrant. This sort of misrepresentation is a very curious fact, attributable, no doubt, in part to that peculiarity of the human mind which we have already noticed, that the continued reiteration of false impressions will in the end produce a persuasion of their truth, especially when such impressions are backed by passion and interest, "for what we hope we labour to believe;" but attributable, mainly, to a strong repugnance to acknowledge that we have done, or are seeking to do, anything which is either foolish or disreputable. Such misrepresentation on the part of the client is always injudicious, and often so prejudicial as to lead to the defeat of a cause which would otherwise have succeeded; and yet such misrepresentations are almost universal. Cicero, in his day, tells us that out of 30,000 persons by whom he had been engaged not one had stated his own case with accuracy and fairness; and modern practitioners are constantly meeting with similar instances. The one-sided case as thus got up and presented generally appears to be fair and true, and the lawyer is perfectly justified in taking it and arguing it as such, until evi-

dence is produced to the contrary. But no longer. He set out under the supposition that he was honourably employing his legal skill in defence of the right, attempting to save a man from oppression or injury ; but if he finds that he has been put into a false position, and that he is in reality engaged to aid in inflicting the wrong, he cannot continue his advocacy without the loss of his character for truth and sincerity. He would become at once a party to the contemplated fraud, a member of a conspiracy to rob and plunder, endeavouring for mere hire to turn the sanctuary of Justice into a den of thieves. Nothing can be said in defence of those who with a distinct knowledge of the fact attempt to urge and establish an unjust suit—no man can honestly do that for another which it would be dishonest to attempt for himself. The injustice of urging legal technicalities against an obvious and acknowledged right is becoming generally admitted, and the tendency of our law reforms is to abolish the facilities for this dishonest and indefensible practice.

The second point has reference to criminal cases, and refers to the practice of insisting on mere technicalities to secure the acquittal of a culprit, of whose guilt the advocate is, nevertheless, fully assured. Several considerations must enter into a proper understanding of this subject. First of all, the jury are sworn to give their verdict *according to the evidence* ; not according to any convictions or impressions of their own minds which do not amount to proof. Then the judge is bound by his commission to administer justice *according to law*. The law determines what shall be considered satisfactory evidence of guilt, and also what shall be the particular punishment ; both differ materially in different

countries. As to punishment, there is no inherent, uniform, universal determination of the same punishment to the same crime all over the world ; this is determined by the law of each nation. Men are not universally agreed even that murder should be punished with death ; and we shall at once perceive that if a judge were to inflict the Russian punishment of the knout, or death with torture, upon an English criminal, he would himself be guilty of an infraction of the law, and would deserve to be severely visited for his illegal cruelty. Similar differences of opinion and law exist as to what constitutes sufficient evidence of guilt. In Germany the confession of the culprit is necessary to a capital conviction, and to obtain this he is often imprisoned for years, and all possible means used to extort the confession from him. In this country the prisoner is cautioned not to say anything which might convict him ; and, on the merciful principle that it is better that ninety-nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should perish, there are numerous technicalities, by one or other of which an innocent person is almost sure to escape. These technicalities are a part of the law. If the law is defective it should be amended, but while it remains justice must be administered according to its provisions ; and a lawyer who, through ignorance or carelessness of these technicalities, allows punishment to come upon a man who would otherwise have escaped, has failed in his duty both to the law and the accused. The strict reasoning of this case is sometimes evaded by the question, Would you, then, have any man really guilty to escape ? We answer, he does not escape *entirely* ; he only escapes the *full* penalty. The tedium of a previous imprisonment, the anxiety of trial, the humiliation of his position,

are in many cases punishment enough, as is proved by subsequent reformation. The great Judge of All does not cause sentence on an evil work to be speedily executed, but gives previous admonition and warning; and if a culprit's narrow escape does not lead to his reformation, it will embolden him to acts of greater daring, and he will at last, on clearer evidence of greater guilt, be brought to merited punishment. It is right, then, for a lawyer to seek the acquittal of his client, though he may believe him guilty, by the *fair* use of all the merciful provisions of the law; but it must be the *fair* use of such provisions. Should he attempt to cast suspicion upon or do injury to an innocent party—say to fix the charge of murder on a person against whom there appeared to be strong circumstantial evidence, although the real murderer had already confessed his guilt to him—he would, if successful, become himself a murderer; and although the consequences may not be so serious in all cases, yet all unfair and dishonest use of the provisions of the law, either for the condemnation of the innocent or the acquittal of the guilty, are contrary to sincerity and truth.

In the medical profession there is often great insincerity in the mode of treatment, which is mere empiricism. The doctor feels the pulse, and examines the tongue, of his patient, inquires into the symptoms of his case, and pretends to treat him scientifically, though he has in reality his regular course of procedure, and differs from the advertising quack only in this, that instead of pretending to cure all diseases by *one* medicine he uses half a score. There is insincerity in the mode in which medical men speak of the reputation and practice of others, too often taking every opportunity of disparaging

them, and endeavouring to impress upon the minds of their hearers, how fortunate it is for them that they have escaped from such dangerous and incompetent hands, and fallen under the care of such wonderful men as themselves. The most difficult question connected with the insincerity of medical men refers to their prognosis of the amount of danger, and the probable result of the disease. Some men, for the unworthy purpose of magnifying their own skill and securing greater *éclat* in the event of cure, will look grave and talk of danger where none exists; and represent the recovery from an ordinary and trifling ailment as little less than miraculous. This reprehensible course inflicts upon the patient and his friends a large amount of unnecessary anxiety, and secures its own selfish purpose at the cost of much personal suffering; and, although often practised, is never defended. The opposite course, however, viz., the continuing to assure a patient that he will recover when the attendant knows that such recovery is impossible, has not only been practised, but defended. We freely admit the influence of the mind upon the body, and that hope or despair will, in many cases, determine the favourable or fatal issue of disease. The savage conjuror, when called to visit a sick man of his tribe, forms his opinion of his case and presents him with a cup, the lid of which he is to lift off. If it contains a white ball the man is to recover, if it contains a black one he is to die. The whole affair is effected by the management of the conjuror, but the result rarely contradicts the omen. He who sees the black ball gives up all hope, and soon sinks under the depression of his feelings; while the sight of the white ball inspires new spirit and energy, and the man rallies under the con-

fidence of hope. Upon this principle it must be right to give a favourable opinion; so long as there is reasonable ground of hope, and so long as the opinion itself forms an important element in the probabilities of cure. But where from the extent of organic injury, or the supervention of symptoms which are known to be premonitory of death, all reasonable hope is at an end, nothing can excuse the wrong of keeping the patient in ignorance of his position.

It is objected that, although you cannot *prevent*, you may *postpone*, the fatal result by keeping him in ignorance. This apparent kindness is in reality often great cruelty—cruelty to the relatives, by preventing the man from making a timely and judicious disposal of his effects; but especially cruelty to the man himself, whose thoughts should be directed to his spiritual concerns, at all times the most important, but incomparably so in the immediate prospect of eternity. And there is in the insincerity of the medical man in such circumstances not only the ordinary guilt of falsehood, but the meanness of cheating a dying man who has confided in his integrity and skill, and causing consequences by his deception which neither time nor repentance can remedy.

II. The second part of the subject—Sincerity in its relation to matters of Religious Belief—may be considered under the two following propositions:—

1st. That sincerity is absolutely necessary to an acceptable faith and practice.

2d. That sincerity *alone* is insufficient to render our faith and practice acceptable.

1st. That sincerity is absolutely necessary to an acceptable faith and practice.

Sincerity is, in the first instance, essential to the formation and acquisition of a right and correct faith. Man is responsible for the formation of his religious opinions, and for the correctness of his belief, up to the extent of the light he possesses and of the means within his reach. The defect of his creed may be his crime and not his misfortune. Sincerity is only fairly pleadable in behalf of an imperfect faith when such imperfection is the result not of indolence, but of necessity. We at once admit the injustice of expecting more from a man than he was ever in circumstances either to know or to do; but when men are found in the sincere profession of error, it is too easily taken for granted that they have used all diligence and fidelity to come at a proper faith. Men in pursuit of philosophical and physical truth use all the means and appliances within their reach, and (if deeply interested in the result) they think their time and labour well bestowed if they arrive at anything like certainty; and he who would have his faith rest upon a permanent and satisfactory basis, must be willing to take some pains, and use some diligence in its formation. There must be a real and hearty desire to know the will of God, although it may oppose our own individual prejudices, or disturb the stagnation of popular and received opinion. The heart must be thrown open to conviction: a sincere state of the heart is as necessary to the reception of religious truth as an enlightened state of the understanding. "The foolish *heart* is darkened," while "the pure in heart shall see God." "We cannot receive the truth but in the love of it." Many are in error, not because they do not read the Scriptures diligently, but because they do not read them sincerely. A friend of Cecil's

told him that he had read the New Testament through, and could not find the doctrine of the atonement in it. Cecil replied, "I was looking for something the other night and could not find it, not because it was not there, but because I had put the extinguisher upon my candle." Sincerity and diligence will lead to success in our religious investigations, not merely as a natural result, but as securing the direct help and blessing of God. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God;" giving that evidence of his sincerity which we are taught to give in connexion with all our petitions,—an earnest and diligent attempt to secure what we ask; and he will give to him liberally, and without upbraiding. Two very distinct truths must be borne in mind in the course of our argument: 1. That no man is entirely destitute of religious belief; and 2. That in no man is it perfect as to a complete apprehension of its objects.

1. No man is entirely destitute of religious belief. An apprehension of God is an instinct of our nature, apart from the evidences of the contrivance and design of an intelligent and benevolent Creator by which we are everywhere surrounded. Arnold says that conscientious atheism does not exist; conscientious and *enlightened* atheism certainly cannot. Every enlightened man will see that the question of belief or no belief is a balance of intellectual difficulties,—between the acknowledged mysteries and difficulties of religion and the greater mysteries and difficulties of atheism. He will also admit the force of the practical argument, that if a man live on the hypothesis of atheism the practical result will be bad,—that is, a man's besetting and constitutional faults will not be checked, and some

of his noblest feelings will be unexercised ; so that, if he be right in his opinions, truth and goodness are at variance with one another, and falsehood is more favourable to our moral perfection than truth, which seems the most monstrous conclusion at which the human mind can possibly arrive. No, atheism is not natural to man, and where it exists, it exists not as a mere negation of belief ; but as a positive and determined rejection of God, in spite of the master instinct within us, of the convictions of our reason, and of the voice of nature.

2. But if no man is entirely destitute of religious belief it is equally true, that in no man is it perfect as to an entire and complete apprehension of God and the things of God. Religious belief will vary in the degrees of its completeness, from the most rudimental reception of its first truths to the most sublime apprehensions of its whole scheme of which the human mind is capable, and which at best are but as the dawnings of the day, the golden streaks of the morning spread upon the mountains : here we know but in part, and must be content that what we know not now we shall know hereafter. It is unpardonable presumption for any man to attempt to determine with how small a portion of the true faith religious influence is compatible ; *our* argument is, that it must be as great as the opportunities will allow, and that whether much or little it must be sincerely held. There is a wide difference between sincere though imperfect faith, and scepticism ; the former holds firmly by a few *simple* truths of religion, and allows them to exert their full power on the heart and life, although in doubt and uncertainty as to many of the more *abstruse* of its doctrines. Scepticism consists not

in the limited range of the objects of faith, but in the general doubt and mistrust with which all, however extensive, are regarded, of which Butler says, "The evidence of religion not appearing obvious, is to some persons a temptation to reject it without any consideration at all; and therefore requires such an attentive exercise of the virtuous principle seriously to consider that evidence, as there would be no occasion for but for such temptation. And the supposed doubtfulness of its evidence, after it has been in some sort considered, affords opportunity to an unfair mind of explaining away, and deceitfully hiding from itself, that evidence which it might see." Nor would we, in addition to the case described by Butler, deny that *temptations* to scepticism are ever presented to the sincere, especially if they have once yielded to their influence, or after some occasion of unwatchfulness. He who has once yielded to doubt may, indeed, expect for a long time occasionally to experience a most painful discordance between his judgment and the associations which unbelief has produced. When most earnest in the contemplation of religious truth, when endeavouring to bring home its comforts to the heart, the imagination may suddenly revolt, and cast the whole at a sweep among the rejected notions. This is, indeed, a natural consequence of previous infidelity, which mere reasoning is not able to remove; but these temptations will all yield to the sincere and diligent use of the means of spiritual improvement; humble prayer, and a return to the path of practical duty, will obtain that faith which, when reason and sound judgment have led us to admit supernatural truth, gives to unseen things the body and substance of reality.

It has become somewhat common, to attempt to

legalise the existence of scepticism *within* the region of faith; and under the name of "weakness of faith," to plead by implication for our sympathy, for those as objects of pity who, for their own sakes, as well as for the sakes of others, should be plainly described and rebuked as objects of blame. Their case is most plausibly, but very loosely, put by Arnold: "Weakness of faith (says he) is partly constitutional, and partly the result of education and other circumstances; and this may go intellectually almost as far as scepticism; that is to say, a man may be perfectly unable to acquire a firm and undoubting belief of the great truths of religion, whether natural or revealed. He may be perplexed with doubts all his days; his fears lest the Gospel should not be true may be stronger than his hopes that it will; and this is a state of great pain, and of most severe trial, to be pitied heartily, but not to be condemned. I am satisfied that a good man can never get farther than this, for his goodness will save him from unbelief, though not from the misery of a scanty faith." We are happy to know from the published account of the termination of his brief but brilliant career, that this good man himself did get farther than this. It was about three weeks before his end, whilst confined to his room for a few days by an attack of illness, that he called his wife to his bedside, and expressed to her how, within the last few days, he seemed to have "felt quite a rush of love in his heart towards God and Christ;" and how he hoped that all this "might make him more gentle and tender," and that he "might not soon lose the impression thus made upon him." Dr. Arnold's *experience* may be sufficient to set against his *opinion*, but the opinion has been held and advocated by others;

and the blameless morals of some who have called themselves sceptics have been taken as evidence in its support. These rare exceptions to the immoral tendency of scepticism prove nothing, unless it can be shown that their morality is a fair inference and result from their avowed principles. We know, on the contrary, that men are often better than their system, and act upon their good feelings rather than upon their bad faith. The attempt to represent some degree of scepticism as a normal and necessary condition of religious belief, is opposed to the experience of thousands, whose religious belief is not hesitatingly accepted as something which, although the best under the circumstances, is yet uncertain and unsatisfactory, but as that which has the entire approval of the judgment, and the confident trust of the heart, and it is unquestionably opposed to the plain declaration of Scripture (John, vii. 17), "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God;" by which we are taught, that a real design to serve God, a sincere and hearty desire to know and to do his will, with the use of such means as are within our reach, and under the operation of that divine influence which must never be lost sight of in religious matters, and which is distinctly promised in the passage above quoted, will produce a faith free from scepticism. It may be limited and imperfect in its range, but it will be firm and confident in its grasp. It will bring conscious security from a sense of the divine favour and protection. It will regulate the conduct by its fixed and holy principles. It will not depend for its present enjoyment on its hopes for the future; but will build its hopes for the future on the certainty of its present enjoyment.

As our religious belief must be sincerely formed, so it must be sincerely held, "nothing doubting," "nothing wavering." A man partakes the spirit of his faith in proportion to his sincerity; and the absence of sincerity, or of a hearty and unwavering belief in the professed creed, will defeat the practical and saving purposes of any system, however true. Insincerity in our religious belief destroys its moral power, renders it unable to enforce the performance of religious duty, or to restrain from the commission of sin, by inducing hesitancy and doubt as to the truth of its principles, whenever those principles come into collision with our own wishes and desires, or with the maxims and opinions of the world, or with the temptations of Satan; weakening its solemn sanctions by throwing doubt upon the truth of its promises and threatenings—for the strength of a religious belief, as the strength of a religious system, depends upon its hold on eternity.

The zeal and enterprise of an apostle, the sufferings and death of a martyr, are all reasonable and intelligible, on the principle that they "endured as seeing Him that it is invisible;" that their faith was to them "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," under the power of which all this world's glittering possessions, its ease, its honour, its wealth, were dimmed and obscured in the brightness of the eternal Light. That their vivid consciousness of the truth of these things dispelled the mist which hides them from ordinary vision, and seems to increase the distance of their futurity. But their labours and sufferings are inconsistent with the want of sincerity in their religious belief. Why should a man sacrifice a present and certain, although an *inferior* good, to that which,

if it be represented as more excellent in quality, he believes, nevertheless, to be problematical in its existence, and doubtful in its attainment? Such a man's motto may reasonably be, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

Insincerity destroys the elevating power of our religious belief. Conscious insincerity in religious as well as in secular matters, degrades a man. When we profess our faith insincerely, or with mental reservation — when we perform our religious duties with doubts as to their propriety or use, instead of being elevated and dignified we are debased and degraded. Look at Galileo on his knees, compelled by his religion to deny the impregnable truth of his philosophy, would he not ever feel his faith his degradation, and that what should have raised him to the skies was humbling him to the dust? See the learned popish commentators of Newton prefixing a declaration to the third book of his immortal "Principia," in which, by a solemn falsehood, they avoid the fate of the unfortunate Florentine astronomer. "Newton," say the great mathematicians Le Seur and Jacquier, "assumes in his third book the hypothesis of the earth's motion. The propositions of that author could not be explained except through the same hypothesis. We have therefore been forced to act a character not our own (*hinc alienam coacti sumus gerere personam*). But we declare our submission to the decrees of the Roman Pontiffs against the motion of the earth." Would not these men feel, that while upholding these false and unphilosophical decrees, they were in fact forced to act a character not their own, and that they were degraded by their hypocrisy? Blanco White, born and educated in Spain, early instructed in the popish religion, and

admitted into its priesthood, knew nothing of the existence of Christianity under any other form. When he discovered the errors of Popery, and could no longer resist the conviction that the system was false, he had no alternative but infidelity, while he was still compelled to continue his duties as a priest.

"To describe," says he, "the state of my feelings, when, believing religion a fable, I still found myself compelled daily to act as a minister and promoter of imposture, is certainly beyond my powers. An ardent wish seized me to fly from a country where the law left me no choice between death and hypocrisy. Ten years, the best of my life, were passed in this insufferable state." Wherever the laws of a country allow but of one religion, and that religion teaching doctrines which are opposed alike to the discoveries of philosophy and the declarations of Scripture, and makes the profession of that religion compulsory, though its rites and ceremonies should offend our common sense by their ridiculous childishness, the necessary result will be, that infidelity will spread in proportion to the intelligence and education of the people : ignorance alone can be the mother of such devotion. Blanco White tells us, as the result of his long and intimate acquaintance with the Spanish priests, that he knew but very few of them whose talents or acquirements were above contempt who had not secretly renounced their religion. Such must be the case where intelligent men are made to carry the images of the saints in solemn procession to visit one another, like children playing with their dolls : such is the case throughout the length and breadth of Italy. The men who teach, and the men who profess, the religion, are both destitute of sincerity ; they have no confidence

either in their creed or in each other ; instead of elevating them into the dignity and pureness of a spiritual life, and giving to the whole man the bearing of conscious integrity, they slink about with the feeling of their degradation, and the conviction that they deserve to be despised.

Insincerity destroys the *comfort* of our religious belief : holy communion can only exist where there is holy confidence ; God gives everything with a sincere and true faith ; nothing without it. “ Believeest thou that I can do this for thee ? ” is said in effect to every petitioner, and only “ according to his faith is it done unto him.”

The doctrine of the divine omniscience teaches us that without sincerity it is impossible to render an acceptable service. God requires to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, and has said, “ My son, give me thy heart.” We know how hateful is the insincerity of a man when we have detected his attempt to deceive us. And God has taught us with sufficient distinctness in his holy word, that it is hateful also in his sight. Our Lord described and condemned this insincerity in his quotation from the prophets, Matt. xv. 7, 8, “ Ye hypocrites, well did Esaias prophesy of you, saying, This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me.” The whole passage, as found in Isaiah, xxix. 13, is not only a forcible proof of the point just now in hand, but also furnishes strong support to a former part of the argument, as showing that insincerity is not only unfavourable to the acquisition of a true religious belief, but will even obscure and destroy it when it has been already acquired, until the light itself becomes darkness.

“Wherefore the Lord said, Forasmuch as this people draw near me with their mouth, and with their lips do honour me, but have removed their heart far from me, and their fear toward me is taught by the precept of men: therefore, behold, I will proceed to do a marvellous work among this people, even a marvellous work and a wonder; for the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid.” So far is God from being pleased with ceremonies and services of human appointment unaccompanied by the homage of the heart, that even his own ordinances are an offence to him when insincerely observed. Isa. i. 13: “Bring no more vain oblations. incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies I cannot away with: it is iniquity, even the solemn meetings.” These unmistakable declarations of God against insincerity acquire a fearful import from the consideration, that no disguise can conceal our real character from Him “who searcheth the hearts and trieth the reins of the children of men;” and “that all things are naked and opened before the eyes of Him with whom we have to do.” He looks down with indignation and contempt on the hollowness of the service, which is at once a recognition of his right and a refusal to pay it: there is bitter irony as well as solemn warning in the admonition, “Be not deceived, God is not mocked; that which a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”

But our second proposition is, that sincerity *alone* is insufficient to render our faith and practice acceptable to God; or, in other words, that a man is not necessarily an Israelite, indeed, merely because he is without guile. Let us see what is affirmed by those who hold a con-

trary opinion. Pope, the great didactic poet of the last century, begins his universal prayer with the following words : —

“ Father of all, in every age,
In every clime adored ;
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.”

In his essays we find another passage, which is somewhat altered as it is ordinarily quoted, and used in favour of the opinion we are now attempting to controvert ; thus :—

“ For modes of faith, let zealous bigots fight ;
His can't be wrong, whose heart is in the right.”

Pope was, by profession, a papist ; but in reality, an infidel. He trifles with the most sacred things in his own superstition, and describes “ beads and prayer-books as the toys of age.” We do not, therefore, attach much importance to his opinions as such ; but we quote these two passages as together containing the entire theory against which this part of our argument is directed.

1st. That the living and true God, the Father of all, has been in reality worshipped by all under whatever name.

2d. That the nature of belief, the mode of faith, and, consequently, the forms and ceremonies of worship, are alike acceptable if there be sincerity, if the heart be in the right. Now it is evident that this theory, 1st, confounds all distinctions between the worship of the true God and the worship of idols, by asserting, in fact, that they are both equally acceptable if sincere ; 2d, That it sanctions as acceptable to God any practices, however ridiculous or revolting, if done as acts of religion and done with sincerity. And lest I should appear to be

presenting the theory to you in stronger language than its modern advocates would authorise, you shall hear one of themselves, as quoted by the author of the "Eclipse of Faith." The words are Mr. Parker's. He says, "He that worships *truly*, by whatever form,"—that is, who is *sincere* in his fetichism, his idolatry, his sacrifices, *though they may be human*,—"worships the only God. He hears the prayers, whether called Brahma, Pan, or Lord, or called by no name at all. Each people has its prophets and its saints; and many a swarthy Indian, who bowed down to wood and stone; many a grim-faced Calmuck, who worshipped the Great God of Storms; many a Grecian peasant, who did homage to Phœbus Apollo when the sun rose or went down; yes, many a savage, his hands smeared all over with human sacrifices, shall come from the east and the west, and sit down in the kingdom of God with Moses and Zoroaster, with Socrates and Jesus." The charity which hopes that men may be forgiven the *crime* of such religions as must be abominations in the sight of God, one can understand; but maudlin apologies for the religions themselves, as if they were not themselves crimes, and involved crimes in their very *practice*, I do not understand. According to this, all that a man has to do, is to be sincere in anything, however diabolical, and it is at once transmuted into a virtue, which nothing less than heaven can reward! Sweeping and comprehensive as is the statement of the theory in the above quotation, we must add to it, in order to render it a more complete enumeration of the monstrous evils which men have attempted to sanctify by *sincerity*.

The prayers presented to God or the Virgin by the Mediterranean pirate, before he sails forth on his voyage

of rapine and murder; the prayer of the marauding chief, and his propitiatory sacrifice to his gods, before he sets out on his expedition of desolation and blood, and all the religious persecutions which have been undertaken and conducted professedly, and no doubt in many cases *sincerely*, for the glory of God. If sincerity could excuse or hallow these principles and practices, then, indeed, God would be the author of confusion and evil; but he has vindicated himself by his providence; his wrath has been revealed from heaven against all this ungodliness and unrighteousness of men; all these idolatries are in Scripture called "abominable," and have been punished by the degradation and misery of their professors. A true faith is conservative of national greatness, both by its direct influence on the mind, and by its securing the special protection and blessing of God. Idolatry may enshrine itself amid the pyramids and palaces of Egypt, but, like the sand of the desert, which appeared at first to defend and uphold their foundations, in the end it entombs and conceals them. It may entwine itself about the fanes and temples of Greece and Rome, but, like the ivy, it loosens and separates the walls, which it seemed at first to strengthen and adorn, and thus hastens and completes the ruin which it appeared for a time to delay. It may interweave itself with the institutions and literature of nations, it only decks them for their sacrifice, and heralds to their doom. Religious persecutions, however sincere, have always recoiled on their perpetrators. Spain is dismembered of the colonies in which she planted her Inquisition, and pays the penalty of her persecutions in her own depopulation and impoverishment. France has been visited for the tragedy of St. Bartholomew's

by her repeated lustrations of blood ; and Rome, sick and drunken with the blood of the saints, enfeebled and disarmed, waits, in her torpor and helplessness, the bursting of the impending cloud. Time would fail to notice the signal instances of individual retribution, in which the sincerity of the purpose has not saved the persecutor or assassin from the just vengeance of God. All these iniquities, whatever their sincerity, have been regarded *as* iniquities, and so punished as to prove that “ verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth.”

But while many acknowledge the absurdity of the extreme view as presented by Mr. Parker, and would not for a moment argue that sincerity can render these abominations of civilised nations acceptable to God, they would, nevertheless, argue that sincerity might render acceptable actions less atrocious, and occurring in connexion with nations less enlightened. The question as thus put is only one of degree, and does not affect the principle. If sincerity is all that is required to render a professedly religious act acceptable to God, it will render *all* such acts acceptable ; and, monstrous as is Mr. Parker’s assertion, it is a perfectly fair inference from the premises. That which is essentially bad can never be made good by the sincerity of its performance, nor by the ignorance of its perpetrator ; this may partially excuse him, and make the deed less guilty and evil *in his case*, but it will never make it less evil in itself, much less will it ever make it good.

They who argue against our present position have laid much stress on a partially-quoted passage in the Epistle to the Romans, chap. ii. ver. 14, “ For when the Gentiles which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are

a law unto themselves." Many modern interpreters understand this passage as referring to the believing Gentiles. "The righteousness of the law, being fulfilled in them only who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit." But all the ancient commentators interpret the passage as referring not, indeed, to the idolatrous Gentiles, but to such as lived before the Law of Moses, and were worshippers of the true God, as Melchizedech and Job, or to those who repented like the Ninevites, or to such, in modern times, as Cornelius the centurion. A proper consideration of the passage will at once convince us that it contains nothing to justify the lax pántheistic notion which it has been adduced to support; and that, so far from proving that mere sincerity in the heathen will render them acceptable to God, whatever their creed or practices may be, it proves just the contrary. The whole passage consists of five verses, the first and last of which should be read in connexion, as the three intervening verses are a parenthesis. The first and last verses read thus:—"For as many as have sinned without law, shall also perish without law: and as many as have sinned in the law, shall be judged by the law, in the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ, according to my gospel." Of the three remaining verses, two only are important to our argument, running thus: "For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves; which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another."

The argument is, that the heathen not having the

written law, have, nevertheless, "*the law written in their hearts*;" not at variance with, but, so far as it goes, exactly in accordance to the written law. They are accepted, therefore, not because of their sincerity in heathen practices, but because they do by nature the things contained in the law. The remarks of Origen on another passage of Scripture are quite to the same purpose. He says, "If God condemned the Gentiles because they held the truth in unrighteousness, and when they knew God did not glorify him as God, neither were thankful; it seems reasonable to conceive that had they done what they culpably neglected, and might have done, that is, *had they glorified him as God, and been thankful*, they would have done what had been acceptable to God, and fit to be rewarded by his goodness: that is, had they held the *truth* in righteousness, and abstained from those actions for which their conscience did accuse them, and for which they knew that they were worthy of death, as they, who were inexcusable for doing them, might have known, they would have escaped the wrath of God, revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness. Both passages declare the existence in the heathen of conscience, or a *consciousness of right or wrong, according to a given rule*. This rule is eternally and essentially unalterable, variously developed; but its most imperfect developements are exactly in accordance with its most perfect ones, as far as they extend. This law refers to man's religious and moral duties, and is implanted *rudimentally* in the hearts of all men. Utter depravity and utter atheism are a rejection of these better sentiments. As the heathen did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind. Sincerity will add

value to an *imperfect* faith, and to an imperfect service, but cannot change the essential character of a bad faith or bad practice." "He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him." "The worship offered to idols is offered to devils, and not to God." And no sincerity in such worship can make that to be right and pleasing to God, which essentially, and of necessity, under all forms and modifications, is abomination in his sight. So of moral acts; right and wrong are eternally unalterable. Acts which are prudential or indifferent in themselves, may assume an accidental character, and become right or wrong according to time and circumstances; but those things which are *essentially* right or wrong, are so in all times and under all circumstances. They may admit of palliation or excuse, of aggravation or intensity; but the degree does not alter the quality, wrong never becomes right, either because it is weakened and modified into comparative harmlessness, or because it has enlisted all the energies of the soul, and clothed the objects of its sincere and intense pursuit in fearful sublimity and grandeur.

Nor will sincerity sanction and hallow the evil which may be associated with the good, and which may appear to be only a mistaken application of correct principles, or an incorrect inference from them. We do not question the divine authenticity of the Jewish faith, nor that a diligent study of that law, and an earnest and sincere zeal for it, were virtues and excellencies in the Jewish character, and no one doubts the sincerity of the great apostle when he tells us (Acts, xxvi. 9), "I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus

of Nazareth, which thing I also did at Jerusalem. And many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death I gave my voice against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme: and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities." If mere sincerity could render our deeds acceptable to God, these deeds would have been so, and as such would have been the fit subjects of praise and reward. But St. Paul tells us, that at that time he was a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious; but he obtained mercy because he did it ignorantly in unbelief. That which requires mercy is not meritorious but sinful. The apostle, in reviewing another period of his life, rejoiced in the testimony of his conscience, that in simplicity and *godly* sincerity he had had his conversation in the world—not in sincerity only, but in *godly* sincerity. But did not St. Paul himself acknowledge on one occasion that he had used guile? Certainly not. He denies it indignantly. He had thought it right in the case of the Corinthian Church to depart from his ordinary and equitable rule of receiving support from those to whom he ministered—he had not been burdensome unto them (as he tells them), nor would he become so. A charge which the apostle denied for himself. His accusers then attempted to fix upon his messengers (2 Cor. xii. 16–18): "But be it so, I did not burden you: nevertheless, being crafty, I caught you with guile." That is to say, "But some may object; *though I did not burden you, though I did not take anything from you myself, yet, being crafty, I caught you with guile. I did secretly*

by my messengers what I would not do openly or in person. I answer this lying accusation by an appeal to plain fact. Did I make a gain of you by any of them whom I sent unto you? I desired Titus and with him I sent a brother. Did Titus make a gain of you? Walked we not in the same spirit? Walked we not in the same steps?" St. Paul, therefore, does not allow, but absolutely denies, "*that he had caught them with guile*;" so that the common plea for guile, which has been often drawn from this text, is utterly without foundation.

The attention of Protestants is often directed to the conduct of Papists and Tractarians as distinguished by extraordinary zeal in their religious observances,—their zeal is urged as evidence of their sincerity, and then their sincerity urged as evidence of the purity and acceptableness of their faith. Christian charity will at once admit the supposition of sincerity in behalf of the poor and ignorant members of the Church of Rome, especially in foreign countries, where religious information is jealously excluded; but this admission cannot fairly be asked for those who have the means and opportunities of unrestricted inquiry. As to the Tractarians, the insincerity of the whole movement is one of its worst features. Their views and schemes are not the result of pure religious conviction, but the evident and ill-disguised manifestations of pride and ambition—a wish to be elevated into a sort of spiritual aristocracy, which shall place a great and impassable gulf between them and the vulgar crowd, and give them power over the minds and consciences of men—as the only depositaries of spiritual authority and the only dispensers of spiritual blessings; but in the few cases in

which you may suppose the opinions to be sincerely held, whether by Papists or Tractarians, or by any others who hold a portion of the truth associated with error, their acceptance with God will not be the result of their sincerity in holding the forms and fables with which they have tricked out and disfigured Christianity, but in the sincerity with which they continue to hold some portions of the true and simple faith, and the conformity of their lives to its holy precepts. So that, in their case, as in all others, while sincerity is absolutely necessary to render us acceptable in the sight of God, it is not all that is necessary, and will not sanctify either a corrupt faith or corrupt practices.

In conclusion, let me urge upon you the cultivation of this great principle for your country's sake. It has contributed largely to the dignity of our national character. The honest, straightforward trustworthiness of the Englishman has secured the admiration and confidence of other nations. "Deceit and falsehood have been the character of all pagan nations, and continue so to be to this day. This is the character of the Chinese, as given by the best authorities; and of the Hindoos it is stated, by the most respectable Europeans, not merely by missionaries, but by those who have long held official, civil, and judicial situations among them, that their disregard of truth is uniform and systematic. When discovered, it causes no surprise in the one party or humiliation in the other. Even when they have truth to tell, they seldom fail to bolster it up with some appended falsehoods." "It is the business of all," says Sir John Shore, "from the Ryot to the Dewan, to conceal and deceive. The simplest matters of fact are designedly covered with a veil which no human under-

standing can penetrate." The prevalence of perjury is so universal as to involve the judges in extreme perplexity.

Wherever Popery prevails, either in European or other nations, it impregnates its votaries with its characteristic insincerity and perfidy. Nations cannot be morally and socially truthful and sincere whose very religion is a lie and a cheat.

It is to be regretted that our kinsmen in America have in any measure relinquished the noble sincerity of the Anglo-Saxon race. The repudiation of debts by some of her States, and the emulous exaggeration of her public writers, will tell unfavourably on her national character. It devolves upon the young men of England to guard the integrity which helps to constitute the true greatness of their glorious country. Let me urge upon you as Christian young men the cultivation of sincerity for your own sakes, that you may be able to look every man in the face with a feeling of conscious integrity—that you may be able to retire with comfort and satisfaction into your own hearts, and not be afraid of holding converse with yourselves—that you may be able to draw nigh to God with confidence, nothing doubting, in the full assurance of faith, and live and walk in the unclouded light of his countenance, and be found sincere and without offence in the day of Christ.

Anglo-Saxon Colonics.



A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. JOHN STOUGHTON,

KENSINGTON,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

JANUARY 25, 1853.



ANGLO-SAXON COLONIES.

HAD I simply consulted my own feelings, under the painful circumstances of bereavement in which I am placed, I certainly should have relinquished my engagement to appear before you to-night. Having only yesterday stood by the grave of a darling child, retirement now would be more congenial to me than this publicity. But as you have met with repeated disappointments during this course of Lectures, and as there is truth in the old words, "weeping must not hinder sowing," I am impelled to attempt the fulfilment of my promise, and strive for an hour or so to drown my domestic sorrows in an effort to interest and benefit the members and friends of this most important Society.

I feel that I may fairly look for even more than a usual amount of candour, inasmuch as the preparation of the Lecture, like the delivery, has been undertaken amidst much depression of spirit.

The subject upon which I am to address you, I adopted at the suggestion of the gentleman who corresponded with me in the name of your Society, as one peculiarly fitted for the present time, when emigration is become so very general. I almost regret having

done so, because my knowledge of this particular matter is so superficial and scanty compared with the amount of information which many possess; but I comfort myself with the thought, that a popular lecture of this kind is not expected to contain more than a general view of the subject; that to be sufficiently comprehensive to answer its title, it must needs be confined to the surface. Lectures I look upon as chiefly useful in directing attention and awakening interest in reference to particular themes, with a view to subsequent study and reflection. I shall have fulfilled my office, according to my notion of it, if I lead you to read and think for yourselves about our great Colonial Empire.

I propose three things—to notice its history, to indicate its extent and resources, and to look at the past, the present, and the future bearings of the subject in the light of Christianity.

I.

England did not take the lead in modern colonisation. Portugal and Spain had preceded her by a hundred years. Considerable territories, both in the East and West, belonged to those two crowns ere the first English bark went forth with Sir Walter Raleigh, bearing his letters patent for the establishment of English colonists on the shores to which he was about to give the name of Virginia. That memorable expedition took place in 1583. Though later than Portugal and Spain in the field of colonial enterprise, England must, however, take precedence of both Holland and France—at least in reference to practical exertions. Holland did not send out her first ships for India, with a view to the establishment of settlers till 1602. France,

though she had splendid dreams of planting her empire between the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, or rather though Gaspard de Coligny cherished such dreams for the aggrandisement of his country, France did not commence any operations for the acquirement of colonial territory till the middle of the seventeenth century. England, then, if she come behind Portugal and Spain in the chronological order of European colonising powers, is entitled to stand before Holland and before France in that respect. The first expedition under Sir Walter was a failure, unless, indeed, the consequent introduction of tobacco into England (too much prized, I fear, even by some whom I have the honour of addressing), be considered a redeeming circumstance. No better fortune attended a similar expedition in the following year. Raleigh set out again in 1595, and ascended the Orinoco, and came back full of splendid images of the land he had seen, an account of which he published under the title of "The Discovery of the large, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guiana;" but beyond poetical visions of El Dorado—a land of gold and sunshine—nothing resulted from the adventurous voyage of that great man. The colony of Virginia was not actually planted till 1607, so that one hundred and six years elapsed, after the discovery of North America by Sebastian Cabot, ere any Englishman found a residence on those attractive shores.

The next enterprise was of a far different description. It was formed not by soldiers athirst for victory, or by merchants seeking after gold, or by men of Raleigh's stamp, flushed with gorgeous musings upon delicious groves, which the birds filled with music, and broad pastures where flocks of deer would come at call,

and streams which left precious metals in the sand upon their shores. They were men in search of something far different from all this. Many a picturesque old ship no doubt sailed out of Plymouth Harbour about the same time that the "Mayflower" left it; and in her westernward voyage, perchance, some few sails were seen by those on board, crossing the great field of waters; but no other vessel was there then, or had there ever been before, with such a freight of brave and noble souls leaving their country for the reason which they did, and in search of such a home as they were seeking. They were children cast forth by their mother, yet with true filial love, bearing her reverence and praying for her still; and what they sought was a place of refuge for themselves and their little ones, that they might maintain the truth, and offer the worship, which they believed God, in his word and by his Spirit, had taught them. They met with storms, and had a dreary coasting voyage in midwinter, after they reached the shores of the great unknown continent, till they came to a bay compassed with a goodly land, and "in the bay two fine islands, uninhabited, wherein were nothing but woods, oaks, pines, walnuts, beech, sassafras, vines, and other trees, which they knew not." They sought freedom and peace in some land which at least might yield them subsistence; and, lo! the God who guided their ways had brought them to a goodly land and Lebanon. Two hundred and thirty years have passed since then, and the bay, at that time so lonely, beautiful, and rich, has become the seat of a flourishing city, full of streets, and bordered by quays, and crowned with churches and crowded with merchandise. But a fragment of the original rock, which the little shallop touched, and on

which the feet of the pilgrim first rested, torn from the spot to which it belonged, where now, we are told, there is "a dusty lane and wharf-way between old store-houses," is still preserved, in front of the Pilgrims' Hall, more precious far than would be a "nugget" of the same size, or twice as big. There is no rock like Plymouth Rock—

"Spread out earth's holiest records here,
Of days and deeds to reverence dear.
A zeal like this, what pious legends tell—
On kingdoms built,
In blood and guilt,
The worshippers of vulgar triumph dwell.
But what exploit with theirs shall page,
Who rose to bless their kind,
Who left their nation and their age,
Man's spirit to unbind?
Who boundless seas passed o'er,
And boldly met in every path,
Famine and frost, and heathen wrath,
To dedicate a shore,
Where piety's meek train might breathe their vow,
And seek their Maker with an unshamed brow,
Where liberty's glad race might meekly come,
And set up there an everlasting home?"

We have not time to specify the particulars of our colonial history in America, and can only add that other associations and other religious influences beside those of the pilgrim fathers contributed to plant its northern continent. Maryland was founded in 1633 by two hundred persecuted Catholics, under Lord Baltimore; and to their honour, be it told, they did not carry out the persecuting spirit of their church in their new settlement; but, when the children of the pilgrim fathers forgot their principles and expelled certain parties on

religious grounds, Maryland afforded them an asylum. Carolina was vested as a possession in the hands of Lord Clarendon, and seven other persons, in 1662. Pennsylvania was given to William Penn by Charles II. and the Duke of York; and the good Quaker, in conformity with his principles, respected the rights of the natives, and generally shaped the policy of his state so as to secure the maintenance of justice, and preserve the blessings of peace. Before the end of the seventeenth century, the largest portion of the coast of North America was in the possession of the English.

The unnatural American war ended in the independence of the United States, which, since that event, have extended their territory from the frontiers of Canada to the borders of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. The final severance of the tie between England and her daughter in the West occurred in 1776. The colonies then left to our country were Canada, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland; Jamaica, and other West Indian islands; Gibraltar, and a few forts and factories on the shores of India, together with the provinces of Bengal and Benares. It was thought a severe loss to the mother-country when the Americans threw off their allegiance. It was a vast curtailment of our territorial empire. Politicians did not dream then of the marvellous way in which the loss would be speedily repaired; had no idea that, within three-fourths of a century, the sway of the British monarch would extend over larger regions and more numerous multitudes than when his sceptre reached from the Gulf of Mexico to the River St. Lawrence. The growth of our empire in India, so colossal as to extend from Cape Comorin to the frontiers of China, so rich that it is calculated its

revenues, at compound interest, would have sufficed to pay off the national debt, it comes not within our province to trace. It must suffice to notice, and that with extreme brevity, the progress of our Anglo-Saxon colonies, properly so called, since 1776. New Brunswick and Sierra Leone we can merely name as additions in 1784 and 1787. A year afterwards went forth from Portsmouth a fleet such as had never sailed from any of our ports before; not like the "Mayflower," to bear spiritual heroes for the peopling of a land, but composed of ships laden with the refuse of our population, with cargoes of convicts to find a prison, or a penal settlement, upon that distant coast of the Pacific, which Captain Cook had discovered, but the nature and extent of which he only dimly discerned. They reached Botany Bay in 1788; that land of terror, as it seemed in our childhood; that portion of a land of promise, as it has now become. They chose a better place for their settlement than they first intended, and landed in Sydney Cove, one of the finest harbours in the world. That was the beginning of Australian colonisation; not very hopeful, it is true; but God is already, to some extent, purifying society there: albeit in its first pouring forth upon those new shores, it was terribly tainted and foul. Van Diemen's Island was colonised in 1803. The Cape of Good Hope became a British colony in 1806, and New Zealand in 1839; while from the first settlement of the convicts in Australia, one part after another of that continent-looking island has been appropriated as the home of English emigrants, till a large number of the most eligible points upon the coast have become associated with the marvellous history of our colonial enterprise. The whole story of that enterprise, from the first till

now, is not a story of above 250 years. But what a story! Talk of the growth of ancient empires, of the territorial conquests of Greece and Rome! Compared with them, in point of surpassing wonder, the progress of England's colonial empire, the advancement of Anglo-Saxon dominion appears like a fable, as we trace it from the patent for Virginia to the establishment of Victoria; from the days of the illustrious virgin queen who sowed the first seed, to the days of the more illustrious married queen, who inherits and cultivates the vast plantation, and long may she live to reap its fruits!

II.

In directing your attention to the extent and resources of our colonial possessions, I think how surprised Sir Walter Raleigh would have been could he have received some revelations upon the subject. I well remember, a few years since, visiting the White Tower in which he was confined, and where he wrote his "History of the World;" and as I seem to behold him at this moment in his dreary cell, let me imagine him full of his El Dorado visions, falling asleep and dreaming a dream. He dreams, and there lies before him a map of the world, not such as he had been accustomed to see, but far more enlarged, as to the extent of continents and the number of isles, exhibiting new regions, especially in the north, the west, and south; more definite in its outlines, more specific in their filling up. It is told, in his dream, by some mysterious shade,—the representative of Britain in the nineteenth century, we imagine,—that at that period, in all the latitudes and longitudes of the habitable globe, Britain is to hold some territory beneath her sway. She is to have dominion over an area of

eight millions of square miles, being double the size of the whole continent of Europe. She is to number two hundred and forty millions of human beings,—one-fifth, at least, of the vastly multiplied swarm of Adam's race, then living on the earth,—as subject to her sceptre. She is to have, in the farthest India, more than a million square miles of territory, and to have there two hundred millions of swarthy-complexioned children. She is to receive from those fair and fruitful realms, "from many a golden river and many a palmy plain," rich treights of coffee, cotton, silk; of rice, and rum, and wool; of spices, fruits, and other luxuries. His dream reveals to him that armies of wild warriors are there to be subdued, or kept in check by her arms; princes are to kneel on the steps of her throne; and Oriental laws, civilisation, and society, are to come under a renewing and elevating power. "And besides," says the genius of the vision, "that tributary empire of a strange people with a strange language; and besides those spaces on the mainland of Africa, and the shores of the New America, which she marks with her foot-prints, and where she raises her flag, and where she keeps neighbouring tribes in subjection; and besides those little islands, which dot the face of many seas, resting-places for her ships, outposts of her empire, and keys of entrance to paths of commerce;—she, England, is to have yonder — over the far Atlantic, approaching the snows of the northern pole, and yonder again over the South Atlantic and the Indian Sea — an immense range of territory, all her own, where her white sons and daughters from their English homes, and with their English dress, and their English tongue, and their English books (your 'History of the World,' noble Sir Walter,

among the rest), and their English courage, and their English affections, and their English worship, shall gather together and work with industry and enterprise, and till the land, and tend the flock, and dig the mine. And they of the north (the Spirit of the Dream goes on to say) shall send their timber, and their ash, and their oil, and their flax, and their furs; and they of the south shall send their wool, and their grain, and their copper, and their gold; and English towns and churches shall rise upon those shores, because English ships and people shall flock to those harbours. And there shall go forth from year to year and from month to month, companies of eager, hopeful emigrants to plough the waves to that new home, not by the help of canvass sail, or curious oar, but through a secret and mysterious agency which God shall teach men to discover:—a power you dream not of, Sir Walter, but which He, to whom belong all the subtle essences of nature, shall bring out of his store-house for the use of your children's children, whereby they shall do wonders. Not long years shall it then take men to circumnavigate the globe. A few short moons shall suffice for the voyage. And among those southern dependencies that shall become a second England, there shall be one great isle, many times larger than this on which you dwell, where there shall be strange sights: where the north shall be the hot wind and the south the cold; where the humblest house shall be of cedar, and the fields shall be fenced with mahogany, and myrtle-trees be burnt for fuel; where the swans shall be black, and the eagles white; and owls shall hoot by day, and cuckoos cry by night; and creatures shall be found having both claws and talons, and yet hopping on their tail; where the moles will lay eggs and have the

bill of a duck ; where there shall be birds having brooms in their mouth instead of a tongue ; where there are pears made of wood that have the stalk at the broader end ; where the stone of the cherry grows outside ; where pigs shall be fattened on peaches ; and thousands of sheep and oxen shall be boiled down only to make tallow ; and lumps of gold shall be found of a hundred-weight."—Thus we conceive of Sir Walter dreaming, and looking over his new and puzzling map, and listening to the voice which prophesies of coming days, and gazing upon the glories of Indian climes and the treasures of Indian wealth ; and wandering over the snowy plains, and navigating the icy gulfs, and hunting the beaver, and taking the seal, and spearing the whale, and then gliding over the blue sea from isle to isle and from port to port, with the British flag everywhere ; and then arriving at that mysterious region in the south, plunging into its forests and counting its flocks and herds, and eating its fruit, and especially picking up its gold ; and when Sir Walter awakes, how he rubs his eyes, and wonders what madness had seized him, how all his *El-Dorado* visions have been made to look tame and commonplace beside these gorgeous scenes and enormous contradictions ! But we must leave Sir Walter and his dreams, to say that what we have put into the lips of the mysterious genius of his sleeping hours is but a true account of our present colonial empire and resources, as the most prosaic of our wide-awakes must, without hesitation, admit.

We put India aside, as our subject is Anglo-Saxon Colonies ; consequently, we are also forbidden to dwell on Malta and St. Helena, and the New Orkneys and the Isle of France, and other islands, most advantageously

situated for the protection and enlargement of our commercial power and relations. We can only remark, with regard to our North American possessions, that they include the great provinces of Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, the Bermudas, and the immense range of the Hudson's Bay territory. The oil from their fisheries, and the timber from their forests, and the furs from their hunting grounds, are among the most valuable of our imports; while the thriving communities of the Anglo-Saxon race, with their brethren of foreign origin, increasing rapidly in population (that of Canada, for example), nearly doubling between the years 1806 and 1831, at which last date they amounted to more than 500,000 (now thrice that number), afford markets for the export of our cotton, linen, silk, woollen, and iron manufactures. How like the realisation of an Eastern fable does that Toronto look which, within the memory of living men, had only two log-houses and a tavern, but has now a population of above twenty thousand! How Montreal, of much earlier date, is still marvelously growing in extent, numbers, and commercial enterprise! How the coasts of Newfoundland yield "the abundance of the sea, and treasures hid in the sand!" How rich is Nova Scotia in fertile arable and marsh lands, in huge forests, in salubrious climate, in noble bays and harbours! What may not the prairies of New Brunswick afford, and the fruitful Isle of St. Edward, with its clear, northern skies become? And as to the territory of Hudson's Bay—the Russia of America, or rather of England—one is bewildered on looking at its bulky surface of nearly three millions of square miles—almost all, at present, unexplored.

Turning to the south, and looking for a moment at Australia—that land of promise to so many emigrants at the present day—we find it to be the very land of wonders which we just now described in Raleigh's dream. The substance of that description, in nearly the very words, are taken from the work of Mr. Barron Field. Its resources are almost incredible. The world has been thrown a-back with wonder at its gold-diggings. When scarcely recovering from the brilliant electric shock of the discovery of Californian mines, a second and stronger discharge came from Australia; and we were fairly struck dumb by the story of Dr. Kerr's black shepherd finding 4000*l.* worth of the precious metal all in one lump. Who can create an Arabian Nights' entertainment after this? Who now shall compose the tale to be numbered one thousand and *two*, and to answer to its pretensions in this age, which seems to mock all Oriental as well as English dreams? And more and more of the treasure is discovered, the more it is sought. Three millions of ounces of gold had been received from Australia at the end of the last year, and the yield becomes richer every month. Gold to the value of a million sterling has been received since then.

"Australia," said the American correspondent of the "Times" the other day, "seems to be outstripping the United States in the race for gold. Last month we received about five million dollars; our influx of gold is continually increasing, but the reports from Australia eclipse our El Dorado fables altogether."

No less than five rich fields, close to each other, on the southern coast, are now being worked. And here be it remembered the revelation of such treasure is not to be deemed an accident. It was not by chance that the

first ingot was turned up ; for, indeed, in the first place, science had gone before with its diving rod, and Murchison and Hargraves had noticed the resemblance between California and Australia. It had been noticed that singular coincidences obtain between them ; that each of the gold territories are ninety degrees distant from the Ural chain of mountains ; that in all three regions the earth has been torn by igneous rocks, elevating schistose beds ; that in California gigantic bones occur in the auriferous deposits ; that in Russia gold alluvium is mingled with the bones of mammoths ; that in Australia relics of extinct species are found in its rich metallic fields : that the gold meridians are thus identical in character, parts of one great geological system, indicative of divine design—this was observed, and certain inferences deduced. But it was not to scientific deductions and a shrewd philosophical foresight that I chiefly referred when I said, that this gold-finding of our age is no accident. He whose is the silver and the gold—who knows where his treasures are buried, and has a purpose for them, and gives man a key to find them only when they are wanted for some purpose ; He who opened the mines of Mexico and Peru, when the dawn of modern civilisation, and the growth of trade, required an increase of the circulating medium to represent the actual wealth created by human industry ; He has now opened first California, and then Australia, for the multiplication of that medium, to meet the rapidly increasing emergencies of the commercial world. It comes at the right time, and so great is the use for it, that financial economists tell us, it will be long before its abundant supply can make any appreciable difference in its value. It comes at the right time, and it appears in the right

place; it appears in the richest portion of the earth, where Providence has been, ever since its discovery, inviting the sons of inadequately compensated toil in this country, and those who can find no work, and youthful energies wanting here a field for action, to emigrate—not from force, but from choice; not because driven away from their native shores, but because drawn to still more attractive ones. The call of Providence had been little responded to. Convicts and other representatives of our worst social classes had chiefly gone to that queen of islands, and it wanted more and better of our sons and daughters to people it, and to nurse and feed its nascent empire; and so God opens up treasures of gold, and its far-off glitter attracts the eyes of the children of the West; and the nuggets act as loadstones, and crowds of able-bodied, healthy men and women begin to fulfil God's plan of making a great nation there—to do what is now being done, and what is still to be, all of which was in his infinite mind when this globe was a solitude, and he looked down on its tenantless isles and continents, and its untraversed sea; and rejoiced in the habitable parts of the earth, and made his delights with the sons of men.

Of course, so much gold-finding produces some curious social phenomena, and things in the neighbouring towns are somewhat for a while turned upside down. Life at the diggings is very queer, with tents and huts; calico sheets, or a few boughs wrought into habitations, and ranged in streets, all crowded at meal-times—such meal-times!—and then, in an instant, deserted, like a rookery after the report of a fowling-piece; and roads made by the heavy-nailed boots of the gold-searchers, all pointing one way,—“*vestigia nulla retror-*

sum;" and inconveniences, and hardships, and disappointment, and villany, and vice in abundance. Poor Mr. Latrobe, the Governor, has had immense trouble with his servants, police, and constables; and in this respect, most of the respectable inhabitants of Victoria have shared in his misfortunes. Official authorities have been left to perform the most menial work, "to groom their own horses, and light their own fires, and cook their own dinners." The Governor of a province, we are told, was obliged to chop wood, to light the fire before his breakfast could be prepared. The son of a Chief Justice had to become his own shoe-black; merchants and storehouse-keepers to officiate as their own porters and draymen; and ladies are obliged to scrub their own floors. The upper classes are depressed, and the lower rise, oddly enough in some instances. Poor servant-girls get married to lucky nugget-finders; and the splendour of a digger's wedding, we are informed, is somewhat startling. "Young Irish orphan girls, who scarcely know the luxury of a shoe till they put their bare feet on the soil of Victoria, lavish money on white satin, at ten or twelve shillings a-yard, for their bridal dresses, and flaunt out of the shop, slamming the door, because the unfortunate shopkeeper does not keep the real shawls at ten guineas a-piece."

The following are extracts from the letter of a Chelmsford tailor who emigrated to Australia, and whose accounts of life and labour at Melbourne and the gold fields are published in the "Essex Herald." After recounting his own unsuccessful efforts to make a fortune at Forest Creek and Eagle Hawk Gully, where he found it all hard work and no returns, while others pocketed their hundreds a-week, the tailor says:—

“Trade down here is uncommonly brisk, and all mechanics are getting first-rate wages. I am at my own trade again, working for the same master as when last here, and, being a quiet sort of fellow, and wishing me to call again when I came to Melbourne, I did so, and glad enough he was to see me. I intend stopping down here till about September or October, when I intend trying my luck again at the diggings, as I am determined to have the money it has cost me back again. I thought at one time I would never go gold-digging, but, when you hear of persons up a week or two making their hundreds, it so unsettles one that it is almost impossible to keep away. The amount of gold brought down every week is very great, and at this time there are about 90,000 oz. at the commissary’s waiting to be sent down to Melbourne. As might be supposed, among the thousands that are at the diggings the state of morals is very low; gambling is carried on to a great extent in some parts. Eagle Hawk Gully was the worst place I had been to in the diggings; there were some of the greatest villains there that the colony could produce, and I make no doubt that when the emigration sets in from home and other parts it will be every bit as bad as California. The rate of wages paid here is as follows:—dress and frock coat, 1*l.* 16*s.*, and with silk sides creased, 4*s.* extra; shooting jacket, 1*l.* 6*s.*; double-breasted vest, séwn on lappels, 13*s.*; single-breasted roll collar, 10*s.*; trousers, 12*s.*; with cash-pocket only, 10*s.*; breeches, 15*s.*; and all extra work and repairing paid for at the rate of 1*s.* per hour. I have no doubt that these prices will surprise you, but I understand that in a week or two the prices will again be raised to 1*s.* 6*d.* per hour. There is no mistake but what the

new aristocracy gold-diggers are rare boys to patronise trade; so soon as they come from the diggings they must have a new rig out, and, as to the price, that is no object. The price of a suit of clothes is about 9*l.* or 10*l.*, that is of a medium quality — about the quality you would make at home for 4*l.* or 5*l.*; in fact, everything is double the price. Wellington boots are 3*l.* 10*s.*, bluchers, 1*l.* 10*s.*, that is, colonial made. Rents are exceedingly high, and cottages such as yours out here would fetch 100*l.* a-year each at the least, and a house and shop like yours in a business would be worth 500*l.* or 600*l.* a-year; and then they would not let it you more than six months at a time, and most likely have three months in advance. I am paying 25*s.* per week board and lodging. From what we can hear from home, the excitement there is very great; numbers that come out will find themselves woefully disappointed; and then the style of living in a new clime is so vastly different to what we get at home; and, again, many of them think that if they can get over here they can go and pick it up at pleasure, not thinking that it requires some 10*l.* or 20*l.* to get an outfit, and other expenses in getting up, and as the diggings extend it will be still more so; but, after all, if persons are mad for coming, the best thing is for them to come, but they must rough it, and make up their minds to some hard work."

Society is taking the American type in its vulgarest form; a morbid independence is breaking down social distinctions, and, beyond all doubts, many bad passions are fostered and strengthened by the avaricious thirst for gold. But we trust and believe the evils of this kind are temporary, that as the supply of provisions is sent to meet the increasing demands, the incon-

veniences of Australian life will diminish; that society, turned topsy-turvy, will right itself again, and intelligence, and virtue, and strength of character, will acquire the proper ascendancy, and that the emigrants will come to see that after all the best Australian riches are not in her gold fields. An axiom which embodies the result of Mexican experience in mining, affirms that "a proprietor who discovers a copper mine upon his estate will make a fortune; if he discover a silver mine, he will be a poor man all his days: while the discovery of a gold mine involves his certain ruin. And the experience of California, in so far as the individual diggers are concerned, points in the direction we have indicated." Gold-seeking, in a multitude of cases, will be found a delusive pursuit in the end, but the multitudes attracted by it will not be left without something far better. The copper mines are preferable to the gold regions. The ore of the Burra Burra will in the end enrich more than Ballarat or Mount Alexander. Iron and coal, too, are among the hidden treasures of the island, and it has been ascertained that in a district close to Sydney, of five hundred miles extent, there is a soil and climate exactly adapted for the growth of cotton. "Yes," said the "Times" the other day, "but the Cassys and Uncle Toms are wanting." No doubt the want of labourers is the great want of Australia, but if emigration go on at its present rate, the want will be gradually supplied. Cassys and Uncle Toms,—the slaves of a Legree,—will, we trust and believe, never be known in that region where there waves the free flag of England. But Cassys in point of energy, and Uncle Toms in point of patience and manly

love, will be found to do all necessary work in reference to the production of cotton and other useful things, in proportion as we care for our emigrants, and seek their physical and moral welfare as well as increase their number.

Iron, coal, cotton,—think of these together. What wealth must arise from the combination! Fancy Lancashire united to Demerara or Berbice. There is something like such an union in Australia. What Manchesters of the south may some day grow out of the connexion; what Liverpools may yet be seen mirrored on the shores of those sunny seas! The only natural drawback upon Australia is the want of rivers to communicate with the interior; but still there are numerous navigable streams on the coast, and probably the scenes of Australian enterprise will ever be on the outer circle of its huge basin,—one side of the chain lined with cities and ports, and the other with farms and flocks. Already the population of Australia amounts to about 330,000.

We have spoken of Australia, but have not mentioned either Van Diemen's Land or New Zealand; both are lands of exceeding beauty, teeming with the virgin wealth of nature. The former has some of the noblest scenery and one of the finest climates in the world, in addition to her quarries of stone, her beds of coal, and her veins of iron and other metals. And the latter, though abounding in ferns and swamps, has her fertile tracts and her extensive forests, besides being a most eligible station for southern whalers and other trading vessels. Van Diemen's Land can boast of Hobart Town on the Derwent, and Launceston on the Tamar; and New Zealand, as the old poets would say,

rejoices in Auckland by the harbour of Waitemata, and Wellington on the shores of Port Nicholson.

Such is an imperfect, an extremely imperfect, notice of our colonial empire as to extent and resources ; but it may serve to prepare for the third and most important part of our Lecture, in which we propose to view our colonial history and position in the light of Christianity.

III.

1. We cannot hesitate for a moment to say that emigration is according to the will of God. Given a world like this, with conveniences in every part for the habitation of man, and one original pair appointed to be father and mother of a race,—a single centre and not many centres of human increase, and a command such as we read in Genesis, “ Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth,”—and emigration follows as a necessary consequence. When men began to multiply and to build cities, and to pitch their tents among their flocks and cattle, it must have been after the manner of emigrants. When on the plain of Shinar men wished to dwell, and to become there a great and mighty people, God wrought a miracle to disperse them, and to make them go abroad as emigrants on the face of all the earth. Abraham, the father of the faithful, was one of the fathers of emigration, when, at the divine bidding, he left Ur of the Chaldees. The Israelites were God-sent emigrants to Goshen, in Egypt. When they emigrated from the house of bondage to take possession of the land of Canaan, it was under the direction and promise of Him to whom the

whole world belongs. He afterwards overruled their sinfulness for the good of mankind, and, by removing them from their own country, and giving them settlements in Assyria, brought them in contact with the people of the greatest empire of that day, as a witness for his truth against their idolatries, as leaven to check the corruption of the social masses. And who can tell how much ancient Oriental civilisation was indebted to the influence of the nation which God chose for himself, a people to show forth his praise? And how could the beautiful shores of Greece have become inhabited but by emigrants? And how could all the other coasts of the Mediterranean have become covered with men as with a flock but by emigration? And how could middle and northern Europe have come into the possession of masters who would farm its soil, and navigate its rivers, and dig into its hills, and dot its plains and valleys with cities, if God had not led them to emigrate? And how could Britain, this garden which the Lord hath blessed, have ever been cultivated and been made to yield its offerings; and how could it have borne on its bosom cities full of men, and houses for God's worship, and places like that we meet in now, and associations for intellectual and religious purposes, if God had not said in his providence to Britons, and Romans, and Anglo-Saxons, "Go forth from your fathers' house, emigrate and colonise that isle?" It is no artificial arrangement, it is no human law, it is no device of this world; it is an ordinance of Heaven, a fiat from Him who made the earth, a word from the Lord. And now that England is overpeopled and her children are saying, "Give us room that we may dwell," and we turn to the Canadas and find not six inhabitants to a square mile, and to

South Africa not three, and to Australia the same, is not our country's duty and privilege as plain as though God were to group the stars so as to form the inscription, "*Go, emigrate?*"

To emigrate and to colonise I know are distinguishable things. Emigration is simply going forth, and does not of necessity suppose any combined and systematic method of proceeding, or any continued relation to the mother-country; but when we speak of colonies, we mean settlements involving some sort of organised co-operation and retaining still some bond of dependence on the parent state. The divine precedents cannot be cited for this as for the other, yet, methinks, in the mimic history of the beehive, in the instincts which lead those tiny folk to go forth in orderly companies to build new wax cities,—and in the foster-care of the mother for her child, and in the filial love of the child for the mother—in the leading-strings of the nursery, and the leading hand to guide the tottering step, and in the oversight of age and the reverence of youth, till such time comes as the stripling is mature and can manage for himself and guide his ways; and in the famous histories of old Greek times, when, with a sort of instinctive forethought, so evidently of divine planting, the city sent out her noblest, and her wisest, and her most enterprising, and her poorest, and humblest altogether, to be a second self on some other shore; when it was felt that with a matronly care the elder should nurse the younger, and that with a daughterly devotion the younger should honour the elder,—that when oppression began on the one hand it was infanticide, and that when rebellion began on the other it was matricide,—I say, in these touches of the finger of God

upon inferior natures and the hearts of men, in the present instincts of the human breast, and in the tradition of old Greek sentiments, often violated, alas! but still in theory revered, as indisputable and divine, I recognise foreshadowings of the will of the Almighty in reference to colonial emigration. Surely, the peopling of distant lands by a long civilised and orderly race ought not to be like an Ishmaelitish expedition, or the rushing out of a tumultuous mob, but a march within the lines of order, and under the government of a well-concerted polity, and with the sanction of the ruling powers, and according to the sentiments and sympathies of a hallowed patriotism.

Anglo-Saxon colonisation, viewed in general as a great fact, is then in harmony with the principles of religion.

2. But what, looking at the question in the light of Christianity, shall we say of the predominant moral features of our colonial proceedings? I have not time to review, under this aspect, the earlier history of British colonies. If I had, it might be shown that, notwithstanding the noble feelings in which the colony of New England originated, and the righteous, peaceful spirit of William Penn's policy, and other instances of honourable, benevolent, and Christian principles, the story of our colonies, down to the American war, presents, for the most part, facts which will not bear the scrutiny of a Christian investigator. I can now only speak of colonial practices, as they have occurred in connexion with our existing Anglo-Saxon dependencies.

It is well known that until lately the trade with our colonies has been a close monopoly in favour of England. "The word monopoly in this case admitted a very

extensive interpretation. It comprehended the monopoly of supply, the monopoly of colonial produce, and the monopoly of manufacture. By the first, the colonists were prohibited from resorting to foreign markets for the supply of their wants ; by the second they were compelled to bring their chief staple commodities to the mother country alone ; and by the third to bring them to her in a raw or unmanufactured state, that her own manufacturers might secure to themselves all the advantages arising from their further improvement. This latter principle was carried so far in the colonial system of Great Britain, as to induce the late Earl of Chatham to declare in parliament, that the British colonists in America had no right to manufacture even a nail for a horse-shoe." This fact of monopoly is not to be looked at now in the light of economical expediency—you are not to judge of it according to the principles of Adam Smith, but in the light of correct moral sentiment, and according to the principles of Christ's gospel. I cannot but see at the bottom of it a low and narrow-minded selfishness. It stands condemned by the everlasting maxim, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them." It stands condemned by the entire genius and spirit of Christian morals, which may be embodied in the figure of Justice wearing the crown of generosity. May I here observe that I look upon the whole question of free trade, not simply as a political, but far more as a moral one. I look upon the old system of restriction as based upon a cunning love of self. I look upon the new system of free trade as involving an intelligent regard to one's neighbour. I do not mean that all protectionists are selfish men, and all free-traders are benevolent ones. I am only speaking

of the principles upon which, with consistency, the two systems stand. Therefore my reading of Christ's blessed gospel leads me to condemn the system of commercial monopoly long pursued in reference to our colonies, as involving a sin against the laws of loving brotherhood, which the Father of our race has written upon the constitution of human nature and society, so that when violated they carry their punishment with them—a terrible Nemesis comes at last—an American war for example, an outbreak and a separation. Selfishness in the end defeats its purpose; monopoly brings at last poverty and not riches. Good-will to man is the best policy. To think of others as well as ourselves will secure, when we are not designing it, an abundant reward. There will come into our own bosom full measure, pressed down, and running over. All this is true of states, as it is of individuals. Now as morality, which applies to the one applies to the other, and as we must recognise in the system of monopoly which has prevailed in relation to our colonies a spirit of intense selfishness, *that* must form one count in the bill of indictment against our country as she stands for trial before the bar of the Judge of the universe.

I cannot enter upon the question of transportation. A good deal may be said in defence of it. In some respects the mother country has been wrongfully accused in relation to this matter, but still, no doubt, much is connected with the history of secondary punishments in Australia illustrative of our selfish indifference to the welfare of society there. But we must take up another point.

When we colonise a distant region that supposes some appropriation of the land. I reserve some remarks

on the difficult question of aboriginal rights to a subsequent part of the Lecture. I would here only look at certain admitted facts which illustrate the way in which colonists or our own government have taken as their own the territories inhabited by native tribes. Let me read to you the calm and unimpassioned report of Sir William Molesworth's "Commission of Inquiry into Colonial Matters," as it bears on this subject in connexion with New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. "These people," it is said in that report, speaking of the aborigines, "unoffending as they were towards us, have, as might have been expected, suffered in an aggravated degree from the planting among them of our penal settlements. In the formation of these settlements, it does not appear that the territorial rights of the natives were considered." This is an extremely mild way of stating the case, yet we may be very sure that some strong facts of unrighteous appropriation lie at the basis of this phraseology, gentle as it is. "The black fellow of Australia," says another authority, who writes also with much temperance of feeling, "has little for which to thank his white brethren. He has been driven from his native grounds, prevented from following the chase of the kangaroo and other animals, on which he was accustomed to depend for food." I may add the encroachments of the colonists of the Cape upon the poor Caffres, their expulsion from Rumfield, the Fish River, and the Keiskamma, their being driven back farther and farther into the interior, while acre after acre was claimed as English property, and finally the pathetic lament of Gaika, "When I look at the large tract of fine country that has been taken from me, I am compelled to say, that though protected, I am rather

oppressed by my protectors." These are further illustrations of the colonial practice of appropriation. Then there is a story of the Orange River sovereignty, so forcibly told by Mr. Freeman. From 40 to 50,000 square miles were in 1848 annexed to the Cape colony. On what grounds? "It is colony by conquest," say the Lords of the Council. "But there is no conquest," says the Government. "It is out of the question," says the Attorney-General. "It is a colony by cession," says his Excellency the Governor. "It is not cession," says the Attorney-General again, "for there were no parties competent to cede it." But whether by conquest or cession, it was seized and appropriated, and occupancy is now its real title, on the principle that possession is nine-tenths of the law. "British sovereignty obtained by conquest," exclaims the lamented Freeman, "*veni, vidi, vici*; conquered, undoubtedly, by theodolites, tapes, chains, maps, diagrams, and letters patent." All this reveals an amount of injustice too enormous to be measured by theodolites, tapes, chains, or any other way. Here, again, the mother country, as well as her selfish children abroad, must stand impeached before the bar of Heaven of high crimes and misdemeanours. The laws of Christian righteousness are in these facts seen trampled under foot.

We proceed to another moral feature of our colonial history as seen in the light of humanity and religion. We are familiar with the horrors related in the history of the Spanish conquests of Mexico and Peru. We have shuddered at the story of the treatment of the natives by the early Portuguese and Dutch settlers in India and elsewhere. We have trembled at the traditions of deeds of violence and bloodshed, perpetrated by

our fathers years ago in their expeditions and conquests, east and west ; but, till facts dispel the illusion, one hopes that the last fifty years of our colonial history are not so deeply stained with crime. Alas, alas ! Mr. Pringle mentions a journal by a Cape colonist, at so late a period as from 1806 to 1811, which consists of forty-four pages full of crimes and cruelties too horrible to describe. It is true that colonist was a Dutchman ; but have the English been much better ? In taking possession of territory seized from the Caffres, men and women have been promiscuously shot. We read in a journal, dated Sunday, January 12, 1812 :— “ At noon Commander Stoltz went out, with two companies, to look for Slambi, but saw nothing of him : they only met with a few Caffres, men and women, most of *whom they shot.*” As to Australia, “ Not a few cases have occurred in which the natives have been ruthlessly shot in cold blood by the settlers, or, still worse act of vengeance, intentionally poisoned (by means of arsenic, or some similar substance, mixed with food, which has been purposely placed in their way, or given them at a feast, to which they were treacherously invited for the purpose).” But we must not pursue the tale of terror, nor dwell, as we might, upon the tremendous aggravation, in some instances, of such conduct as we have described, arising from the putting on of a veil of hypocrisy, and pretending, as early charters phrased it, that “ the inviting of the natives to the knowledge of the Christian faith was the principal end of the plantation.” Enough has been said to show that a charge of most inhuman cruelty lies against certain individuals engaged in Anglo-Saxon colonisation ; that there are pages in its history which,

in the light of the gospel of love, it is terrible, indeed, to look at: and that in the day when the Lord shall make inquisition for blood, many of our countrymen will come in for a fearful reckoning.

3. We must now apply the principles of Christianity to methods of colonial procedures in future.

With past history fresh in our recollection, Christianity reads us some solemn lessons as to the duty of the mother country to her colonial daughters. Does not Christianity teach us that the treatment adopted by her should be marked by the justice of a mother, the kindness of a mother, the forbearance of a mother, and, if need be, the self-denial of a mother? Does it not teach us the unchangeable nature and universal application of its grand maxims of righteousness and love, prompting us, not in our individual relations alone, but in our national and political relations as well, to do what is right because it is right, and because God commands it, and to do what is benevolent because benevolence is beautiful, and because God is love, and bids us love one another as brethren? Does it not teach us to aim, not at our own aggrandisement (though, really, that will come as a necessary consequence,—come as the shadow follows the path of him who walks with his face towards the sun), but with paternal regard for our colonial dependencies, to seek to nourish, and mature and educate them, that they may in their turn become the mothers of happy nations and empires?

I put aside now political maxims—mere considerations of expediency—and I further ask, Do not the principles of Christian justice and good-will tell us to prepare our colonies for an era of independence—comparative independence, at least—as befitting them for

the approaching attainment of their majority? Colonies, as well as children, are coming of age, and the education of the one as of the other should be with a view to their future self-government. Christianity is the friend of developement. It helps on the growth, and efflorescence, and fruitage of the precious germs of manly energy which lie buried in the hearts of infant states, and rebukes the weakness and folly which would treat the destined oak of the forest as if it were to be for ever a sapling.

Christianity, moreover, very plainly binds on us to practise its precepts before we teach them,—to be Christians ourselves as the best preparation for making others such, in our national as well as our individual capacity; “to do justice and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God.” And then it very clearly enjoins the work of Christian instruction, of diffusing the knowledge of Christianity, and of pressing home its principles on the consciences of men. Accordingly colonial missions are of the first importance. The spiritual needs of our brethren, especially in Canada and Australia, have the most urgent claims on our sympathy and relief. In a new state of society, removed from the happier influences which breathe round us at home, exposed to fearful peril, both as to their principles and their conduct, the subjects of many trials, sickening like ourselves, losing their children like ourselves, dying like ourselves — *no*, not like ourselves, but in a foreign clime, among strangers, far away from the land of their fathers’ sepulchres. Oh, how much they need the light, and power, and guardianship, and solace of the Christian pastor, and that gospel which he carries. Nor should it be forgotten how much good Christian

families may do by emigration; and how it becomes the duty of those who are intending to emigrate to lay their plans so that they may be missionaries,—centres of light and life to those who are in darkness and death; and how well it would be for a young man who is intending to cast his lot in one of the colonies, to think of religious usefulness even more than commercial prosperity; to ask, Where can I do most good? Where can I best serve Christ? Where can I become most efficiently a quiet, humble, painstaking servant of my blessed Master, looking after some of his stray sheep, and folding some of his helpless lambs? How in this important juncture of my life am I to carry out the prime precept in all life's junctures, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you?"

And, once more, Christianity gives us lessons as to the treatment of aborigines. It teaches us to look on them as men, and to respect their humanity. It pronounces them brothers, and bids us teach them as brothers. They are children of the one Parent, and he has given to them rights as well as to us. Means of subsistence, and that not according to our mode of living, but according to theirs, should surely be conceded. The hunting-ground should be reserved, the chase left, and in all questions about the appropriation of land Christian justice should give the answer. With the imperfect knowledge and civilisation of the aborigines, difficulties must arise in treating with them; but it appears to me the simple rule should be that colonists, with better knowledge and loftier civilisation, should in all their transactions conduct themselves as in the sight of Him who had given them this better

knowledge and loftier civilisation. They should seek a sanction of their proceedings not from British governors or the British senate, but from a higher authority, *in foro conscientiæ*. I do not think a New Zealander or a Caffre has a right to say, All these thousands upon thousands of acres shall remain my hunting-ground, because my fathers hunted over them, any more than two or three crows have an exclusive right to a great common, or two or three rooks to a great forest of trees. I conceive that a man has no more a right than the bird to say, You shall not come and settle here, you shall not come and build here, where there is ample room for all to settle and build, and none need in the slightest degree injure the rest. I do not believe, with the divine law of emigration written in the Bible, written on the face of the world and its history, that God has given any rights to scanty tribes of aborigines, which can prevent the righteous settlement among them of people who, by a fulness of population and a need of support, are driven from the nests of their infancy to seek another home: but it appears to me as clear as noonday, that in fulfilling one law of God we are not to break another; and that in settling upon lands which I believe the Lord has given us for that purpose, we are conscientiously, and in his sight, to respect aboriginal interests, and to concede to those whom God put there before us, all that is needful for their support, according to their prior habits of life.

It is a fact, no doubt, that where our colonies are planted, the coloured races melt away before the men of "the pale face." There is not a red man in Newfoundland, nor a black one in Van Diemen's Land. Nor do the cruelties of the whites sufficiently account for this melan-

choly circumstance, since even where the aborigines have been protected, still they have gradually disappeared. But whatever may be the intentions of the Almighty with regard to Japhet's dwelling in the tents of Shem, and the servitude of Canaan, it is clearly the duty of Japhet to respect the rights of Shem, and to treat Canaan as a brother. Precept, not prophecy, is to be the guide of human conduct. "Honour all men" is an irrepealable maxim, and one that should regulate throughout our colonial proceedings. Efforts should be made to civilise the natives,—not by forcing upon them our habits—not by taking wardrobes of English clothes, and making the savage put them on—not by building him a house, and compelling him to live in it, while he prefers his skin kaross and the open air,—but by trying to make him feel the wants of civilised life, that demand may prepare for supply—by aiming at the creation of a desire which shall lead them to civilise themselves. Efforts, too, should be made to christianise the natives. But it will be in vain to teach catechisms and preach sermons, if all that be not accompanied by such treatment in general as will convince them that those who seek their conversion really love their souls. To refer to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." All Miss Ophelia's catechising, you know, was lost on poor Topsy. "'No, she can't bar me, 'cause I'm a nigger!' She'd's soon have a toad touch her. There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'." *I don't care,*' said Topsy, beginning to whistle. *'O Topsy, poor child, I love you,'* said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and laying her little, thin, white hand on Topsy's shoulder; *'I love you because you've been a poor, abused child!'* The round, keen eyes of

the black child were overcast with tears, large bright drops rolled heavily down."

There is the true philosophy of all Christian education at home and abroad, in the foreign mission or the English colony. Love and act with the justice and generosity and tenderness of love—that will do more than catechisms and sermons. It will prepare for catechisms and sermons of the best kind. Eva against Ophelia all the world over. Happy when the Ophelias walk in the steps of the Evas, and can say to the Topsy's, "Don't give up. I can love you now. I hope I have learnt something of the love of Christ from that dear little child. I *can* love you. I *do*." Tell the Negro, tell the Hottentot, tell the Caffre, tell the Indian, tell the Australian islander, I *can* love you, I *do*. Tell him, not in words only, but in deeds.

4. Applying the principles of Christianity to all our colonial proceedings, breathing the spirit of Christianity over all the details of colonial enterprise, what a glorious future for our colonial history rises upon us in the light of Christian hope! With such resources in the land of their adoption, and carrying with them the magnificent inheritance of Anglo-Saxon art, and Anglo-Saxon literature, and Anglo-Saxon traditions, and Anglo-Saxon experience, and Anglo-Saxon laws, what may not our colonists become? Basing their settlements on the deep corner-stones of Christian justice, and building up their civilisation in truth and love, what states they may rear, what empires they may raise! Whether remaining integral parts of the kingdom of old England or not—whether subject to the British sceptre, or become independent—whether hoisting our

old gorgeous standard, or adopting for themselves some new device—those thriving communities will be friends, allies, rejoicers in our joy, and helpers in our need, because the Christianity we show to them, and which they shall have imbibed from us, will make them feel that they are our children still! And England, the mother of many nations, shall look from her old sea-girt home, over the blue field of waters, to the isles and shores, whither her sons shall have gone, and seeing them, healthful, and strong, and God-fearing, and happy, shall exclaim with fuller joy than the mother of the Gracchi, “They are my jewels.”

But there is an alternative—a tremendous alternative. Should England, unmindful of her highest duties, adopt a colonial policy narrow and selfish—should she pour upon the distant regions subject to her sway the refuse of her population, without caring for their moral and religious needs—should she by injustice and oppression alienate or rouse to rebellion those dependencies which she ought to cherish and prepare for a noble destiny—should she by what is wrong on her part produce what is wrong on theirs (for sin creates sin, and it is an universal law, applicable alike to states and individuals, that you cannot do evil to your neighbour without tempting and encouraging him to do evil to you)—should heart-burning lead to collision, and old ties be ruptured, and civilisation abroad be corrupted by vices imported from home, the fairest hopes of the Christian patriot will then be blasted, and a repetition of the old stories of Tyre and Rome may be looked for in the annals of the Anglo-Saxon empire.

One word more, and I have done The subject is

suggestive. We are all colonists. The world in which we live is dependent on a mother country, where the Lord of all keeps his palace, and fills his throne. From that glorious country we have our supreme laws, our noblest institutions,—in harmony with which we should enact all our other laws, and frame all our other institutions. Between that country and ours, there has been connexion and correspondence from the beginning. Rebellious though we are, our province has not been crushed or abandoned by the Divine imperial government; but the King's Son has visited our shores to redeem us from our guilt and misery, and the Eternal Spirit has come, and now dwells amongst us, in the fulfilment of a mission of sanctification and comfort. Those who receive that Son—those in whom that Spirit dwells, sustain a peculiar and blessed relationship to the heavenly city. "Our citizenship," said one whose faith and sanctity are an example for us, "our citizenship is in heaven." Glorious distinction to have our names enrolled among the living in that Jerusalem, which is the Mother of us all! Happy they who keep up constant communion with that parent world—who read the Bible as a letter from home—who look on all the leadings of Providence as communications from home—who believe in the ministration of angels, as guards for our protection and welfare come from home—who, by prayer, often and often, send messages and aspirations home—who regard all the dead in Christ as colonists gone home—who, as they lose their children, can rejoice that the Lord of the better country has taken them home,—and who anticipate in their own departure hence, ere long, their going home.

Young men, to get there, be that the hope of life. To act in harmony with such hope, be that the aim of life. To obey the blessed Book, which alone can produce the harmony, be that the law of life!

Haxter and his Times.



A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. J. C. RYLE, A.B.,

RECTOR OF HELMINGHAM, SUFFOLK.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

FEBRUARY 1, 1853.



BAXTER AND HIS TIMES.

I MUST ask you to-night to look back to times long gone by—to look back some two hundred years. I feel this is rather a bold request to make. Progress is the order of the day in which you live. “Go a-head” has become a familiar expression wherever English is spoken. “Forwards” is the motto of the times. Few are willing to look back.

But there are subjects about which it is well to look behind us. There are matters in which a knowledge of the past may teach us wisdom for the present and the future. The history of religion is pre-eminently such a subject and matter. Steam, electricity, railways, and gas, have made a wonderful difference in the temporal condition of mankind in the last two hundred years. But all this time the Bible and the hearts of men have remained unaltered. That which men did and thought in religious matters two hundred years ago, they are capable of doing and thinking again. What they thought and did in England, in the seventeenth century, it is well to know.

And just as there are subjects about which it is wise to look behind us, so also there are times long gone by which deserve our special attention. There

are times when the character of a nation receives an indelible impression from events which take place in a single generation. There have been times when the dearest privileges of a people have been brought to the birth, and called into vigorous existence, through the desperate agony of civil war and religious strife. Such, I take leave to say, were the times of which I am about to speak to-night. To no times are Englishmen so deeply indebted for their civil and religious liberty as the times in which Baxter lived. To no body of men do they owe such an unpaid debt of gratitude as they do to that noble host, of which Baxter was a standard-bearer—I mean the Puritans. To no man among the Puritans are the lovers of religious freedom under such large obligations as they are to Richard Baxter. This is the man, and these are the times, which form the subject of this evening's lecture.

I am fully sensible of the difficulties which surround the subject. It is a subject which few historians handle fairly, simply because they do not understand spiritual religion. To an unconverted man the religious differences of the day of the Puritans must necessarily appear foolishness. He is no more qualified to give an opinion about them than a blind man is to talk of pictures. It is a subject which no clergyman of the Church of England can approach without laying himself open to misrepresentation. He will be suspected of disaffection to his own Church, if he speaks favourably of men who opposed Bishops. But it is a subject on which it is most important for Christian young men to have distinct opinions, and I must ask for a patient hearing. If I can correct some false impressions, if I can supply you with a few great principles to guide

you in these perilous times, I feel I shall have done your souls an essential service. And if I fail to interest you in "Baxter and his Times," I am sure the fault is not in the subject, but in me.

I. The times in which Baxter lived comprehend such a vast amount of interesting matter, that I must of necessity leave many points in their history entirely untouched.

You will see my meaning when I tell you that he was born in 1615, and died in 1691. Nearly all his life was passed under the dynasty of a house which reigned over England, with no benefit to the country and no credit to itself—I mean the Stuarts. He lived through the reign of James I., Charles I., Charles II., and James II., and was buried in the reign of William III. He was in the prime of health and intellectual vigour all through the days of the Commonwealth and the Civil Wars. He witnessed the overthrow of the Monarchy and the Church of England, and their subsequent re-establishment. He was a cotemporary of Cromwell, of Laud, of Strafford, of Hampden, of Pym, of Monk, of Clarendon, of Milton, of Hale, of Jeffreys, of Blake. In his days took place the public execution of an English monarch, Charles I.,—of an Archbishop of Canterbury, Laud—and of a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Strafford. Within the single period of his life are to be found the plague, the fire of London, the Westminster Assembly, the Long Parliament, the Savoy Conference, and the rejection of two thousand of the best ministers of the Church of England by the Act of Uniformity. Such were the eventful times in which Baxter lived. I cannot, of course, pretend to enter fully into them. Their history forms a huge picture, like

the moving panorama of the Mississippi, which it is utterly impossible to take in at a glance. I shall simply try to fix your attention on a few of the leading features of the picture, and I shall choose those points which appear to me most likely to be useful in the present day.

One remarkable feature in the history of Baxter's times is the move backward from the principles of the Protestant Reformation, which commenced in his youth. Doctrines and practices began to be maintained, both by preachers and writers in the Church of England, which Latimer and Jewell would never have sanctioned. Sound evangelical teaching was decried and run down, under the specious name of Calvinism. Good bishops, like Davenant, were snubbed and reprimanded. Bad bishops, like Montague and Wren, were patted on the back and encouraged. Preaching and lecturing were depreciated, and forms and ceremonies were exalted. The benefits of episcopacy were extravagantly magnified. Candlesticks and crosses, and all manner of Popish ornaments, were introduced into some of the churches. The sanctity of the Lord's day was invaded by the abominable "Book of Sports," and common people were encouraged to spend Sunday in England as it is now spent in France. The communion-tables, which up to this time had stood in the middle of the chancel, were removed to the east end of the churches, put behind rails, and profanely called altars. Against all these sapping and mining operations, some, no doubt, protested loudly; but still the sappers and miners went on.

The prime agent in the whole movement was Archbishop Laud. Whether that unhappy man really

intended to re-unite the Church of England with the Church of Rome is a question which will probably never be settled till the last day. One thing is very certain, that no one could have played the game of Rome more thoroughly than he did.

Like many a mischief-maker before and since, Laud pulled the house upon his own head. He raised a storm at length before which the Church, the Throne, and the Bishops, all went down together, and in the midst of which he himself was put on his trial and lost his life. But the Church of England received an injury in Laud's days from which it has never entirely recovered. Since his time there never has been wanting a succession of men amongst its ministers who have held most of Laud's principles, and occasionally have boldly walked in his steps. So true are the words of Shakespeare,—

“ The evil that men do lives after them.”

The harm that Queen Mary did to the Church of England was nothing compared to the harm done by Laud.

Young men, never underrate the mischief that one bold, bad man can do, and especially in matters of religion. The seeds of error are like thistle-down. One head scattered by the wind will sow a whole field. One Tom Paine can rear up Infidels all over the world. One Laud can leaven generations with untold mischief. Never suppose that Tractarianism is a legitimate child of the Church of England. It is not so. It was scarcely heard of till the time of the Stuarts. Never suppose that Tractarianism is a new invention of these latter days. It is not so. It is two hundred years old. The

father of Tractarians is Archbishop Laud. Remember these things, and you will have learned something from Baxter's times.

Another remarkable feature in the history of Baxter's times is the famous civil war between Charles I. and his Parliament.

All war is an evil—a necessary evil sometimes—but still an evil; and of all wars, the most distressing is a civil war. It is a kind of huge family quarrel. It is a struggle in which victory brings no glory, because the strife has been a strife of brethren. Edge Hill, and Newbury, and Marston Moor, and Naseby, and Worcester, are names which call up none but painful reflections. The victors in each battle had spilt the blood of their own countrymen, and lessened the general strength of the nation.

But there is a point of view in which the civil war between Charles I. and his Parliament was peculiarly distressing. I allude to the striking fact, that the general irreligion and immorality of the King's party did more to ruin his cause than all the armies which the Parliament raised. There were hundreds and thousands of steady, quiet men, who, at the beginning of the war, were desirous to be still, and help neither side. But when they found that a man could not read his Bible to his dependents and have prayer in his family without being persecuted as a Roundhead, they felt obliged, in self-defence, to join the Parliamentary forces. In plain words, the wickedness and profligacy of many of the Cavaliers drove godly men into the ranks of their enemies. That there was plenty of hypocrisy, fanaticism, and enthusiasm on the Parliamentary side I make no question. That there were

some good men among the Cavaliers, such as Lord Falkland, I do not deny. But, after every allowance, I have no doubt there was far more true religion among those who fought for the Parliament than among those who fought for the King.

The result of the civil war, under these peculiar circumstances, never need surprise any one who knows human nature. The drinking, swearing, roystering troopers, who were led by Prince Rupert, and Wilmot, and Goring, proved no match for the praying, psalm-singing, Bible-reading men whom Cromwell, and Fairfax, and Ireton, and Harrison, and Fleetwood, and Desborough, brought into the field. The steadiest men will in the long run make the best soldiers. A side which has a strong religious principle among its supporters will seldom be a losing one. "Those who honour God, God will honour; and they that despise Him shall be lightly esteemed."

I shall dismiss the subject of the civil war with one general remark and one caution.

My general remark is, that, deeply as we must regret the civil war, we must in fairness remember that we probably owe to it the free and excellent constitution which we possess in this country. God can bring good out of evil. The oscillations of England between despotism and anarchy, and anarchy and despotism, for many years after the breach between Charles I. and the House of Commons, were certainly tremendously violent. Still we must confess, that great political lessons were probably imprinted on the English mind at that period, of which we are reaping the benefit at this very day. Monarchs were taught that, like planets in heaven, they must be content to move in a certain orbit,

and that an enlightened people would not be governed and taxed without the consent of an unfettered House of Commons. Nations were taught that it is a far easier thing to pull to pieces than to build, and to upset an ancient monarchy than to find a government which shall be a satisfactory substitute. Many of the foundations of our choicest national privileges, I make no doubt, were laid in the Commonwealth times. You will do well to remember this. You may rest satisfied that this country owes an immense debt of gratitude to Brooke, and Hampden, and Whitelock, and Pym.

The caution I wish to give you respects the execution of Charles I. You will do well to remember that the great bulk of the Puritans were entirely guiltless of any participation in the trial and death of the king. It is a vulgar error to suppose, as many do, that the whole Parliamentary party are accountable for that wicked and impolitic act. The immense majority of the Presbyterians protested loudly against it. Baxter tells us expressly in his autobiography, that, together with many other ministers, he declared his abhorrence of it, and used every exertion to prevent it. The deed was the doing of Cromwell and his immediate adherents in the army, and it is at their door that the whole guilt must lie. That the great body of the Puritans espoused the Parliamentary side there is no doubt. But as to any abstract dislike to royalty, or assent to King Charles's death, the Puritans are entirely innocent. Remember this, young men, and you will have learned something from the history of Baxter's times.

The next feature in the history of Baxter's times, to which I shall venture to call your attention, is the rise and conduct of that remarkable man, Oliver Cromwell.

There are few men on whose character more obloquy has been heaped than Oliver Cromwell. He has been painted by some as a monster of wickedness and hypocrisy. Nothing has been too bad to say of him. Such an estimate of him is simply ridiculous. It defeats the end of those who form it. They forget that it is no compliment to England to suppose that it would so long tolerate the rule of such a monster. The man who could raise himself from being the son of a brewer at Huntingdon to be the most successful general of his age, and absolute dictator of this country for many years, must, on the very face of facts, have been a most extraordinary man.

For my own part I tell you frankly, that I think you ought to consider the estimate of Cromwell, which Carlyle and D'Aubigné have formed, to be a near approach to the truth. I own I cannot go the lengths of the latter writer. I dare not pronounce positively that Cromwell was a sincere Christian. I leave the question in suspense. I hazard no opinion about it, one way or the other, because I do not find sufficient materials for forming an opinion. If I were to look at his private letters only, I should not hesitate to call him a converted man. But when I look at some of his public acts, I see much that appears to me very inexplicable. And when I observe how doubtfully Baxter and other good men, who were his cotemporaries, speak of him, my hesitancy as to his spirituality is much increased. In short, I turn from the question in a state of doubt.

That Oliver Cromwell was one of the greatest Englishmen that ever lived, I feel no doubt at all. No man, probably, ever won supreme power by the sword, and

then used that power with such moderation as he did. England was probably more feared and respected throughout Europe, during the short time that he was Protector, than she ever was before, or ever has been since. His very name carried terror with it. He declared that he would make the name of an Englishman as great as ever that of a Roman had been. And he certainly succeeded. He made it publicly known that he would not allow the Protestant faith to be insulted in any part of the world. And he kept his word. When the Duke of Savoy began to persecute the Vaudois in his days, Cromwell interfered at once on their behalf, and never rested till the Duke's army was recalled from the villages, and the poor people's goods and houses restored. When certain Protestants at Nismes, in France, were threatened with oppressive usage by the French government, Cromwell instructed his ambassador at Paris to insist peremptorily, that proceedings against them should be dropped, and in the event of a refusal, to leave Paris immediately. In fact, it was said that Cardinal Mazarin, the French Minister, would change countenance when Cromwell's name was mentioned; and that it was almost proverbial in France, that the Cardinal was more afraid of Cromwell than of the devil. As for the Pope, he was so dreadfully frightened by a fleet which Cromwell sent into the Mediterranean, under Blake, to settle some matters with the Duke of Tuscany, that he commanded processions to be made in Rome, and the host to be exposed for forty hours, in order to avert the judgments of God, and save the Church. In short, the influence of English Protestantism was never so powerfully felt throughout Europe as it was in the days of Oliver Cromwell.

I will only ask you to remember, in addition to these facts, that Cromwell's government was remarkable for its toleration, and this, too, in an age when toleration was very little understood, that his private life was irreproachable; and that he enforced a standard of morality throughout the kingdom which was, unhappily, unknown in the days of the Stuarts. Remember all these things, and then I think you will not lightly give way to the common opinion that Cromwell was a wicked and hypocritical man. Rest assured that his character deserves far better treatment than it has generally received hitherto. Regard him as one who, with all his faults, did great things for your country. Let not those faults blind your eyes to the real greatness of his character. Give him a high place in the list of great men before your mind's eye. Do this, and you will have learned something from Baxter's times.

There is one more feature in the history of Baxter's times which I feel it impossible to pass over. I allude to the suicidal blindness of the Church of England under the Stuarts.

I touch on this subject with some reluctance. You will believe, I hope, that I love the Church of which I am a minister heartily and sincerely. But I have never found out that my Church lays claim to infallibility, and I am bound to confess that in the times of the Stuarts she committed some tremendous mistakes. Far be it from me to say that these mistakes were chargeable upon all her members. Abbot, and Carlton, and Davenant, and Hall, and Prideaux, and Usher, and Reynolds, and Wilkins, were bright exceptions among the bishops, both as to doctrine and practice. But, unhappily, these good men were always in a minority in

the Church ; and the manner in which the majority administered the affairs of the Church is the subject to which I wish to call your attention. You ought to know something about the subject, because it serves to throw immense light on the history of our unhappy religious divisions in this country. You ought to know something of it to-night especially, because it is one which is intimately bound up with Baxter's life.

One part of the suicidal blindness of the Church to which I have referred was its long-continued attempt to compel conformity, and prohibit private religious exercises, by pains and penalties. A regular crusade was kept up against everybody who infringed its canons, or did anything contrary to its rubrics. Hundreds and thousands of men, for many years, were summoned before magistrates, fined, imprisoned, and often ruined ; not because they had offended against the Gospel or the Ten Commandments, not because they had made any open attack on the churches, but merely because they had transgressed some wretched ecclesiastical bye-law, more honoured in the breach than in the observance ; or because they tried by quiet, private meetings, to obtain some spiritual edification over and above that which the public services of the Church provided. At one time we read of good men having their ears cut off and their noses slit, for writing unfavourably of bishops. This was the fate of the father of Archbishop Leighton. At another time we read of an enactment by which any one present at a meeting of five or more persons, where there was any exercise of religion in other manner than that allowed by the liturgy of the Church of England, was to be fined, or imprisoned for three months for the first offence, six months for the second offence, and for

the third, transported for seven years. Many were afraid to have family prayer if more than four acquaintances were present. Some families had scruples about saying grace if five strangers were at table. Such was the state of England in the seventeenth century under the Stuarts.

The result of this miserable policy was just exactly what might have been expected. There arose a spirit of deep discontent on the part of the persecuted. There sprung up among them a feeling of disaffection to the Church in which they had been baptized, and a rooted conviction that a system must necessarily be bad in principle which could bear such fruits. Men became sick of the very name of the liturgy, when it was bound up in their memories with a fine or a gaol. Men became weary of episcopacy, when they found that bishops were more frequently a terror to good works than to evil ones. The words of Baxter, in a striking passage on this subject in his autobiography, are very remarkable:—"The more the bishops thought to cure schism by punishment, the more they increased the opinion that they were persecuting enemies of godliness, and the captains of the profane."

And who that knows human nature can wonder at such a state of feeling? The mass of men will generally judge an institution by its administration, more than by its abstract excellencies. When plain Englishmen saw that a man might do almost anything so long as he did not break an ecclesiastical canon;—when they saw that people might gamble, and swear, and get drunk, and no one made them afraid, but that people who met after service to sing psalms and join in prayer were heavily punished;—when they saw that godless,

ignorant, reprobate, profligate spendthrifts, sat under their own vines and fig-trees in peace, so long as they conformed and went to their parish churches, but that humble, holy, conscientious, Bible-reading persons, who sometimes went out of their parishes to church, were severely fined;—when they found that Charles the Second and his boon companions were free to waste a nation's substance in riotous living, while the saints of the nation, like Baxter and Jenkyn, were rotting in gaols;—I say, when plain Englishmen saw these things, they found it hard to love the Church which did them. Yet all this might often have been seen in many counties of England under the Stuarts. If this was not suicidal blindness on the part of the Church of England, I know not what is. It was helping the devil, by driving good men out of her communion. It was literally bleeding herself to death.

The crowning piece of folly which the majority in the Church of England committed under the Stuarts, was procuring the Act of Uniformity to be enacted in the year 1662. This, you must remember, took place at the beginning of Charles the Second's reign, and shortly after the re-establishment of the monarchy and the Church.

This famous act imposed terms and conditions of holding office on all ministers of the Church of England which had never been imposed before, from the time of the Reformation. It was notoriously so framed as to be offensive to the consciences of the Puritans, and to drive them out of the Church. For this purpose it was entirely successful. Within a year no less than 2000 clergymen resigned their livings rather than accept its terms. Many of these 2000 were the best, the

ablest, and the holiest ministers of the day. Many a man, who had been regularly ordained by bishops, and spent twenty or thirty years in the service of the Church without molestation, was suddenly commanded to accept new conditions of holding preferment, and turned out to starve because he refused. Sixty of the leading parishes in London were at once deprived of their ministers, and their congregations left like sheep without a shepherd. Taking all things into consideration, a more impolitic and disgraceful deed never disfigured the annals of a Protestant church.

It was a disgraceful deed, because it was a flat contradiction to the king's own promise at Breda, before he came back from exile. He was brought back on the distinct understanding that the Church of England should be re-established on such a broad and liberal basis as to satisfy the conscientious scruples of the Puritans. Had it not been for the assistance of the Puritans he would never have got back at all. And yet as soon as the reins of power were fairly in the king's hands, his promise was deliberately broken.

It was a disgraceful deed, because the great majority of the ejected ministers might easily have been retained in the Church by a few small concessions. They had no abstract objection to episcopacy or to a liturgy. A few alterations in the prayers, and a moderate liberty in the conduct of divine worship, according to Baxter's calculation, would have satisfied 1600 out of the 2000. But the ruling party were determined not to make a single concession. They had no wish to keep the Puritans in. When some one observed to Archbishop Sheldon, the chief mover in the business, that he thought many of the Puritans would conform and accept the Act of Uni-

formity, the Archbishop replied, "I am afraid they will." To show the spirit of the ruling party in the Church, they actually added to the number of apocryphal lessons in the Prayer-book calendar at this time. They made it a matter of congratulation among themselves that they had thrust out the Puritans, and got in Bel and the Dragon.

It was a disgraceful deed, because the ejected ministers were, many of them, men of such ability and attainments, that great sacrifices ought to have been made in order to retain them in the Church. Baxter, Poole, Manton, Bates, Calamy, Brooks, Watson, Charnock, Caryl, Howe, Flavel, Bridge, Jenkyn, Owen, Goodwin, are names whose praise is even now in all the churches. The men who turned them out were not to be compared to them. The names of the vast majority of them are hardly known. But they had power on their side, and they were resolved to use it.

It was a disgraceful deed, because it showed the world that the leaders of the Church of England, like the Bourbons in modern times, had learned nothing and forgotten nothing during their exile. They had not forgotten the old bad ways of Laud, which had brought such misery on England. They had not learned that conciliation and concession are the most becoming graces in the rulers of a church, and that persecution in the long run is sure to be a losing game.

I dare not dwell longer on this point. I might easily bring forward more illustrations of this sad feature in Baxter's times. I might tell you of the infamous Oxford Act, in 1665, which forbade the unhappy ejected ministers to live within five miles of any corporate town, or of any place where they had formerly

preached. But enough has been said to show you that when I spoke of the suicidal blindness of the Church of England, I did not speak without cause. The consequences of this blindness are manifest to any one who knows England. The divided state of Protestantism in this country is of itself a great fact, which speaks volumes.

Against the policy of the ruling party in the Church of England, under the Stewarts, I always shall protest. I do not feel the scruples which Baxter and his ejected brethren felt about the Act of Uniformity. Much as I respect them, I think them wrong and misguided in their judgments. But I think that Archbishop Sheldon, and the men who refused to go one step to meet them, were far more wrong and far more misguided. I believe they did an injury to the cause of true religion in England, which will probably never be repaired, by sowing the seeds of endless divisions. They were the men who laid the foundation of English dissent. I believe they recklessly threw away a golden opportunity of doing good. They might easily have made my own beloved Church far more effective and far more useful than she ever has been by wise and timely concessions. They refused to do this, and, instead of a healing measure, brought forward their unhappy Act of Uniformity. I disavow any sympathy with their proceedings, and can never think of them without the deepest regret.

I cannot leave the subject of Baxter's times without offering you one piece of counsel. I advise you, then, not to believe everything you may happen to read on the subject of the times of the Stewarts. There are no times, perhaps, about which prejudice and party-spirit have so warped the judgment and jaundiced the eye-

sight of historians. If any one want a really fair and impartial history of the times, I strongly advise him to read Marsden's "History of the Puritans." I regard these two volumes as the most valuable addition which has been made to our stock of religious history in modern times.

II. And now let me turn from Baxter's times to Baxter himself. Without some knowledge of the times, you would hardly understand the character and conduct of the man. A few plain facts about the man will be more likely than anything I can say to fasten in your minds the times.

Richard Baxter was the son of a small landed proprietor of Eaton Constantine, in Shropshire, and was born, in 1615, at Rowton, in the same county, where Mr. Adeney, his mother's father, resided.

He seems to have been under religious impressions from a very early period of his life, and for this, under God, he was indebted to the training of a pious father. Shropshire was a very dark, ungodly country in those days. The ministers were generally ignorant, graceless, and unable to preach; and the people, as might be expected, were profligate, and despisers of them that were good. In Eaton Constantine, the parishioners spent the greater part of the Lord's day in dancing round a Maypole near old Mr. Baxter's door, to his great distress and annoyance. Yet even here grace triumphed over the world in the case of his son, and he was added to the noble host of those who serve the Lord from their youth.

It is always interesting to observe the names of religious books when God is pleased to use them in bringing souls to the knowledge of himself. The books

which had the most effect on Baxter were, Bunney's "Resolution;" Perkins "On Repentance, on Living and Dying well, and on the Government of the Tongue;" Culverwell "On Faith;" and Sibbs's "Bruised Reed." Disease and the prospect of death did much to carry on the spiritual work within him. He says in his Autobiography, "Weakness and pain helped me to study how to die. That set me on studying how to live, and that on studying the doctrines from which I must fetch my motives and my comforts."

At the age of twenty-two he was ordained a clergyman by Thornborough, bishop of Worcester. He had never had the advantage of an university education. A free-school at Wroxeter, and a private tutor at Ludlow, had done something for him; and his own insatiable love of study had done a good deal more. He, probably, entered the ministry far better furnished with theological learning than most young men of his day. He certainly entered it with qualifications far better than a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew. He entered it truly moved by the Holy Ghost, and a converted man. He says himself, "I knew that the want of academical honours and degrees were like to make me contemptible with the most. But yet, expecting to be so quickly in another world, the great concernment of miserable souls did prevail with me against all impediments. And being conscious of a thirsty desire of men's conscience and salvation, I resolved, that if one or two souls only might be won to God, it would easily recompense all the dishonour which, for want of titles, I might undergo from men."

From the time of his ordination to his death, Baxter's life was a constant series of strange vicissitudes,

and intense physical and mental exertions. Sometimes in prosperity and sometimes in adversity,—sometimes praised and sometimes persecuted,—at one period catechising in the lanes of Kidderminster, at another disputing with bishops in the Savoy Conference,—one year writing the “Saint’s Rest,” at the point of death, in a quiet country house, another year a marching chaplain to a regiment in Cromwell’s army,—one day offered a bishopric by Charles II., another cast out of the Church by the Act of Uniformity,—one year arguing for monarchy with Cromwell, and telling him it was a blessing, another tried before Jeffreys on a charge of seditious writing,—one time living quietly at Acton in the society of Judge Hale, at another languishing in prison under some atrocious ecclesiastical persecution,—one day having public discussions about infant-baptism with Mr. Tombes in Bewdley Church, another holding the reading-desk of Amersham Church from morning to night against the theological arguments of Antinomian dragoons in the gallery,—sometimes preaching the plainest doctrines, sometimes handling the most abstruse metaphysical points,—sometimes writing folia for the learned, sometimes writing broad-sheets for the poor,—never, perhaps, did any Christian minister fill so many various positions; and never, certainly, did any one come out of them all with such an unblemished reputation. Always suffering under incurable disease, and seldom long out of pain,—always working his mind to the uttermost, and never idle for a day,—seemingly overwhelmed with business, and yet never refusing new work,—living in the midst of the most exciting scenes, and yet holding daily converse with God,—not sufficiently a partisan to satisfy any side, and yet feared and

courted by all,—too much of a Royalist to please the Parliamentary party, and yet too much connected with the Parliament and too holy to be popular with the Cavaliers,—too much of an Episcopalian to satisfy the violent portion of the Puritan body, and too much of a Puritan to be trusted by the bishops,—never, probably, did Christian man enjoy so little rest, though serving God with a pure conscience, as did Richard Baxter.

In 1638 he began his ministry, by preaching in the Upper Church at Dudley. There he continued a year. From Dudley he removed to Bridgnorth. There he continued a year and three-quarters. From Bridgnorth he removed to Kidderminster. From thence, after two years, he retired to Coventry, at the beginning of the Commonwealth troubles, and awaited the progress of the civil war. From Coventry, after the battle of Naseby, he joined the Parliamentary army in the capacity of regimental chaplain. He took this office in the vain hope that he might do some good among the soldiers, and counteract the ambitious designs of Cromwell and his friends. He was obliged by illness to give up his chaplaincy in 1646, and lingered for some months between life and death at the hospitable houses of Sir John Coke of Melbourne, in Derbyshire, and Sir Thomas Rous of Rouslench, in Worcestershire. At the end of 1646 he returned to Kidderminster, and there continued labouring indefatigably as parish minister for fourteen years. In 1660 he left Kidderminster for London, and took an active part in promoting the restoration of Charles II., and was made one of the king's chaplains. In London, he preached successively at St. Dunstan's, Black Friars', and St. Bride's. Shortly after this he was offered the bishopric of Hereford, but

thought fit to refuse it. In 1662, he was one of the 2000 ministers who were turned out of the Church by the Act of Uniformity. Immediately after his ejection he married a wife, who seems to have been every way worthy of him, and who was spared to be his loving and faithful companion for nineteen years. Her name was Margaret Charlton, of Apley Castle, in Shropshire. After this he lived in various places in and about London,—at Acton, Totteridge, Bloomsbury, and at last in Charterhouse Square. The disgraceful treatment of his enemies made it almost impossible for him to have any certain dwelling-place. Once, at this period of his life, he was offered a Scotch bishopric, or the mastership of a Scotch university, but declined both offices. With few exceptions, the last twenty-nine years of his life were embittered by repeated prosecutions, fines, imprisonment, and harassing controversies. When he could he preached, and when he could not preach he wrote books; but something he was always doing. The revolution and accession of William III. brought him some little respite from persecution, and death at last removed the good old man to that place “where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest,” in the year 1691, and the seventy-sixth year of his age.

Such is a brief outline of the life of one of the most distinguished Puritans who lived under the Stewarts, and one of the most devoted ministers of the Gospel this country has ever seen. It is an outline which you will readily believe might be filled up to an indefinite length. I cannot, of course, pretend to do more than call your attention to a few leading particulars. If I do not tell you more, it is not from want of matter, but of time. But if any one wishes to know why Baxter's

name stands so high as it does in the list of English worthies, I ask him to listen to me for a few minutes, and I will soon show him cause.

For one thing, you must know, Baxter was a man of most *eminent personal holiness*. Few men have ever lived before the eyes of the world for fifty or sixty years, as he did, and left so fair and unblemished a reputation. Bitterly and cruelly as many hated him, they could find no fault in the man, except as concerning the law of his God. He seems to have been holy in all the relations of life, and in all the circumstances in which man can be placed,—holy as a son, a husband, a minister, and a friend,—holy in prosperity and in adversity, in sickness and in health, in youth and in old age. It is a fine saying of Orme, in his admirable life of him, that he was, in the highest sense, a most “unearthly” man. He lived with God, and Christ, and heaven, and death, and judgment, and eternity, continually before his eyes. He cared nothing for the good things of this world: a bishopric, with all its emoluments and honours, had no charms for him. He cared nothing for the enmity of the world: no fear of man’s displeasure ever turned him an inch out of his way. He was singularly independent of man’s praise or blame. He could be bold as a lion in the presence of Cromwell, or Charles II. and his bishops; and yet he could be gentle as a lamb with poor people seeking how to be saved. He could be zealous as a Crusader for the rights of conscience, and yet he was of so catholic a spirit that he loved all who loved Jesus Christ in sincerity. “Be it by Conformists or by Non-conformists,” he would say, “I rejoice that Christ is preached.” He was a truly humble man. To one who

wrote to him expressing admiration for his character, he replied, "You admire one you do not know: knowledge would cure your error." So fair an epistle of Christ, considering the amazing trials of patience he had to go through, this country has seldom seen as Richard Baxter. Young men, I charge you to remember this point in Baxter's character. No argument has such lasting power with the world as a holy and consistent life. Remember that this holiness was attained by a man of like passions with yourselves. Let Baxter be an encouragement and an example. Remember the Lord God of Baxter is not changed.

For another thing, Baxter was *one of the most powerful preachers that ever addressed an English congregation*. He seems to have possessed all the gifts which are generally considered to make a perfect master of assemblies. He had an amazing fluency,—an enormous store of matter,—a most clear and lucid style,—an unlimited command of forcible language,—a pithy, pointed, emphatic way of presenting truth,—a singularly moving and pathetic voice,—and an earnestness of manner which swept everything before it like a torrent. He used to say, "It must be serious preaching which will make men serious in hearing and obeying it."

Two well-known lines of his show you the man,—

"I'll preach as though I ne'er should preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men."

Dr. Bates, a cotemporary, says of him, "He had a marvellous felicity and copiousness in speaking. There was a noble negligence in his style. His great mind could not stoop to the affected eloquence of words. He despised flashy oratory. But his expressions were

so clear and powerful, so convincing to the understanding, so entering into the soul, so engaging the affections, that those were as deaf as an adder who were not charmed by so wise a charmer."

The effects that his preaching produced were those which such preaching always has produced and always will. As it was under the pulpit of Latimer and Whitfield, so it was under the pulpit of Baxter. At Dudley, the poor nailers would not only crowd the church, but even hang upon the windows and the leads without. At Kidderminster, it became necessary to build five new galleries, in order to accommodate the congregation. In London, the crowds who attended his ministry were so large, that it was sometimes dangerous, and often impossible, to be one of his hearers.

Once, when he was about to preach at St. Lawrence Jewry, he sent word to Mr. Vines the minister, that the Earl of Suffolk and Lord Broghill were coming in a coach with him, and would be glad to have seats. But when he and his noble companions reached the door, the crowd had so little respect for persons, that the two peers had to go home again because they could not get within hearing. Mr. Vines himself was obliged to get up into the pulpit, and sit behind the preacher, from want of room; and Baxter actually preached standing between Mr. Vines's feet.

On another occasion, when he was preaching to an enormous crowd in St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, he made a striking use of an incident which took place during the sermon. A piece of brick fell down in the steeple, and an alarm was raised that the church, an old and rotten building, was falling. Scarcely was the alarm allayed, when a bench, on which some people were

standing, broke with their weight, and the confusion was worse than ever. Many crowded to the doors to get out, and all were in a state of panic. One old woman was heard loudly asking God forgiveness for having come to the church at all, and promising, if she only got out safe, never to come there again. In the midst of all the confusion Baxter alone was calm and unmoved. As soon as order was restored, he rose and said, "We are in the service of God to prepare ourselves that we may be fearless at the great noise of the dissolving world, when the heavens shall pass away, and the elements melt with fervent heat." This was Baxter all over. This was the kind of thing he had not only grace, but gifts and nerve, to do. He always spoke like one who saw God, and felt death at his back. Such a man will seldom fail to preach well. Such a man will seldom be in want of hearers. Such a man deserves to be embalmed in the memory of all who want to know what God can do for a child of Adam by his Spirit. Such a man deserves to be praised.

For another thing, you must know, that Baxter was *one of the most successful pastors of a parish and congregation that ever lived*. When he came to Kidderminster, he found it a dark, ignorant, immoral, irreligious place, containing, perhaps, 3000 inhabitants. When he left it at the end of fourteen years, he had completely turned the parish upside down. "The place before his coming," says Dr. Bates, "was like a piece of dry and barren earth; but, by the blessing of Heaven upon his labour, the face of Paradise appeared there. The bad were changed to good, and the good to better." The number of his regular communicants averaged 600. "Of these," Baxter tells us, "there were not twelve

of whom I had not good hope as to their sincerity." The Lord's day was thoroughly revered and observed. It was said, "You might have heard an hundred families singing psalms and repeating sermons as you passed through the streets." When he came there, there was about one family in a street which worshipped God at home. When he went away, there were some streets in which there was not more than one family on a side that did not do it; and this was the case even with inns and public-houses. Even of the irreligious families, there were very few which had not some converted relations. "Some of the poor people became so well versed in theology, that they understood the whole body of divinity, and were able to judge difficult controversies. Some were so able in prayer, that few ministers could match them in order, fulness, apt expressions, holy oratory and fervour. Best of all, the temper of their minds and the innocency of their lives were much more laudable even than their gifts."

The grand instrument to which Baxter used to attribute this astounding success was his system of household visitation and regular private conference with his parishioners. No doubt this did immense good, and the more so because it was a new thing in those days. Nevertheless, there is no denying the fact that the most elaborate parochial machinery of modern times has never produced such effects as those you have just heard of at Kidderminster. And the true account of this I believe to be, that no parish has ever had such a wonderful mainspring in the middle of it as Baxter was. While some divines were wrangling about the divine right of Episcopacy or Presbytery, or splitting hairs about reprobation and free-will, Baxter was always visit-

ing from house to house, and beseeching men, for Christ's sake, to be reconciled to God and flee from the wrath to come. While others were entangling themselves in politics, and burying their dead amidst the potsherds of the earth, Baxter was living a crucified life and daily preaching the Gospel. I suspect he was the best and wisest pastor that an English parish has ever had, and a model that many of us would do well to follow. Once more I say, have I not a right to tell you such a polished instrument as this ought not to be allowed to rust in oblivion? Such a man as this deserves to be praised.

For another thing, you must know that Baxter was *one of the most diligent theological writers the world has ever seen*. Few have the slightest idea of the immense number of works in divinity which he wrote in the fifty years of his active life. It is reckoned that they would fill sixty octavo volumes, comprising not less than 35,000 closely printed pages. These works, no doubt, are not all of equal merit, and many of them probably will never repay perusal. Like the ships from Tarshish, they contain not only gold, and silver, and ivory, but also a large quantity of apes and peacocks. Still, after every deduction, the writings of Baxter generally contain a great mass of solid truths, and truths often handled in a most striking and masterly way. Dr. Barrow, no mean judge, says, "That his practical writings were never mended, and his controversial ones seldom confuted." Bishop Wilkins declares, "That he had cultivated every subject he had handled—that if he had lived in the primitive times he would have been one of the fathers of the Church, and that it was enough for one age to produce such a man as Mr. Baxter." That great and

good man, William Wilberforce, says, "His practical writings are a treasury of Christian wisdom;" and he adds, "I must beg to class among the brightest ornaments of the Church of England this great man, who was so shamefully ejected from the Church in 1662."

No one man has certainly ever written three such books as Baxter's three master-pieces, "The Saint's Rest," "The Reformed Pastor," and "The Call to the Unconverted." I believe they have been made blessings to thousands of souls, and are alone sufficient to place the author in the foremost rank of theological writers. Of the "Call to the Unconverted," 20,000 were printed in one year. Six brothers were converted at one time by reading it. Eliot, the missionary, thought so highly of it, that he translated it into the Indian language, the first book after the Bible. And really, when you consider that all Baxter's writings were composed in the midst of intense labour, and fierce persecution, and often under the pressure of heavy bodily disease, the wonder is not only that he wrote so much, but that so much of what he wrote should be so good. Such wonderful diligence and redemption of time the world has never seen. Once more I say, have I not a right to tell you such a man deserves to be praised?

For another thing, you must know that Baxter was *one of the most patient martyrs for conscience sake that England has ever seen.* Of course I do not mean that he was called upon to seal his faith with his blood, as our Protestant reformers were. But there is such a thing as wearing out the saints of the Most High by persecutions and prisons, as well as shedding the blood of the saints. There is a dying daily, which, to some natures, is worse even than dying at the stake. If any-

thing tries faith and patience, I believe it to be the constant dropping of such wearing persecution as Baxter had to endure for nearly the last twenty-nine years of his life. He had robbed no one. He had murdered no one. He had injured no one. He held no heresy. He believed all the articles of the Christian faith. And yet no thief or felon in the present day was ever so shamefully treated as this good man. To tell you how often he was summoned, fined, silenced, imprisoned, driven from one place to another, would be an endless task. To describe all the hideous perversions of justice to which he was subjected would be both painful and unprofitable. I will only allow myself to give one instance, and that shall be his trial before Chief-Justice Jeffreys.

Baxter was tried before Jeffreys in 1685, at Westminster Hall, on a charge of having published seditious matter, reflecting on the bishops, in a paraphrase on the New Testament, which he had recently brought out. A more unfounded charge could not have been made. The book is still extant, and any one will see at a glance that the alleged seditious passages do not prove the case. Fox, in his history of James II.'s reign, tells us plainly, that "the real motive for bringing him to trial was the desire of punishing an eminent dissenting teacher, whose reputation was high among his sect, and who was supposed to favour the political opinions of the Whigs."

A long and graphic account of the trial was drawn up by a bystander, and it gives so vivid a picture of the administration of justice in Baxter's days that it may be useful to give a few short extracts from it.

From the very opening of the trial it was clear which

way the verdict was intended to go. The Lord Chief Justice of England behaved as if he were counsel for the prosecution and not judge. He condescended to use abusive language towards the defendant, such as was more suited to Billingsgate than a court of law. One after another the counsel for the defence were brow-beaten, silenced, and put down, or else interrupted by violent invectives against Baxter.

At one time the Lord Chief Justice exclaimed:—"This is an old rogue, who hath poisoned the world with his Kidderminster doctrine. He encouraged all the women and maids to bring their bodkins and thimbles to carry on war against the King of ever blessed memory. An old schismatical knave! A hypocritical villain!"

By-and-bye he called Baxter "an old blockhead, an unthankful villain, a conceited, stubborn, fanatical dog. Hang him!" he said, "this one old fellow hath cast more reproaches on the constitution and discipline of our Church than will be wiped off for this hundred years. But I'll handle him for it, for he deserves to be whipped through the city."

Shortly afterwards, when Baxter began to say a few words on his own behalf, Jeffreys stopped him, crying out, "Richard, Richard, dost thou think we'll hear thee poison the Court? Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart, every one as full of sedition—I might say treason, as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy. Thou pretendest to be a preacher of the gospel of peace, and thou hast one foot in the grave: it is time for thee to think what kind of an account thou intendest to give. But leave thee to thyself, and I see thou wilt

go on as thou hast begun ; but, by the grace of God, I will look after thee. I know thou hast a mighty party, and I see a great many of the brotherhood in corners, waiting to see what will become of this mighty dove ; but, by the grace of God Almighty, I'll crush you all ! Come, what do you say for yourself, you old knave ? Come, speak up ! ”

All this, and much more of the same kind, and even worse, went on at Baxter's trial. The extracts I have given form but a small portion of the whole account.

It is needless to say, that in such a court as this Baxter was at once found guilty. He was fined five hundred marks, which it was known he could not pay ; condemned to lie in prison till he paid it, and bound over to good behaviour for seven years. And the issue of the matter was, that this poor, old, diseased, childless widower, of threescore years and ten, lay for two years in Southwark gaol.

It is needless, I hope, to tell you in the year 1853 that such a trial as this was a disgrace to the judicial bench of England, and a still greater disgrace to those persons with whom the information originated, understood commonly to have been Sherlock and L'Estrange. Thank God ! I trust England, at any rate, has bid a long farewell to such trials as these, whatever may be done in Italy ! Wretched, indeed, is that country where low, sneaking informers are encouraged ;—where the terrors of the law are directed more against holiness, and scriptural religion, and freedom of thought, than against vice and immorality ;—and where the seat of justice is used for the advancement of political purposes, or the gratification of petty ecclesiastical spite !

But it is right that you should know that under all

this foul injustice and persecution, Baxter's grace and patience never failed him. "These things," he said, in Westminster Hall, "will surely be understood one day, what fools one sort of Protestants are made to prosecute the other." When he was reviled, he reviled not again. He returned blessing for cursing, and prayer for ill-usage. Few martyrs have ever glorified God so much in their one day's fire as Richard Baxter did for twenty years under the ill-usage of so-called Protestants! Once more, I say, have I not a right to tell you such a man as this deserves to be remembered? Such a man deserves to be praised.

And now I hope you will consider I have proved my case. I trust you will allow that there are men who lived in times long gone by whose character it is useful to review, and that Baxter is undeniably one of them—a real man—a true spiritual hero.

I do not ask you to regard him as a perfect and faultless being, any more than Cranmer or Calvin or Knox or Wesley. I do not at all defend some of Baxter's doctrinal statements. He tried to systematise things which cannot be systematised, and he failed. You will not find such a clear, full gospel in his writings as in those of Owen, and Bridge, and Traill. I do not think he was always right in his judgment. I regard his refusal of a bishopric as a huge mistake. By that refusal he rejected a glorious opportunity of doing good. Had Baxter been on the episcopal bench, and in the House of Lords, I do not believe the Act of Uniformity would ever have passed.

But in a world like this you must take true Christians as they are, and be thankful for what they are. It is not given to mortal man to be faultless. Take Bax-

ter for all together, and there are few English ministers of the gospel whose names deserve to stand higher than his. Some have excelled him in some gifts, and some in others. But it is seldom that so many gifts are to be found united in one man as they are in Baxter. Eminent personal holiness, — amazing power as a preacher, — unrivalled pastoral skill, — indefatigable diligence as a writer, — meekness and patience under undeserved persecution, — all meet together in the character of this one man. Place him high in your list of great and good men. Give him the honour he deserves. Reckon it no small thing to be the fellow-countryman of Richard Baxter.

And here let me remark that few bodies of men are under greater obligation to Baxter and his friends than the body I have the honour to address this night — the Young Men's Christian Association.

You are allowed to associate together upon evangelical principles and for religious ends, and no one hinders you. You are allowed to meet in large numbers, and take sweet counsel with one another, and strengthen one another's hands in the service of Christ, and no one interferes to prevent you. You are allowed to assemble for devotional purposes, to read the Word of God, and stir one another up to perseverance in the faith, in the midst of this great Babylon, and no one dares to prohibit you. How great are all these privileges! How incalculable the benefit of union, conference, sympathy, and encouragement to a young man launching forth on the stormy waters of this great city! Happy are the cities where such institutions exist! Happy are the young men whom God inclines to join them! Blessed is the labour of those by whose care and attention these insti-

tutions are kept together! They are sowing precious seed. They may sow with much toil and discouragement, but they may be sure they are sowing seed which shall yet bear fruit after many days.

But never, never forget to whom you are indebted for all this liberty of conference and association which you enjoy. Never forget that there was a time when informers would have tracked all your steps—when constables and soldiers would have rudely broken up your gatherings at Gresham Street, Saville Row, and Exeter Hall, and when your proceedings would have entailed upon you pains, penalties, fines, and imprisonments. Never forget that the happy and profitable freedom which you enjoy was only won by long-continued and intense struggles, by the blood and sufferings of noble-minded men, of whom the world was not worthy; and never forget that the men who won this freedom for you were those much-abused men—the Puritans.

Yes! you all owe a debt to the Puritans, which I trust you will never refuse to acknowledge. You live in days when many are disposed to run them down. As you travel through life, you will often hear them derided and abused as seditious, rebellious levellers in the things of Cæsar, and ignorant, fanatical, hypocritical enthusiasts in the things of God. You will often hear some semi-popish stripling fresh from Oxford, puffed up with new-fledged views of what he calls “apostolical succession,” and proud of a little official authority, depreciating and sneering at the Puritans, as men alike destitute of learning and true religion, while, in reality, he is scarcely worthy to sit at their feet and carry their books. To all such calumnies and false statements, I trust you will never give heed.

Settle it down in your minds that for sound doctrine, spirituality, and learning combined, the Puritans stand at the head of English divines. Settle it down in your minds that with all their faults, weaknesses, and defects, they alone kept the lamp of pure, evangelical religion burning in this country in the times of the Stewarts,—they alone prevented Laud's popish inclinations carrying England back into the arms of Rome. Settle it down in your minds that they fought the battle of religious freedom, of which we are reaping such fruits—that they crushed the wretched spirit of inquisitorial persecution which misguided high-Churchmen tried to introduce into this land. Give them the honour they deserve. Suffer no man to speak lightly of them in your presence. Remember your obligations to them. Reverence their memory. Stand up boldly for their reputation. Never be afraid to plead their cause. It is the cause of pure, evangelical religion. It is the cause of an open Bible and liberty to meet and read and pray together. It is the cause of liberty of conscience. All these are bound up with Baxter and the Puritans. Remember this, and give them their due.

And now let me conclude this lecture by telling you that Baxter's last days were almost as remarkable as any in his life. He went down to his grave as calmly and peacefully as the setting sun in summer. His deathbed was a glorious deathbed indeed.

I like to know how great men die. I am not satisfied with knowing that men are great in the plenitude of riches and honour. I want to know whether they were great in view of the tomb. I do not want merely to know how men meet kings and bishops and parliaments; I want to know how they meet the king of

terrors, and how they feel in the prospect of standing before the King of kings. I suspect that greatness which forsakes a man at last. I like to know how great men die, and I may be allowed, I hope, to dwell for a few moments upon Baxter's death.

Few deathbeds, perhaps, were ever more truly instructive than that of this good old Puritan. His friend, Dr. Bates, has given a full description of it, and I think a few facts drawn from it may prove a suitable conclusion to this evening's lecture.

Baxter's last illness found him quietly living in Charterhouse Square, close to the meeting-house of his friend, Dr. Sylvester. Here for the four years preceding his death, he was allowed to enjoy great quietness. The liberty of preaching the things concerning the Lord Jesus Christ, no man forbidding him, was at length fully conceded. "Here," says Dr. Calamy, "he used to preach with great freedom about another world, like one that had been there, and was come as a sort of express to make a report of it." The storm of persecution was at length over. The winds and waves that had so long burst over him were at last lulled. The saintly old Puritan was mercifully allowed to go down to the banks of Jordan in a great calm.

He continued to preach so long, notwithstanding his wasted body, that the last time he almost died in the pulpit. When disease compelled him to give over his beloved work, and take to his dying bed, it found him the same man that he had been for fifty years. His last hours were spent in preparing others and himself to meet God. He said to the friends who visited him, "You come hither to learn to die. I am not the only person that must go this way. Have a care of this vain,

deceitful world, and the lust of the flesh. Be sure you choose God for your portion, heaven for your home, God's glory for your end, God's word for your rule, and then you need never fear but we shall meet again with comfort."

Never was penitent sinner more humble, and never was sincere believer more calm and comfortable. He said, "God may justly condemn me for the best duty I ever did; and all my hopes are from the free mercy of God in Christ." He had often said before, "I can more readily believe that God will forgive me, than I can forgive myself."

After a slumber, he waked saying, "I shall rest from my labours." A minister present said, "And your works will follow you." He replied, "No works; I will leave out works, if God will grant me the other." When a friend comforted him with the remembrance of the good many had received from his writings, he replied, "I was but a pen in God's hand, and what praise is due to a pen?"

When extremity of pain made him long for death, he would check himself and say, "It is not fit for me to prescribe: when Thou wilt—what Thou wilt—how Thou wilt!" Being in great anguish, he said, "How unsearchable are his ways!" and then he said to his friends, "Do not think the worse of religion for what you see me suffer."

Being often asked by his friend how it was with his inward man, he replied, "I have a well-grounded assurance of my eternal happiness, and great peace and comfort within; but it is my trouble that I cannot triumphantly express it, by reason of extreme pain." He added, "Flesh must perish, and we must feel the

perishing; and though my judgment submit, sense will make me groan."

Being asked by a nobleman whether he had great joy from his believing apprehension of the invisible state, he replied, "What else, think you, Christianity serves for?" And then he added, "that the consideration of the Deity, in his glory and greatness, was too high for our thoughts; but the consideration of the Son of God in our nature, and of the saints in heaven whom we knew and loved, did much sweeten and familiarise heaven to him." The description of heaven in the 12th chapter of Hebrews, beginning with the "innumerable company of angels," and ending with "Jesus the Mediator, and the blood of sprinkling," was very comfortable to him. "That scripture," he said, "deserves a thousand thousand thoughts!" And then he added, "Oh! how comfortable is that promise, 'Eye has not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things God hath laid up for them that love him!'"

At another time he said, "that he found great comfort and sweetness in repeating the words of the Lord's Prayer, and was sorry that some good men were prejudiced against the use of it; for there were all necessary petitions for soul and body contained in it."

He gave excellent counsel to young ministers who visited him on his deathbed. He used to pray earnestly "that God would bless their labours, and make them very successful in converting many souls to Christ." He expressed great joy in the hope that God would do a great deal of good by them, and that they would be of moderate, peaceful spirits.

He did not forget the world he was leaving. He

frequently prayed "that God would be merciful to this miserable, distracted world; and that he would preserve his Church and interest in it."

He advised his friends "to beware of self-conceitedness as a sin likely to ruin this nation." Being asked at the same time whether he had altered his mind in controversial points, he replied, "Those that please may know my mind in my writings. What I have done was not for my own reputation, but the glory of God."

The day before he died, Dr. Bates visited him; and on his saying some words of comfort, he replied, "I have pain,—there is no arguing against sense; but I have peace—I have peace!" Bates told him he was going to his long-desired home. He answered, "I believe—I believe!" He expressed great willingness to die. During his sickness, when the question was asked how he did, his reply was, "Almost well!" or else, "Better than I deserve to be, but not so well as I hope to be." His last words were addressed to Dr. Sylvester, "The Lord teach you how to die!"

On Tuesday the 8th of December, 1691, Baxter's warfare was accomplished; and at length he entered what he had so beautifully described,—the saint's everlasting rest.

He was buried at Christchurch, amidst the tears of many who knew his worth, if the world and the Established Church of that day did not. The funeral was that kind of funeral which is above all in real honour: "devout men carried him to his grave, and made great lamentation over him."

He left no family, but he left behind him hundreds of spiritual sons and daughters. He left works which are still owned by God in every part of the world to

the awakening and edification of immortal souls. Thousands, I doubt not, will stand up in the morning of the resurrection, and thank God for the grace and gifts bestowed on the old Puritan of Shropshire. He left a name which must always be dear to every lover of holiness, and every friend of religious liberty. No Englishman, perhaps, ever exemplified the one, or promoted the other, more truly and really than did Richard Baxter.

Let me conclude by quoting the last paragraph of Dr. Bates' funeral sermon on the occasion of Baxter's death :—"Blessed be the gracious God, that he was pleased to prolong the life of his servant, so useful and beneficial to the world, to a full age, and that he brought him slowly and safely to heaven. I shall conclude this account with my own deliberate wish : May I live the short remainder of my life as entirely to the glory of God as he lived ; and when I shall come to the period of my life, may I die in the same blessed peace wherein he died ; may I be with him in the kingdom of light and love for ever."



Coleridge and his Followers.



A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM M. HETHERINGTON,

LL.D.

MINISTER OF FREE ST. PAUL'S, EDINBURGH.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

FEBRUARY 8, 1853.

COLERIDGE AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

THE subject of this evening's Lecture is one which involves no small amount both of difficulty and delicacy in its treatment. We have to deal with principles of philosophic thinking—subtle, profound, far-reaching, comprehensive, and powerful for good or evil—as they were expressed by one of England's noblest sons of Genius, in language at all times “beautiful exceedingly,” but not unfrequently melting away into dream-like vagueness, leaving the mind in a state of delighted but inapprehensive wonder. To compress that vast region of thought into a narrow compass, and to reduce it to more simple and definite form, must needs be indeed a difficult task. On the other hand, to state the result of our investigations freely, and yet with due respect and veneration of the mighty and honoured dead, and also with due courtesy to the able and earnest-minded living who are regarded as his followers, demands the utmost delicacy, such as only love and charity can lend to sincerity and truth. It is our hope, that in the course of the following disquisition we may not be found either rashly unconscious of the difficulty, or forgetful of the delicacy, of our arduous task

A slight biographical sketch of Coleridge may be useful as an introduction to our subject. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was the tenth and youngest child of the Rev. John Coleridge, vicar of the parish of Ottery, St. Mary, in the county of Devon. He was born at Ottery, on the 21st of October, 1772, and had the misfortune to lose his father in the ninth year of his age. In the next year he obtained a presentation to the school of Christ's Hospital, London, where he remained till his nineteenth year, enjoying, to use his own words, "the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though, at the same time, a very severe master." At school he appears to have excelled all his class-fellows in mere scholarship, and to have added to his classical learning an immense mass of other reading and study, chiefly in poetry and metaphysics, his mind thus early displaying its innate tendency, and pointing significantly to its future course. From London he went to Cambridge, in 1791, where he gained the gold medal for the Greek Ode in his first year, but failed in his competition for the Craven Scholarship in his second year. This failure weighed heavily upon his spirits, blighting, as it did, his hopes of obtaining a Fellowship, and the consequent learned leisure for which his active intellect so eagerly longed, but could never realise. In 1794 he left Cambridge and proceeded to London, without money, without a home, without friends, and, most deplorable of all, without an aim. After wandering about the streets for some days in a state of great destitution, and almost despair, he enlisted in the 15th Dragoons. His learning soon discovered itself, and led to his being discharged and restored to his friends, who, though unable to secure him an independence, put him in a condition to make

some attempts towards procuring for himself a maintenance by his literary labours—a field of exertion at all times sufficiently precarious, especially in the case of one like Coleridge, whose mental characteristics were wholly unfitted for such a task.

In the same year, 1794, he published a volume of poems, of considerable merit and still greater promise, but met with little success in a pecuniary point of view. Next year, having formed an acquaintance with Southey and Lovell, who were, equally with himself, ardent admirers of ideal liberty, the three enthusiastic poets formed a scheme of emigration to America, there to establish a republic on the basis of equality; and to promote this scheme they married three sisters. The scheme, however, went no further. The actual contact into which they were thus brought with the duties and the necessities of real life, dispelled their visionary dream, and each betook himself to some employment to enable him to meet the demands of our common nature.

At this period the mind of Coleridge was like a chaos—all possible notions surging about at random within its spacious compass, stirred into eager action by the forming spirit, but not yet reduced to calm and regulated harmony beneath its sovereign control. In his philosophical opinions he was a Platonist; in his religious, a zealous Unitarian, frequently preaching in the meeting-houses of those who usurp and misuse that designation. His mind was not one that could rest satisfied with forms and ceremonies, or build its belief upon the mere dogmas of authority. But, though deeply in error, he was a sincere inquirer, and was, ere long, led to find that truth which no sincere inquirer ever sought

in vain. By the liberal kindness of his friends, Josiah and Thomas Wedgewood, he was rescued from the necessity or hazard of becoming a Socinian preacher, and enabled to devote himself entirely to the study of poetry and philosophy. Accompanied by Wordsworth, he set out on a visit to Germany, in 1798, there to prosecute for a time his studies, according to his own plans. In Germany he resided for two years, enjoying the friendship of some of its most distinguished poets and philosophers, and became intimately conversant, or rather deeply imbued, with German philosophy, especially with the systems of Kant and of Schelling. Breaking loose at once from the philosophy of Locke and Paley, with its materialising tendencies, and prosecuting earnestly a more ethereal course of study, he found himself unexpectedly brought into a great degree of harmony with the pure, unworldly, and evangelical Christianity of Paul and John; thus obtaining, what he himself terms, a "reconversion," from which again he never erred, and in the faith of which he humbly lived and calmly died.

On his return from Germany, he dwelt for a time at Keswick, along with his friends, Southey and Wordsworth. But in this congenial society he did not long remain, being compelled to engage in periodical writing, to aid in the support of himself and his family; and for some time he was a principal contributor to the "Morning Post," a ministerial paper of the day. In 1804 he went to Malta, on a visit to his friend Dr. Stoddart, and while there was appointed secretary to Sir Alexander Ball, at that time governor. For such a situation he was little adapted, and relinquished it in less than a year. Soon after his return to England he published "The

Friend," at first as a periodical, and afterwards collectively, in three volumes. In this work will be found some of the most beautiful, and, at the same time, most profound disquisitions in the whole compass of British literature, with an exquisite biographical sketch of his friend, Sir Alexander Ball. In 1816 appeared "*Christabel*," which, with the "*Ancient Mariner*," had been composed in 1797, while residing at Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire, in the neighbourhood of which his friend Wordsworth at that time also dwelt. In the same year, 1816, he published "*The Statesman's Manual ; or, The Bible the Best Guide to Political Skill and Foresight ;*" and next year he published his "*Biographia Literaria*," a singular and most interesting compound of biography, criticism, and philosophy.

From that year till 1825, little appeared from his pen, except some poems and plays, which detracted nothing from, but added little to, his literary reputation. In the last-mentioned year, however, appeared the "*Aids to Reflection*," both the most popular and the most valuable of all his prose works—one which, indeed, demands a very vigorous application of the reader's intellect, but will amply repay it. In 1830 appeared the last work sent to the press by himself, "*On the Constitution of the Church and State, according to the Idea of Each*." This remarkable specimen of the application of a very lofty and abstract philosophy to the determination of a most important politico-ecclesiastical question, does not appear to have ever entered into the public mind, though it has since been quoted and referred to in several recent works on the same subject, but seldom in a spirit and for an end which Coleridge would have approved.

At length, on the 25th of July, 1834, this truly great and good man—this distinguished poet, philosopher, and theologian, departed this life, leaving behind him a reputation equalled by few in any age, surpassed by still fewer, and not soon to reach that elevation to which a more extensive acquaintance with, and a juster appreciation of both his merits and defects, will inevitably raise it, when the turmoil of censure and apology, detraction and defence, shall have passed away,—when what is true and beneficial in his thinking shall have been admitted and approved, and what is erroneous and detrimental shall have been eliminated and consigned to quiet oblivion. For many years he had been in a state of great bodily infirmity; but few or none were apprehensive that his end was so near. When the stern messenger gave the summons, Coleridge was found not unprepared. In the words of one who had ample means of being acquainted with the closing scene, “The fatal change was sudden and decisive, and, six days before his death, he knew assuredly that his hour was come. His few worldly affairs had been long settled, and after many tender adieus, he expressed a wish that he might be as little interrupted as possible. His sufferings were severe and constant till within thirty-six hours of his end; but they had no power to affect the deep tranquillity of his mind, or the wonted sweetness of his address. His prayer from the beginning was, that God would not withdraw his Spirit, and that by the way in which he should bear the last struggle he might be able to evince the sincerity of his faith in Christ. If ever man did so, Coleridge did.” Such is the solemn language of one who beheld what he has so impressively described.

We have thus traced a brief outline of the outward mortal pilgrimage of this very remarkable man; but it would be no easy task fully to analyse and explain the peculiarities of his character, personal, poetical, philosophical, and religious. In truth, his personal character as a man seemed to be formed chiefly from the equipoise of the poetical and philosophical elements within him, without the intermixture of one particle of selfishness. He possessed in almost equal proportions the large-hearted affectionateness of the poet and the profound thoughtfulness of the philosopher. Not all the distresses and disappointments wherewith he was tried,—and his life was an almost continuous tissue of pains and sorrows,—were able to abate the warm glow of ardent friendship and affection in his bosom, or to repress his soul's strong thirst for knowledge and truth, spiritual and divine. His feelings and pursuits were equally ardent, unselfish, and unworldly; hence the little sympathy which they found among the cold, selfish, calculating men of the world.

But in order to arrive clearly at what we have in view, we must be somewhat more minute in tracing the special elements of his constitutional being, as they wrought in his mental growth and the formation of his character. From infancy he was a delicate and timid child, unfit for rough and energetic action, and prone to solitary reading and speculative musings. He said of himself that he had never personally known the sportive gaiety of childhood, far less the boisterous sports of boyhood. All this tended to foster and develope in him that morbid element in his physical constitution, which kept him throughout his entire lifetime in the listless, half-felt pain and languor of low

fever, out of which he could not be roused but by the excitement of some strong bodily or mental stimulus. In an evil hour he sought, and imagined he had found, relief by taking opium, which soon became the bane and torment of his very existence for a period of fourteen or fifteen years. By the kindness and benevolent care of the late Mr. Gillman, of Highgate, he was rescued from this direful habit, and enabled to resume and prosecute his literary labours, though he never recovered health to anything more than a very feeble degree, not sufficient to enable him to undertake or execute any task that demanded vigorous and continued exertion. Defective in action, as he was by nature and early habit, this tendency became incurable, in consequence of his deplorable prostration beneath the power of opium, and the feebleness resulting from it; and redundant in thought, as his marvellous intellectual capacity had always been and continued to be, after his rescue from narcotic slavery it was not strange that his mental characteristics suffered a partial collapse, and subsided into something like mingled indecision and vagueness.

There was one very remarkable feature in the character of Coleridge, to which we may briefly advert. In conversational powers he was altogether unapproached—we might say unapproachable. Various circumstances had contributed to cultivate this endowment to its highest pitch of excellence. His mind was filled with that innate dignity which prevented him from sinking into the use of any meanness of thought or expression; his ardent and affectionate heart communicated a vital glow to every word that he uttered; his intellect was of the most capacious order, and his

imagination ranged with strong, untiring wing throughout the whole vast regions of the beautiful, the sublime, and the true, in nature, art, and reason. His taste had been cultivated to the utmost, his memory was prodigious, and his power in the use of language was almost, if not quite, unrivalled. With all these qualities in most rare combination, and though meditative yet affectionate, though solitary not unsocial, though almost too full of discursive thought for energetic action, yet fond of the opportunity of pouring forth his rich treasures of knowledge and wisdom to all who had the capacity or showed the will to receive them; his conversation—if conversation that multiform, mellifluous monologue might be called—like a river, clear, deep, and wide, flowed, and as it flowed, seemed as it might for ever flow magnificently on. Once only had the writer of this Lecture the pleasure of listening to the “large discourse” of this “old man eloquent,”—

Τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ γλώττης μέλιτος γλυκίων ῥέει αὐδῆ.

Never shall we forget that interview. It was in the year 1831, that, having received an introduction from a mutual friend in London, we made our way to Highgate, and were admitted into the hospitable mansion of Mr. Gillman. There we were received by Mrs. Gillman herself, the poet's “most kind hostess,” who stated that Mr. Coleridge was suffering under extreme weakness and pain, but would very soon be ready to receive us. She went out for an instant, then quickly returning, began in a soft, low, apologetic, half-pleading, half-persuading tone, to mention, “that the state of Mr. Coleridge's health was such as to render it extremely injurious for him to give way to that excite-

ment in the flow of conversation so natural to him, which a very few minutes' converse with a congenial mind could not fail to produce ; that she was convinced she needed but to hint the propriety of abstaining from the discussion of any exciting topics, and of not prolonging the interview to any length likely to be hurtful, for that, of course, no friends of Coleridge could wish to obtain gratification to themselves at the expense of injury to him ;" then smiling, and requesting forgiveness, she retired. While we were admiring and mentally applauding her gentle prudence and her tender care, a door from another apartment slowly opened, and leaning on a smooth-worn staff, with short, feeble, and shuffling step, approached the poet and sage himself. A sickening pang of mingled surprise and sorrow shot through our heart to behold, in such a condition, the beloved and venerated man. The expression of his countenance was that of pain, subdued by resignation and sublimed by serious thoughtfulness. Still the poetic light was alive within the dreamy depths of his large grey eyes ; and his broad, high, and compact forehead seemed still a fitting home for genius of the loftiest order. He spoke, and the tones of his voice were kindly but plaintive, as he apologised for his tardy approach, in consequence of his many and heavy infirmities. In a few seconds, resting himself in an easy chair which we had placed for him, he assumed a more cheerful tone and manner, and began conversing on a number of topics chiefly connected with Scotland and its literary men, displaying a very minute and accurate acquaintance with all of any celebrity. From that the transition was easy to the Rev. Edward Irving, on whom he passed a glowing eulogium, deploring at the same time

his wayward will, and, consequently, wayward fate. The stream flowed on and began to widen. The interpretation of prophecy was the next topic on which he touched, making it evident that he had studied the subject with considerable attention. The multiform mellifluous monologue was now commenced. His eye began to kindle and dilate; the expression of pain and languor forsook his countenance; his forehead brightened and beamed, and even seemed to expand with the power of the mental workings within; his fine silvery locks waved more freely and gracefully, as if with young life, around his temples; and his voice poured out a strange rich, mellow, rhythmical, yet somewhat monotonous music, peculiarly suited to his ever-varying yet continuous flow of transcendent eloquence. It was with not less than mental agony that we perceived the forbidden limits to be well-nigh overpassed. We rose—hesitated—blushed—expressed our deep regret that we must most reluctantly tear ourselves away. He looked for a moment confused, surprised, half-disappointed, then smiling affectionately, held forth his hand, saying, “I understand your motive, and I appreciate it. I thank you; I have as yet sustained no injury—again I thank you warmly; all my young friends are not so considerate. Farewell!—in the full meaning of that most emphatic word, fare well!” and we departed, feeling amply rewarded for our self-denial by his warm grasp and his full-hearted farewell.

As he had early possessed, so throughout life he retained, an exquisite sense of the beautiful and the pure, the tender and the good, the lovely and the loving. To these his heart and genius always responded, like the harp-strings to the passing breeze; but instead of a

prolonged strain being produced, the notes died dreamily away in weak and weary sadness. To this result also tended that morbidly acute physical sensitiveness which rendered any continued exertion more than he could endure. To sit in silent thought; to read some book that treated of subjects congenial to his own mind, and write long notes on its margins and fly-leaves; to pour out his vast stores of knowledge, and his boundless meditative musings in singularly beautiful and eloquent language, whenever he could obtain an intelligent, or even a patient listener—these became, and continued to be, the main employment of his latter life. And many a man has earned a considerable reputation, based on his gleanings from the wonderful conversational monologues of Coleridge.

And now, let the question be fairly asked, Could it be expected that, in this condition, Coleridge could conduct any profound and difficult philosophical or theological investigation to a precise and definite conclusion? Or, Was it to be expected that his thoughts, however clear in themselves, and however accurately expressed by him, could be adequately conveyed in occasional notes of a fragmentary nature, or by remembered snatches of table-talk, depending on both the perception and the memory of those by whom they might be reproduced? We do not think so. On the contrary, it is our deep conviction, that much as Coleridge talked of his system of philosophy, of its connexion with theology, and even of its necessity as indispensable to the construction of a sound and true theological system, he never had thoroughly thought out, far less sketched out in writing, even a full outline of his system of philosophy. His powers of thought had not reached their

maturity, nor obtained any fixedness of direction, till after his return from Germany. But a short period elapsed after his return till he fell under the power of that pernicious drug which so terribly affected all his aims and paralysed his energies. In that short interval he wrote "The Friend," in which there are ample proofs that his mind was preparing for, and equal to, its greatest efforts, on which it was beginning to concentrate its energies, so soon to be smitten into a condition never more to be capable of full concentration and sustained endeavour. From that time forward he could but make excursions into those high regions in which, otherwise, he might have soared, eagle-like, with balanced and untiring wing, and clear, undazzled eye.

A philosophical thinker may, with one strong intuitional glance, perceive the life-germ, the constitutive idea, of what can be developed into a vast and mighty system, and may also, with that single glance, be fully convinced of its necessary truth. But in order to ascertain its true value, he must, with slow, painful, and laborious care, write down its axiomatic principle, mark its primary applications, trace out all its bearings on, and coincidences with, truths already ascertained, intensely anxious neither to include any fallacious elements that do not belong to it, nor to leave out what may be required for its right developement, and thus conduct it, clearly and comprehensively, to its full and legitimate conclusion, and to nothing more. This Coleridge never did, and for reasons already stated, was never able to have done, from the time when the idea first took possession of his mind.

He had been early inclined to adopt what his then boyish mind thought Infidelity, as many other boys in

their vanity regard it a manly thing to do, in defiance of their instructors. But love was too powerful an element in his nature to permit him to dwell long in the cold regions of scepticism. Tortured for a time by restless speculations on the writings of the English deists, the French infidels, Spinoza, Hume, and others, and finding no sufficient rescue in the works of Locke and Paley, he turned with eager interest to the philosophical treatises of German authors, particularly to those of Kant and Schelling. By the study of these philosophers, Coleridge was at once raised into far higher regions of thought than he had previously attained, and found much that was to him of great value. But there seemed to him still an important defect in their systems, which he was of opinion might be supplied, and which he longed to supply. The leading object of Kant was to inquire whether it was possible for the human mind to know anything of objects imperceptible to the faculty of sense; and to this he was led by a desire to refute the scepticism of Hume. In the refutation of Hume the philosopher of Königsberg succeeded; but in establishing a sure foundation for his own system he failed. And in the hands of his followers the system became as hostile to revealed religion as that of Hume himself. This was a result in which Coleridge could not willingly rest. The views of Schelling seemed to promise a more satisfactory conclusion, and were therefore largely followed or adopted by Coleridge, though not perfectly satisfactory. It seemed to him possible to find a still more axiomatic position than that of either Kant or Schelling, which should include and command theirs, and not theirs only, but those of every philosopher, so far as their positions had been true, and thus to

obtain an absolute philosophy, not only in accordance with, but containing all truth, both human and divine; at least, all truth for the reception and belief of which man could be justly held responsible. But it may be shown, both that Coleridge rather perceived what was erroneous or defective in the systems of Kant and Schelling than supplied the defects or corrected the errors; and also that his own system is less original and less complete than he himself believed it to be. He has clearly stated the great and pervading error in Schelling, "his exaltation of the understanding over the reason;" and in this single statement he has proved himself not to be the servile follower of Schelling, which he has been called—a charge to which his numerous quotations from that philosopher, not to say plagiarisms, as some have termed them, have very greatly exposed him. The reference to the error of Schelling, which we have made almost unawares, has caused the use of the two terms, the explanation of which, and the statement of the distinctive difference between them, must be given if we would even attempt to point out the essential meaning of what Coleridge called his philosophical system. In this attempt we shall avail ourselves to the utmost practicable extent of his own language:—"A thorough mastery of the fundamental distinction between the Reason and the Understanding is an indispensable pre-requisite to, or condition of, a sound system of mental philosophy. The Understanding suggests the materials of reasoning; the Reason decides upon them. The first can only say, '*This is or ought to be*;' the last says, '*It must be so*.' Reason is the power of universal and necessary convictions, the source and substance of truth above sense, and having their

evidence in themselves. Its presence is always marked by the *necessity* of the position affirmed; this necessity being *conditional* when a truth of Reason is applied to facts of experience, or to the rules and maxims of the Understanding; but *absolute* when the subject-matter is itself the growth or offspring of the Reason. Hence arises a distinction in the Reason itself, derived from the different mode of applying it, and from the objects to which it is directed, according as we consider one and the same power, now as the ground of formal principles, and now as the origin of *ideas*. Contemplated distinctively, in reference to *formal* (or abstract) truth, it is the *speculative* Reason; but in reference to *actual* (or moral) truth, as the fountain of ideas and the *light* of the conscience, we name it the *practical* Reason. On the other hand, the judgments of the Understanding are binding only in relation to the objects of our senses, which we reflect under the forms of our Understanding. It is, as Leighton rightly defines it, ‘the faculty judging according to sense.’ To make the distinction evident, we have only to describe Understanding and Reason, each by its characteristic qualities. The comparison will show the difference. Understanding is discursive: Reason is fixed. The Understanding in all its judgments refers to some other faculty as its ultimate authority. The Reason in all its decisions appeals to itself as the ground and substance of their truth. Understanding is the faculty of *reflection*; Reason that of *contemplation*. The result is, that neither falls under the definition of the other. They differ in *kind*. The Understanding, then, is the faculty by which we reflect and generalise. The whole process may be reduced to *three acts*, all depending on, and supposing a previous impression on,

the senses, namely, *attention*, *abstraction*, *generalisation*; and these are the proper functions of the Understanding—it is therefore truly and accurately defined ‘a faculty judging according to sense.’ Now whether, in defining the *speculative* Reason (*i. e.*, the Reason considered abstractly as an *intellective* power) we call it ‘the source of necessary and universal principles, according to which the notices of the senses are either affirmed or denied;’ or describe it as ‘the power by which we are enabled to draw from particular and contingent appearances universal and necessary conclusions’—it is equally evident that the two definitions differ in their essential characters, and consequently the subjects differ in *kind*. Understanding in its highest form of experience remains commensurate with the experimental notices of the senses, from which it is generalised. Reason, on the other hand, either predetermines experience, or avails itself of a past experience to supersede its necessity in all future time, and affirms truths which no sense could perceive, nor experiment verify, nor experience confirm.

“In this manner we seem to arrive at a tolerably conclusive demonstration of our proposition, viz., that the Understanding suggests the materials of reasoning: the Reason decides upon them. And thus it would appear to be proved, first, that there is an *intuition* or immediate beholding, accompanied by a conviction of the necessity and universality of the truth so beheld, not derived from the senses, which intuition, when it is construed by *pure* sense, gives birth to the science of mathematics, and when applied to objects super-sensuous or spiritual, is the organ of theology and philosophy; and, secondly, that there is likewise a reflective and discursive faculty, or *mediate* apprehension, which taken

by itself, and uninfluenced by the former, depends on the senses for the materials on which it is exercised, and is contained within the sphere of the senses. This faculty it is, which, in generalising the notices of the senses, constitutes sensible experience, and gives rise to *maxims* or *rules* which may become more and more general, but can never be raised into universal verities, or beget a consciousness of absolute certainty, though they may be sufficient to extinguish all doubt. Almost all the errors prevalent in philosophy, in the largest sense of the word, have their origin in the neglect of this distinction, even in kind, between Reason and Understanding, and in the absurd and pernicious attempt to force the primary and necessary *truths* of the former into the accidental or conditional *forms* of the latter ; whereas, for pure Reason to retain her power and sovereignty, correcting the errors of the Understanding misled by sense, dwelling among first principles, contemplating their formative energies, marking their necessary products, and by them judging actual facts, evolving processes, and all possible objects of sense, is the only sure foundation of a sound, impregnable system of scientific, political, moral, and religious philosophy."

There is yet one point which it may be expedient to state and explain with regard to what Coleridge termed his philosophy, as, in his own words, "the philosophy of *pure reason*, and its constitutive, self-realising *ideas*," for the purpose of explaining what he meant by the term *idea*, and this, too, we shall do in his own words : "That which, contemplated *objectively* (*i. e.*, as existing *externally* to the mind), we call a *LAW* ; the same contemplated *subjectively* (*i. e.*, as existing in a subject or mind), is an *IDEA*. Hence Plato often names ideas, laws ; and Lord

Bacon, the British Plato, describes the laws of the material universe as the ideas in nature; 'Quod in natura *naturata* LEX, in natura *naturanti* IDEA dicitur.' It has already been seen incidentally, how, in the department of astronomy, the philosophy of ideas, the Newtonian, triumphed over that of appearances, the Ptolemaic. In like manner, it might be shown, how, by taking a new position for the purpose of investigating the human mind, it could be proved '*that the mind makes the sense far more than the senses make the mind*;' which would put an end to all the dangerous errors of materialism, and the puerile absurdities of phrenology; rendering the philosophy of mind, indeed, that which it ought to be, the philosophy of pure Reason."

We have thus endeavoured to give as distinct and intelligent a view of what Coleridge called his philosophical system as we could; and we must now express our opinion regarding it. There is, we apprehend, far less of what is really new in it than he himself supposed. Scarcely any thinker will deny that there is in the human mind a power by which we are able to apprehend at once some truths in their own self-evidencing light, of which sense can give us no evidence. This power, faculty, capacity, or whatever name may be given to it, has been recognised by almost all philosophical writers; and this is essentially what Coleridge designates Reason. Farther, no person denies that through the senses we obtain intimations respecting things external to us, the whole world of sensations, of which the mind takes cognizance by reflection, and knows by perception aided by consciousness, by memory, by observation, by experience and experiment; and this is essentially what Coleridge designates Understanding.

Now, since the mind can perceive certain truths in their own self-evidencing light, we are constrained to believe that there must be in the constitution of the mind certain primary principles of thought, or constitutive ideas, or forms of mental being and knowing, so adapted to these self-evidencing truths, that no sooner do they appear to the mind than it at once and for ever perceives them, believes them, and knows them, without any medium of perception, or need of proof. Whether we term these elements in the constitution of the mind "fundamental laws of belief," or the "principles of the practical reason," or "necessary conditions of thought," or, by a plainer and humbler term, the "principles of common sense," does not seem to be a matter of very great philosophical importance. It is of importance, doubtless, to get quit of the meagre and false theory based on the aphorism, "*Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius in sensu*;" but that was done when Leibnitz added to it, "*Nisi intellectus ipse*." There may be some considerable advantage in restricting certain terms to the specific purpose of employing them to designate specially certain determinate states, or primary principles of mind; and therefore we do not object to restrict the term Reason to designate those primary laws of human belief, or forms of thought-apprehension, by means of which, or in consequence of which, the mind intuitively or immediately perceives, admits, and retains those self-evidencing truths and axioms of which no proof either can or need be given. Nor do we object to the restriction of the term Understanding to that department of the mind by which we take cognizance of all that is presented to us through the medium of the senses, aided by our own powers of reflection. And so far as

the restricting of these terms to their proper spheres would tend to disentangle philosophical investigation from the confusion of a mixed terminology, the service thereby rendered to true philosophy would be great ; but we cannot regard the distinctions themselves as constituting a new system of philosophy. And still less can we either call it new, or ascribe it to Coleridge, when we turn to the writings of Kant and Schelling, from which Coleridge himself admits that it was largely derived, and in particular from Kant, who invented the term "practical reason," and assigned to it will, conscience, and the moral being of man ; ascribing to it the right of attributing reality to its objects, revelations, and dictates, as the organ of moral and religious truths. Nor was even Kant's theory new, except in its form and terminology, at least since the introduction of Christianity ; for though Christianity has not spoken of "practical reason," nor termed it the "organ of moral and religious truths," as if it could itself constitute them, it has appealed to man's will, conscience, and moral nature, enlightening and enabling them to respond to its appeal.

We are thus led to consider the application which Coleridge made of his philosophical system to theology. And in the very outset we must say that we have often deplored his constant and persevering attempts, not only to express scriptural doctrines in the language of philosophy, but to translate or transmute the words of Scripture into the scholastic terms of philosophy, till by such transmutation Scripture and transcendentalism seemed to be the same thing. That reason will never contradict revelation we very confidently believe ; but it does not follow either that reason is the standard and

test of revelation, or that reason can anticipate and supersede the necessity of revelation. Yet in this very point Coleridge has, as we think, fallen into grievous and pernicious error in consequence of his adoption of Kant's theory of "practical reason." For if "practical reason" be the "organ of moral and religious truths," and entitled to include them in its unconditional command, or "category imperative," it must be able of itself to produce them. Hence, we believe, the attempt made by Coleridge to produce the doctrine of the Trinity from pure reason, an attempt we need scarce say utterly abortive. Hence, too, his metaphysical theories of *original sin*, of *redemption*, of *baptism*, and of several other leading doctrines of revelation. As these, according to the Kantian theory, which he had made his own, are within the domain of the "practical reason," their proper meaning might be determined by it quite as legitimately as by the direct statements of Scripture, if we should not rather say that reason was to be regarded as the authoritative interpreter of Scripture. This seems to us entirely to transcend the province of even the transcendental philosophy. If, to follow the course of this philosophy, the Understanding must bring all its information to the bar of Reason, there to be judged, affirmed, or denied, or superseded, by the higher authority of that superior faculty, is it not as likely that Reason must bring her intuitions to the bar of Revelation, which is God's Reason, or the supreme reason, there to be judged, affirmed, or denied, or superseded by that highest authority? Still, further, if we admit the doctrine of the fall, and the consequent darkening and corruption of all the faculties of the human mind, does it not inevitably follow that what-

ever might have been possible to human reason in its primitive and undimmed purity when it was the unmarred image of God,—and although it may still continue instinctively to claim, it cannot now either hold or exercise its original prerogative,—it cannot now be the authoritative declarer and supreme arbiter of moral and religious truth. That philosophy, therefore, which even tacitly ignores the fall and its consequences, and still ascribes to human reason its unfallen clearness of vision and supreme moral and religious authority, cannot be a true philosophy; and if it dares to tamper with the direct teaching of revelation, it may, like a blind leader of the blind, conduct its misled followers into the yawning pit of ruin.

It has been already remarked that Coleridge perceived the defect of Kant's system, and was anxious to remedy that defect by endeavouring to bring it into harmony with revealed religion, in the great and holy truths of which he was himself a firm believer. In this we think he failed; not because true philosophy can ever contradict true religion, but because he misconceived their necessary relation to each other. His great error consisted in this, that he included theology in his philosophy, and thereby made reason the judge of revelation. This view may be presented in a different aspect. We have been accustomed to speak of two different modes of thinking and reasoning, called respectively the *à priori* and the *à posteriori* methods. These are closely analogous to what we have been already investigating. Reasoning *à priori* begins by primitive and necessary truths, and traces them to their legitimate conclusions; whereas *à posteriori* reasoning begins with observed facts, and traces them back to

their origins or causes. Now, that there are *à priori* truths and *à priori* laws of thought, and that the highest style of reasoning should begin in that supernal region may be admitted; but it is not primarily accessible to man. We are obliged to begin by *à posteriori* reasoning, the most comprehensive and pure generalisations of which may raise us to the *à priori* region of thought; and when admitted there they may be used as *à priori* truths, and made the basis of true, though not perfectly legitimate *à priori* reasoning. It will be seen that this is almost exactly what Coleridge describes of Understanding bringing her experience to Reason, which Reason perceives to belong to some formative idea, or necessary truth, adopts as her own, and thereby supersedes further inquiry or experiment. But revelation is the alone *à priori* region, the alone bestower of *à priori* truths of religion; therefore revelation is the alone judge of these truths, and of Reason in relation to them. Thus, again, by another mode of philosophical inquiry, we point out the great error of Coleridge in his philosophico-theological system.

There is yet another view of Coleridge's philosophy which we ought to take, in order to obtain a full conception of it. All who have attended to philosophical writings in comparatively modern times, must be aware of the great use made of the terms, *subject* and *object*, *subjective* and *objective*. The term *subject* implies the very *self* of the personal being, the self-conscious thinker, the man who uses it; and *subjective*, all that essentially pertains to his personal being. The term *object* implies all that is external to that very *self*; and *objective*, all that essentially pertains to what is external. Self-consciousness is the basis of all self-knowledge,

aided by memory and other faculties. Thus man investigates his own being and nature, his laws of thought, his powers and faculties, and all that constitutes him what he is; and in this investigation he becomes an *object* to himself, or perceives the synthesis of *subject* and *object*. Again, when through the intimations of his senses, or his own faculty of reflection, he obtains the perception of external objects, retaining still, though it may be, faintly, self-consciousness, he is led to investigate what he can know of the objective, and may thereby perceive again the synthesis of *object* and *subject*. Hence arises the inquiry into the relations of mind and matter, and into the principles and laws of human knowledge; and into this inquiry Scepticism incessantly attempts to intrude. It was on this ground that Hume reared the deadly fabric of his false system. But the subtle fallacies of that system were utterly refuted by direct and profound inquiries into the fundamental laws of human belief—the real nature of experience and experimental philosophy, and the laws or ideas of speculative and practical reason. These inquiries unavoidably gave to modern philosophy a very strong tendency to the subjective, elevating it into an undue pre-eminence over the objective in every department of thought. Among the direct followers of Kant this pre-eminence became absolute, till the laws of mind were regarded as the only laws of nature which could be known—the laws of reason, the supreme laws of all moral and religious truth, and man the only law to himself—nay, man his own God. In other instances, these speculative thinkers have wandered into the regions of Pantheism.

Into such airless heights, or abysmal depths, of transcendental thinking, Coleridge never soared or

plunged. There was, indeed, an excess of *subjectivity* in his system, arising, as we are inclined to think, from another cause. His bodily frame had, from infancy, been intensely sensitive; and the use of opium, taken at first to alleviate his sufferings, rendered that sensitiveness tenfold more morbidly acute. In consequence of this he was perpetually under the influence of a spurious and unphilosophical, but diseased and physical, self-consciousness, which tended to thrust the subjective unduly into his highest thinking, to a degree of which he could not himself be fully aware. Not unfrequently there may be traced, even in the highly *idealised objective* regions of his philosophy, the unacknowledged influence, or the latently governing presence of a transcendental or transfigured *subjective*, sent up from the painful throbbings of his heart, and the fine-strung thrillings of his delicate nerves. Sometimes what he intended for reasoning was only the spirit-like essence of exquisite feeling, trembling with passionate earnestness through all his argument—more like the quiver and the glow of hurt life and anxious love, than the cool analysis of calm philosophy. This was very generally his state of mind and body when he engaged in theological inquiries, causing that remarkable blending of power and weakness by which they are all more or less characterised. Christianity had been too truly balm and solace to his weary frame and wounded heart for him to contemplate calmly either the fierce assaults of its enemies or the unwise defences of its friends. Of both he judged from his own position, and without adequate knowledge of either. All tendency to the extreme flights of the German rationalists and theosophists was kept in check by the counteracting power

of his religious sincerity, of his strong faith, and of his humble and earnest Christian love. But while these great and sacred principles kept the Christian man safe, they did not wholly keep the speculative thinker right. What his want of sufficient acquaintance with such subjects left him unable directly to answer, seemed to him unanswerable, except by assuming new ground; and for the same reason his new ground was not always either tenable or safe, exposing, at times, Christianity to greater dangers than those which he sought to avert. As a Christian he clung with earnest faith and strong love to the great leading truths of revelation; but as a philosopher he not only attempted to express these truths in the uncongenial and vague phraseology of his system, but even strove to think it possible that they might be evolved out of the practical reason, proved by it, and thereby set above the reach of all ordinary cavilling objections,—not perceiving that such a process would have denied to them their supreme characteristic of a directly Divine origin, and consequently would have divested them of their Divine authority. His Christian faith and love prevailed in his own case; but there is reason to fear that his philosophy has prevailed in the case of many of his followers.

As an instance of the injurious effect produced by his proneness to a species of subjective idealism, we may refer to the theory of inspiration contained in his posthumous treatise, “The Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit.” In that treatise Coleridge set himself most earnestly to refute what he regarded as the prevalent theory of inspiration; and in doing so his design was manifestly to rescue the Bible from the peril to which he thought it exposed by the prevalent theory.

There are in that little work some of the very finest and noblest passages he ever wrote, full of what we have called "the quiver and the glow of hurt life and anxious love," expressed with the most exquisite felicity of thought and language. Yet, as we are thoroughly convinced, that treatise displays an entire misconception of the subject, and produces a theory at least as dangerous as that which it attempts to refute. He reclaims, protests, and inveighs with great vehemence against that theory of inspiration, which is commonly termed plenary inspiration, which regards the Bible as throughout the very Word of God. This theory suggests to him only those extreme and repulsive views, which men who are not able to form any intelligent conception of such a subject have in their rash folly uttered about it. And, directing his attention solely to their crude absurdities, he denounces plenary inspiration as giving such a view of the Bible narrative as cannot be received — repulsive to feeling in some of its sterner narratives — contradictory to reason in others — and depriving the Scriptures of all the natural humanities of real life and personality, rendering its writers the mere *amanuenses* of the Holy Spirit, and inspiration itself a "ventriloquism," or a mechanical power exerted in a human being, rendered for the time unconscious, dehumanised. Now, it may be admitted, that some men have written and said very absurd things about verbal inspiration and plenary inspiration, confounding the two terms and their meanings ; and it may also be admitted that such absurdities give occasion to the enemies of Scripture to bring forward plausible objections, not merely against such a theory, but against Scripture itself, as if such a theory were the only one held by those who hold plenary inspi-

ration. But what has that to do with the real essence of the matter? Let all who hold such crudities, and the crudities themselves, be scathed into nothingness by the fierce bolts of our author's polemic wrath; but that will not affect plenary inspiration, as generally understood by wise and thoughtful men. If there be danger that scepticism may be promoted by the consequences drawn from a false theory, or from a true one misunderstood, let an inquiry be begun and prosecuted with all care and calmness, in order that it may be ascertained where the real error lies, instead of bounding away at once, as Coleridge did, to an opposite extreme. There is nearly equal folly in coining a word to explain the meaning of an unknown truth. Some term inspiration a *dynamical power*, and think they have explained it. Others term it a *mechanical power*, and think they have at once explained and refuted the theory of plenary inspiration. The great error is in attempting to explain it at all. It is claimed by the Bible itself—"All Scripture is of Divine inspiration;" and it should for this reason be admitted, but not explained, though perhaps it may be illustrated. Even Coleridge admits plenary inspiration in the case of Moses and the prophets; if not also, by implication, in the case of the apostles: and yet it is not more easy to explain the mode of such inspiration, and to determine whether it were *mechanical* or *dynamical* in *their* case than in any other;—nay, what we ask, is gained, or even meant, by using either of these terms? What do men mean when they apply the word *mechanical* to a spiritual act? The HOLY SPIRIT acting *mechanically* on a *human spirit*! Can these words have any possible meaning? Must we invent and employ what is really a glaring contradiction in

terms—a *mechanically spiritual operation*—which no man in his senses ever dreamt of affirming, in order to condemn a misrepresentation of that claim which Scripture itself makes expressly?—must we, because we cannot conceive and explain that claim, cast loose our trust in the word of God as divinely inspired, and therefore and thereby the infallible revelation of eternal truth, relative to man's salvation? It may not be possible to explain the mode of inspiration; in our opinion it *ought not to be possible*, since, being a Divine act, it lies necessarily beyond the sphere of our cognizance, and he who speaks of explaining a Divine act, either utters folly, or claims equality with God; but is it, therefore, incapable of being believed? Such an argument would fearfully limit human belief on all subjects, natural as well as spiritual; for in every inquiry we soon reach what we cannot explain.

The real nature of the inquiry regarding inspiration seems to be this—"It being admitted that the Holy Scriptures claim to be inspired, is there anything in this claim so repugnant to reason that it cannot be believed?" It is not enough for any man to say, "I cannot conceive how it takes place, and how it affects the man who is inspired." Neither is it enough to stigmatise it as a mere mechanical process, reducing man to an unthinking, irrational, unconscious machine. We ask, Is it absolutely incredible, or contrary to reason, to suppose that God, who made the human soul, can communicate with its inner being, so as to convey to it his own designs, as in prophecy, and his own ideas, as in doctrinal truth, without at the same time suspending all its faculties, and reducing it to an unintelligent vehicle of transmission? And when, further, we perceive that

there are differences of style and other mental characteristics very apparent among the inspired writers, are we not led to the conclusion, that the Divine Spirit did not suspend these men's mental faculties, but divinely used them, presenting absolute truth in special forms, without either compromising the truth or marring the forms?

If a skilful worker in gold should frame hollow moulds of a lion, a lamb, an eagle, a dove, and fill them with pure molten gold, when the mould was removed, and the figures produced, their precious quality would not be depreciated by the forms they bore—the lion, the lamb, the eagle, the dove, would still be pure gold; and, instead of being depreciated, their value would be enhanced by their adaptation to the variety of tastes in those who might wish to possess them. And is it not, at least, equally conceivable, that when God intended to transmit divine truth to mankind at large, with all the diversities of mental tastes and sympathies that prevail among them, he would inspire men of varied mental characteristics, allowing the word of inspiration to assume and present all those varied characteristics, so as to suit every diversity of taste and feeling, and yet to retain, all unalloyed, its own unapproachable pre-eminence, as truth divine and absolute? The high-souled Isaiah roars like a lion over prostrate Assyria and proud Babylon swept with the besom of destruction, or in exulting response to the blood-stained Conqueror of Bozrah; because his whole being is filled with the strong glories of the Lion of Judah. The plaintive Jeremiah mourns like a dove, as if his were the voice of Him who wept over doomed Jerusalem. The keen eye of Paul traces the inner workings of the human heart, or pierces into the deep mysteries of spiritual

truth, with the lofty, far-searching, and steadfast glance of an eagle ; but through him the Spirit lays open the secrets of all hearts, and reveals the deep mysteries of God. The affectionate and lamb-like John leans on the bosom of the Lamb of God, and wins us to gentleness, purity, and love. Does this marvellously perfect adaptation of revealed truth to the minds of those through whom it was revealed reduce these holy and inspired men to mere machines ? Does this impair the divineness of the record ? Does it not rather approve to us the excellence and perfection of Divine wisdom, condescension, and love, thus graciously adapting the message of mercy to all the faculties of the human mind, and all the thrilling sensibilities of the human heart ?

But we cannot prosecute the subject, though full of interest and of vital importance, because it is not further within our present province than as it has been treated of by Coleridge with great beauty and power, but without adequate knowledge. That there have been many very foolish things spoken and written about inspiration, and terms employed with little or no meaning, for the sake of seeming to obtain apparently intelligible distinctions, we readily admit, and at the same time deplore ; and so far as the eloquent indignation of Coleridge tended to sweep away some of these offensive crudities, it may have done service to the cause of truth ; but his view possesses no right to be regarded as itself a satisfactory theory. It presents no advantages to the ambassador of Christ in proclaiming or defending the Gospel message, beyond those offered by the theory of plenary inspiration, rightly understood, so far as we can perceive ; while it has furnished to the enemy of Scripture the use of that singularly ill-omened and malign epithet, “bibliolatry,” and

gives countenance to those vain dreams of intuitions, and apperceptions, and Christian consciousness, by means of which a class of men seem eager to obliterate all distinction between the Divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, and the shadowy visions of imagination that float gleaming away before the eye of genius.

This excessive elevation, or glorification, of the *subjective*—the *self* in man, was not, we are strongly persuaded, a necessary consequence of Coleridge's philosophy; but rather the invasion of it by his morbidly excited self-consciousness, and by the exquisitely idealised fineness of his poetic sensibilities. Religion was the life of his soul. "Christianity," said he, "is not a theory or a speculation, but a *life*. Not a *philosophy* of life, but a life and a living process." True; profoundly and solemnly true. In this life and living process he had his being, and through it his soul was always striving to ascend, conscious of weakness, and in that conscious weakness making the Bible the man of his counsel, his guide, and support; yet conscious also of vast powers of thought, and in that consciousness attempting to transmute the Spirit-forms of sacred truth as God gave them, into those thought-forms of his own reason which he could most readily apprehend. In consequence of this incessant, yet fruitless endeavour, his theology became a theosophy, as expressed in his writings and conversations; yet still a living Christianity, as it dwelt within the profoundest depths of his own adoring soul. In one mood of mind he could blame Schelling for elevating the understanding above the reason; in another, he could make the subjective give laws to the objective, and reason contain and regulate revelation. Thus there struggled ever in his capacious mind two mighty ante-

gonistic modes of thinking ; but by that very struggle they maintained generally a mutually counteracting, self-balanced, yet uneasy and tremulous, equipose.

Time and space forbid us to survey, however briefly, his theories of the Church, through all of which a similar disturbing and misguiding subjective bias may be distinctly traced. What his own heart felt intensely, his mind laid hold of powerfully, and his imagination idealised magnificently, till it passed the conditions and the sphere of actual existence ; and men gazed wondering after what they could not appreciate and ceased to believe. Yet true it is that from these theories many—understanding them as their author never did, and viewing them from a far lower position than that high specular mount on which their author stood—have gathered germs of thought, idealised notions, which they have thrown broadcast over the kingdom, and up has sprung a weedy growth, all rank and run to seed, covering the land with Puseyism. These men are not true followers of Coleridge—none of them, no, not even Mr. Gladstone, whose writings on Church and State prove that he never rightly understood his master. It is one thing to write in language elegantly select, and in a style ornate, copious, and vague, so as to leave the reader pleasingly fatigued, and dreamily at rest, unconscious whether he has received any new elements of thought or not ; and it is another to produce a work full of life and of strange power, which startles and besets us as we peruse, leaving behind it the haunting feeling that some great visitant has been with us, whose real character, and the design of whose mysterious converse, we cannot readily apprehend. The shadow may be larger than the substance ; but in the substance alone dwells all that is of value. Nay, more ;

a shadow may chill, where a substance would have given vital warmth, and might yet tend to restore it. Nor would it, we apprehend, be very difficult to produce, in the essential ideas of Coleridge's writings on the Church, a complete and conclusive refutation of the whole Puseyite theory. That may be done, no doubt, more directly by other arguments; but, as that theory strives to sustain itself considerably by his name, it might be of some service to prove the fallacious nature of its claims, and to bring to bear against it that very power from which it seeks support. We said the *essential ideas* of his writings, both because in them are contained all the vitality and the strength of his theories, and also because we are well aware that there are not a few subordinate passages and incidental statements that seem to countenance High Church views, and could be plausibly adduced in their support.

There are several of his formal and essay-like statements of the leading doctrines of Christianity, on which we could have wished to make some comments had it been practicable. On such, for example, as his systematic view of Regeneration, of Faith, of Justification, of the Atonement, of Baptism, of the position of Sanctification. In none of these do we regard his views as perfectly clear and sound. Some of them are injured and disfigured by the introduction of his own scholastic or philosophical terminology; others by the prevalence of his own subjectivity, inducing him to mould them into conformity with his own mental configuration; and others in consequence, apparently, of his not feeling in himself anything which instinctively, or rather intuitively, responded to the teaching of Scripture. As an example of what we mean, let us revert to the doctrines

relating directly to the death of Christ, viz., Atonement and Justification. In most instances, a really anxious soul, convinced of sin and appalled by the terrors of declared, deserved, and impending judgment, looks eagerly to the cross of Christ, and finds refuge and peace in the thought that HE, the Divine Substitute, has borne the penalty, paid the ransom, and procured not only pardon but justification, peace with God, and life eternal. On this view, Coleridge very rarely dwells, and when he does treat of it, he does so very vaguely, defining it thus:—"A spiritual and transcendent mystery, that passeth all understanding." True, beyond all question, true; for every act of God, and very specially every act in the great work of redemption, is a spiritual and transcendent mystery. But oh, how different is the language of the ransomed believer as he fixes his earnest eye on Jesus, the Author and Finisher of his faith! We think the explanation of this defective intensity of interest in, or attention to, such a topic may be this:—Coleridge had led a life more of contemplation than of action, brooding much and deeply on his own mental and moral condition, and thinking more of his alienation from the spiritual requirements of the law than of his exposure to its penalty; more of the holiness of God than of his justice; and more of the evil nature of sin than of the dreadfulness of its punishment; and therefore he naturally made it his inquiry, not so much how he should escape the penalty of the law, as how he might obtain conformity with its precepts. To this aspect of theological thinking he might very naturally be pre-disposed by the almost universally Arminian tendency of English theological literature since the times of the Puritans, which his love of their writings

could scarcely be sufficient to counteract. And when we revert to the bias which his intense subjectivity gave to all his thinking, we cannot be surprised that it tinged also his speculative theology, while we rejoice to believe that it did not very seriously impair the deep sincerity of his Christian faith and love. It rendered him a less trust-worthy guide and instructor, but allowed him to follow a pilgrim-path, which, with all its windings, might lead to heaven.

It was our design in this Lecture, as even its designation indicates, to treat both of Coleridge and of his Followers. But the latter topic is not now, we apprehend, within our reach, in consequence of the length to which the former has been undesignedly extended, in our wish to do what justice we could to the memory of one whom we have long, not blindly, but very warmly loved. Although, however, it is impossible now to enter fully into this department of our subject, we may venture upon a few concluding remarks of a general character. There are a considerable number of distinguished men, chiefly clergymen, of all denominations, throughout whose writings the influence of Coleridge may easily be traced, or is by themselves gratefully acknowledged. That this influence has often been beneficial we readily admit, especially in rescuing them from the cold utilitarianism of Paley, and giving a very attractive freshness and warmth to their whole tone of thought, feeling, and expression. But that it has always wrought for good we cannot affirm,—we do not think. The whole aspect of their theology is tinged with the hues of his thinking, and that, too, not least with that in it which we deem most erroneous,—with vague, theosophic notions,—with the undue elevation of the subjective,—with the

want of the firm, distinct, and life-satisfying definiteness of the objective and the doctrinal, and with loose assertions regarding the doctrine of inspiration. All these points could be amply proved, did our limits permit. Not only so, but, as we judge, their narrower and less counterbalancing range of mind has allowed them to go farther wrong than he did. In his mind, as we have attempted to show, the two great modes of thought, or poles of thinking, maintained a mutually counterpoising tendency to combine into his long-sought central unity. A few days before his death he made the following memorable declaration:—"The metaphysical disquisition at the end of the first volume of the 'Biographia Literaria' is unformed and immature. It contains the fragments of the truth, but it is not fully thought out. It is wonderful to myself to think how infinitely more profound my views now are, and yet how much clearer they are withal. *The circle is completing; the idea is coming round to, and to be, the common sense.*" But in the minds of his followers the circle generally bursts, diverges, and each section flies off into its kindred region of errors. One class of thinkers tends to theosophic mysticism, or subjective intuitionism. Other classes tend towards an idealised Churchism, or towards Puseyism, or ultimately to absolute Romanism, which he detested, both as a true Christian, and as a free-born and freedom-loving Englishman.

In other instances, men with less of sound principles to guide them, while pretending to follow Coleridge, and using his terminology, rush into infinitely more extravagant and pernicious extremes. Becoming enamoured of that extreme Germanism from which he recoiled, they follow whithersoever, not only Schelling,

but Fichte and Hegel, may lead, and end in deifying themselves. Or, taking a different course, and getting bewildered among the mazes of theosophic speculation, while they fancy they are following Coleridge, they trace the faint footsteps of Martineau, and Parker, and Emerson—men whose theories Coleridge would have abhorred. The Socinianism of his own time could not satisfy his earnest and craving spirit; how much less the misty sophistries that overhang its present aspect?

To one sad instance we cannot refrain from directing attention,—that of the late amiable, enthusiastic, and beloved, but unhappy Sterling. He, too, was, or thought he was, a follower of Coleridge. That he felt the fascinations of that marvellous power of conversation in which Coleridge was unrivalled, was nothing strange; and that the ideas which he then heard, or at least shadowy semblances of them, took strong possession of his mind, and held it firmly for a season, cannot be doubted. But in an evil hour he yielded to the influence of a mind made of far sterner stuff,* forsook the bright visions and beckoning shapes of transcendental idealisms, mingled, though they were, with hallowed visitants of heavenly beauty, and was whirled away into far other scenes. Who could describe the grim and baleful change? Plunged into the palpable obscure of mindless, heartless, boundless, utter barren vastness, environed with the stunning din of bodiless voices, shouting wildly, with horriblemst uproar, — “Work! work! work! — the old Eternities! — the everlasting Verities! — this miserablest world! — the dimmallest abysses! — the inexorable Destinies! — Work! work! work!” Baffled with the dread

* See Carlyle’s “Life of Sterling.”

confusion, dizzied with the all-unintelligible uproar, and down-smitten by the chaotic tempest of stormy, yet meaningless words, poor Sterling sunk, and drooped, and died,—yet seemed to send one dying look across the chaos of black, formless thoughts wherein he perished, towards the groves of that Platonic retreat where a Christian sage had once taught him, at least, to dream of gentler scenes amid the gracious duties of a Christian pastor's walk of peace and love. Was it because he *had* so dreamed?—because, even for a season, Coleridge had induced him to regard the spiritual attire of prophets and apostles as something more and better than a “heap of Hebrew old clothes?” Was it on this account that He of the inexorable destinies and all the other terrific abstractions, growled out his savage mockery in grim laughter, over the grave of Coleridge? So his own strong language constrains us to infer. If so, while we cannot but pity the stunned victim of those huge impersonal abstractions that bellow so uncouthly through our modern literature, as if to destroy all life and love in nature, and all personality in man or God, we cannot but deplore that a man of the highest literary distinction should disgrace himself by so harshly insulting the dead—and we must condemn the outrage. Had Sterling met no worse adviser than Coleridge, and followed no leader more erratic, his life-day might not have been prolonged, but its skies would have been more serene, and its close might not have been surrounded by such densely mustered darkness.

But let us quit such painful topics, and hasten, with one brief remark, to close a Lecture already far too long. We have attempted previously to point out what seems to us the essential element of error in all the philo-

sophical and theological writings of Coleridge. Let us now attempt to leave a compressed re-statement of it, as our parting thought, in the hope that it may obtain a lodgment in your minds for future use,—perhaps for guardianship. It is a rash and dangerous assumption, whether raised from the subjective or the objective side of thought, that man is able, or may be able, to determine what God ought to reveal, and how, and in what form of expression, it ought to be revealed. Especially is it rash and dangerous so to presume when we look on man as he now is—as even philosophy may see him to be—not that creature which he could have been, and, therefore, not that creature which he ought to have been—in one word, **FALLEN**. Neither subjective nor objective can be to man now what they were before the fall. Man cannot now have access to know God's ideas, as he possibly had, or might have had, then; nor is his own inner being now so pure through all its depths, so true an image, or image-like mirror of God and God's truth, as it was then. A philosophy, therefore, that either wilfully ignores, or boldly refuses to acknowledge, or actually does not know, the fall, cannot be other than a fallen philosophy. It falls in the very fact of not knowing, or not acknowledging the fall, and it cannot rise by its own proud efforts.—it cannot rise except by laying hold of, and receiving Christianity with the simple docility and undisputing directness of a child. It cannot rise haughtily; it may rise humbly. It may thus receive God's thoughts of love, mercy, justice, wisdom, goodness, holiness, and truth, and become divinely wise by their reception; but it cannot anticipate them,—cannot in its finite capacity rightly comprehend them,—cannot mould them into what it may imagine to be its own necessary constitutive

ideas. Soar as it may toward the regions of eternal truth, the soul of man cannot enter there by the unaided flight of its own inherent powers, nor even when partly guided, partly upheld, by the dim forms of ancient sacred records, transmitted from primæval times. Why else was even Plato's flight so devious and so endless?—and why was the death-hour of Socrates so dark? Into these regions the human soul cannot soar, cannot pierce, till the Incarnate Son of God comes forth, and gently apprehending the helpless wanderer, bears it across the else impassable barrier, unites it to Himself, the Life and the Truth, the Light and the Love,—then shall it know even as it is known. This, and this alone, is true philosophy, because it is divine philosophy. And this can be found only in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, which is the power of God, and the wisdom of God to every one that believeth, alike to the philosopher and the child. Let the philosopher explore the heart and mind of whole humanity, and he will find no end to his inquiries there, and no solution to his ever-deepening mysteries, far less a passage thence into the knowledge of creation and its God: but let him raise a reverential, supplicating look to God, as revealed in the Bible, and bend a humble and studious eye on that word of inspired truth, given for his learning, and as he reads and prays his mental and spiritual darkness will pass away; in God's light he will clearly see light, and become wise unto salvation.

Young Men for the Age.

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. W. BROCK,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

FEBRUARY 15, 1853.



YOUNG MEN FOR THE AGE.

By the good hand of our God upon us, we come to-night to the close of our present course of lectures. Great has been the Divine goodness to us ; manifold the occasion for our thankfulness to the Divine name.

Not, indeed—not quite so uninterrupted has been our course this year as in former years. We have been disappointed. Two instances have occurred in which our lecturers have failed.

Through a consciousness of physical inability to be heard in this hall, my beloved and venerable friend, Sheridan Knowles, has not fulfilled his engagement ; as much to his regret, I assure you, as it has been to our disadvantage. No man has more regretted his absence than myself, knowing as I do with what raciness and good-humour, with what simplicity and earnestness, with what reverence for sacred things withal, he would have instructed you in the noble art of speaking your mother tongue. However, my friend really could not come to us. Almost as soon as he had engaged to come, the recollection of his great distance from town, and the conviction that he should be inaudible in this great hall, compelled him to say that he must be excused. Quite

sure I am, as I have ventured to say to Mr. Knowles, that the young men of this Association will receive his excuse with the sincere respect which his character so well deserves.

Then we have had another disappointment. Your staunch and well-beloved friend, Mr. Martin of Westminster, has been prevented from fulfilling his engagement. By an inscrutable providence he has been laid aside from all public service for a time, to enjoy, as we devoutly trust, the precious truths of which he is so effective a minister, and then to return to preach, with renewed vigour, the unsearchable riches of Christ. Our prayer for him is, that God may comfort him in all his tribulation, so that afterwards he may be able to comfort them who are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith he himself is now comforted of God.

May such disappointments induce us to do whatever our hand findeth to do with our might, lest affliction, with its accompaniments of lassitude and seclusion, compel us to leave it undone!

But notwithstanding our disappointments, we have much occasion for thankfulness.

The subjects of our lectures have been of real importance, and the lecturers have been enabled to deal with their subjects well. Statements, indeed, have been made on the subject of war, and in laudation of the warrior, to which some of us object, and to which we feel it right to say that we object. Conscientiously enough do your lecturers differ in opinion now and then, and in all good temper they agree to differ. You will agree to differ also, giving them all the same credit for having thought their best, and having said their best, in the fear of God.

Though pressed with onerous duties arising out of manifold ministerial occupations, of the extent of which this audience has no idea, they have been found here faithful to their appointments, furnished as far as possible for their labour of Christian love.

Much valuable information has been communicated. With a good deal of sound argument have you been exercised. To intelligent and masculine appeal touching matters of transcendent interest have you been called to give more earnest heed. If the seed which has been sown this winter has found a place in honest and good hearts at all in proportion to your responsibility, there will needs be, from this one seed-time alone, a bountiful harvest of direct benefit to yourselves, and of indirect benefit to the community at large.

On no engagement in which our metropolitan youth have been employed, has patriotism, or philanthropy, or religion, looked with greater satisfaction than on these most pleasant engagements in Exeter Hall. They are, indeed, just the kind of engagements which create for our patriotism its intelligent advocates, for our philanthropy its self-denying agents, for our religion its genuine and faithful friends. By the contact of the mind with such truth as has been enunciated here, great thoughts get originated, great purposes are suggested, great determinations come to be efficiently, because devoutly formed.

The medium of divine operations is truth. The instruments of the divine operations are the faithful speakers of truth. The subjects of the divine operations are the honest listeners to truth. Joyful, therefore, is our hope that the lectures now to be concluded have already been productive, and in continuance will be productive,

of momentous and sublime results. Our answer to all who do inquire concerning the object which we have in view is this: we desire to recover the young men of London to their allegiance to God through Christ; and then, and thereby indeed, to secure their evangelical devotion to whatsoever things are lovely and of good report.

To come to the subject of our present lecture, our object is to make them the young men for the age. Possessed as they are of all necessary faculties for this great purpose, and surrounded as they are by the most powerful inducements to employ those faculties, and required as they are to live not for themselves only, nor for themselves especially, but also for society at large, we want them so to live. Men and brethren, we want you so to live. There are necessities in society which it will be your business to supply. There are evils in society which it will be your honour to correct. There are elements of good in society with which it will be your privilege to sympathize, and in the combination of which it will be desirable for you to lend a helping hand. You will not leave the world as you found it. You are sure either to make it better or to make it worse. You are the young men *of the age*: the point of honour with you should be to become the young men *for the age*—the guardians of your own generation, by whom its virtues shall be promoted, and its vices be held in check.

All ages have required men of certain characteristics proportionally quite as much as our own age.

It would be unwise, I think, to speak of these times as though they differed essentially from former times. There are circumstantial differences, no doubt; neither good nor evil assume precisely the same forms as

they did a century ago. Certain aspects of what is wrong are, I dare say, more prominent now than in the times of the Commonwealth. Certain aspects of what is right are more obvious now than in the times of Henry the Eighth. But the principles which pervade society are very much the same now as then. Questionable things are done in a different way now; but questionable things were always done. Admirable things are done after the modern manner; but admirable things were always done. Had I been called to lecture to the London apprentices of the fifteenth century, I believe that, with some diversity of language and illustration, I should have had occasion to say very much what I have to say to-night. Never, indeed, were two bodies more unlike in appearance and general manners than those restless, fiery, tumult-loving apprentices and the members of this Association. An affray in Cheapside would have been far more grateful to them than a quiet lecture in Exeter Hall. A lecture in Exeter Hall is far more grateful to you than an affray with the Aldermen and Lord Mayor in Cheapside. Albeit, in great and essential qualities, and in great social obligations, moreover, you are all alike. The good man of this age would have been the good man of any age. The bad man of a remoter period would have been the bad man of any period which is yet to come. In speaking of the characteristics of our own times, therefore, I must not be understood to ignore either the excellencies or the deficiencies of other times. Assuredly I have no sympathy with those who deplore our modern degeneracy. I am an utter unbeliever in the doctrine that the former times were better than these.

1. TAKING, HOWEVER, THINGS AS WE FIND THEM, IT OCCURS TO ME THAT THE AGE REQUIRES MEN OF CAREFUL DISCRIMINATION. The tendency to confound things that greatly differ seems to be gathering strength. Difficulties are regarded as impossibilities. Mitigation of symptoms is taken for substantial cure. Means are made identical with ends. From postponement of success men infer absolute failure. The increase of knowledge is put down as the sure increase of virtue. Daring speculation is called searching after truth. Recklessness is deemed zeal. Convenience passes current for obligation. Time-serving is made to look like uprightness. Political activity is decried as partisanship. The most worthless expediency bedecks itself in the garb of righteousness and truth. The old cry, with all its plausibilities, "Lo, here!" "Lo, there!" is incessantly renewed. You hear the cry. You must needs attend. In many cases it is your duty to respond. You are citizens. Many of you are Christian citizens, bound to enact the citizen as becometh the gospel of Christ. How best to do this, under your circumstances, is no easy task. Light may be unconsciously put for darkness; darkness may be put for light. You may do injury where you intended to do good; you may be indifferent where you ought to be anxious; you may be harassed with uneasiness at a time when it would be well for you to be at rest. Claims are conflicting; counterfeits abound; shams are specious. Before you are aware you may be somewhat terribly deceived. There is no safety from this danger but in a habit of discernment. You will do more harm than good unless you are given to look at things; to look at them a second perhaps a third time.

An engagement is offered to you ; it seems an advantageous one,—but do you know all? A companionship solicits you ; it seems a desirable one,—but do you know all? A book is presented to you ; it seems worthy your attention,—but do you know all? An enterprise wants your co-operation ; it seems an honourable one,—but do you know all? An entertainment awaits your hour of relaxation ; it seems one you may enjoy,—but do you know all? Do you know, that is, all that may be known? Is there nothing of which you are wilfully ignorant? To the best of your power have you formed a sound judgment on the whole case? That, remember, that is the only kind of judgment on which you can act well. Give me a man who aims to ascertain the realities and the relationships of things, and who then compares all those realities and relationships together, and you give me a man so far well prepared for the necessities of the age ; but give me a man who gets excited and absorbed with the mere appearances of things ; who never asks if it be the glitter of gold on which he gazes ; who never recollects that there are two sides to everything—perhaps many more than two ; who never thinks of what may properly be said in opposition to the object which he admires ; who never ponders before he promises ; who never thinks before he talks ; who never looks before he leaps ; who never weighs before he warrants ; who never verifies before he ventures ;—give me such a man, and you give me one wholly unprepared for the necessities of the age. The opinion which he forms to-day he will have to unform to-morrow. The attachment in which he glories at one time he will be ashamed of at another time. The scheme on which he would have staked everything when last you saw him, he hastens

to assure you now is worthless to the core. The infatuation annoys him sorely, but he has been infatuated, and, unaltered in his habits, he must needs be infatuated a thousand times again. The man's infatuation is a thing of course. If he will not recognise the fact, that there is the sterling and the counterfeit in other things besides the current coin ; if he will not take the pains to separate between the precious and the vile ; if he will not act at variance with appearances just because they happen to be propitious, and will act at variance with them just because they happen to be unfavourable,—then he cannot help acting quite as much to the injury of society as to his own injury. The modicum of time allotted to him on earth will be frittered away in getting right, and that only to get wrong again, whilst the capacity for getting right diminishes at every step. No age was ever the better for such men. Indiscriminate admiration, reckless co-operation, fool-hardy determination, headlong generalisation, are great hindrances. Observation, reflection, forethought, calm and comprehensive induction, are great helps. I plead not for that caution which becomes dilatoriness ; nor for that hesitancy which demurs only to demur again ; nor for that morbid fear of doing wrong which ends in leaving everything undone ;—what I plead for is discrimination, ready, penetrating, wide-reaching, analysing, large-hearted discrimination. Supply the age with men possessed of this quality, and you must mightily benefit the age. The quackery of our dishonest mercantile competition will be detected. The cajolery of our fictitious joint-stock companies will be detected. The hollowness of our semi-atheistic philanthropy will be detected. The mummery of our hero-worship will be detected. The sophistry of our

modern religious philosophy will be detected. The truth, however it may be concealed, will gradually be discovered. Error, however recommended, will ultimately be discarded. Commercial truth, scientific truth, political truth, philosophical truth, theologic truth, evangelistic truth, —all truth, will fare well in proportion as the age becomes a thoroughly discerning age : and as is the welfare of the truth, so will be the welfare of the age. Knowledge and wisdom are the stability of any times : nothing else will give stability to our times. The men of discrimination, then, are the men ; those who, by reason of use, have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil.

2. IT OCCURS TO ME LIKEWISE THAT THE AGE REQUIRES MEN OF MASCULINE INTEGRITY. The Scriptures lay great stress upon the truth that there is no respect of persons with God. He judgeth righteous judgment, and it is his will that we all do the same. All flattery is displeasing, all equivocation is offensive, all partiality is hateful, all sycophancy is repugnant, all time-serving favouritism is abhorrent to him with whom we have to do. Never is his blessing given where these evil things are practised. His anger is denounced against them all. They are practised, nevertheless. How often is the rank of the criminal reckoned in extenuation of his crime ! How often are opinions uttered which men know to be at variance with the truth, because by their utterance one patron will be gratified and perhaps another patron secured ! How often is sympathy expressed, even with admitted heresy, in order to escape from unfavourable remark ! How often will the men of one social grade, in their anxiety to be recognised by the men of a higher social grade, do doubtful things and say doubtful things ! The truth may be just saved, but only just ; in

reality, indeed, it is not saved at all. Though there is no falsehood in as many words, yet the impression which is produced is false. The wealthy ignoramus is led to believe that he is an erudite man, and the wealthy churl is led to believe that he is a well-bred man, and the wealthy niggard is led to believe that he is a munificent man, and the wealthy ruffian is led to believe that he is a courteous man, and the wealthy profligate is led to believe that he is a good-hearted man, and the wealthy profligate is led to believe that he is in no great danger of the wrath of God.

Do I libel my countrymen in saying this? Have I come here as an ancient monk would come from his desert convent cell, breathing out dreary reveries, proclaiming strange illusions, venturing on whimsical and grotesque chimeras, daring to say that which every man's observation will be likely to contradict? Almost could I wish I had. Personal mortification might be endured. The consignment of an individual to the ranks of the fanatical would be nothing; the verdict of "absolutely mistaken" against all your lecturers would be less than nothing, if our age could thereby be vindicated from the charge of sympathising, to a large extent, with the hypocritical and the untrue. Would to God that our countrymen were more generally habituated to act upon their convictions! Improvable as those convictions undoubtedly are, susceptible, that is, of far greater approximation towards the good, and the true, and the divine, yet even as they are now, they would be invaluable were they not repressed and disregarded, but encouraged and obeyed. Conceive of the really intelligent members of the community speaking just what they believe and doing just that

which they think *right. Let there be legitimate cautiousness by all means. Against all recklessness we anxiously protest. Prudence is a kindred virtue to the one we recommend. This understood, conceive of every well-instructed man acting faithfully and invariably on his convictions of right and wrong ! Would not a class of men who hitherto have been neglected be forthwith advanced to honour ? And would not a class of men who have always been held in honour be consigned to comparative neglect ? Would not many truths which have been concealed or explained away be put prominently forward ? And would not some errors whose fictitious guise has been most diligently elaborated be right earnestly given up at once ? Is there not some measure of felt insincerity amongst ordinarily honest men ? Do we not all feel that things are really not called by their right names ? Comes not the suggestion rather strongly to the mind that there is a good deal of pretence here and a good deal of compromise there ; that our conventionalisms are to a most serious extent great shams ? Why, what gives to the weekly satirist of the age the most available opportunities for the exercise of his pungent and effective power ? Whence come certain ill-sounding words, which have passed, I fear, into our current phraseology ? What means the justification of wrongs which our public journals will now and then undertake to defend ? What say the actions which come ever and anon before our courts of law ? Falsehood was told ; but for that the victim should have been prepared—falsehood is no strange thing. Adultery has been committed ; but the accused is the man. Had the woman been accused, it would have been a different thing. One or two of the ten commandments have somewhat seriously been set at

naught, but then the others have been observed with most conspicuous care. The course complained of is not exactly to be vindicated, but what can you do? Men of that rank must have some little license; persons in their position may diverge so far from strict propriety; you must not be too severe. Thus there comes to be respect of persons. But no good comes with it. The standard of our public morality once let down, and let down intentionally to suit the purposes of a dishonourable favouritism, we shall presently have no standard left—no positive criterion whereby either to regulate our own conduct, or to judge definitively of the conduct of those on whose morality we must needs rely. If we call another man's parsimony frugality, we shall come to call our own the same; and others will follow our example. If we call another man's extravagance good-heartedness, we shall come to call our own the same; and others will follow our example. If we call another man's cowardice cautiousness, we shall come to call our own the same; and others will follow our example. If we call another man's vindictiveness public spirit, we shall come to call our own the same; and others will follow our example. No reason will be seen why, if the standard is to vary, it should not so vary as to accommodate itself to you. No obligation will be felt by others to regard it with any care; on your own principle, it must accommodate itself to them too. The evil inevitably augments itself and aggravates itself, until public sentiment becomes enfeebled and corrupted; until, indeed, those ulterior social influences in which alone all good statute law originates, and apart from which the best statute law is of no avail, are poisoned at their fountain-head

The men, then, necessary for the times are men who, instead of letting down our standard of public morality, will vigorously hold it up, and do their best to raise it gradually higher.

I say again, we advocate no recklessness here ; we urge to no ostentation ; we summon you to no boisterous onslaught upon the conventionalities of the age. Our exhortation is, to profound, personal sincerity. Our hope for our country is in the individual cultivation of unfaltering, comprehensive, indomitable impartiality. Our hearts would rejoice in hope, could we see arising a race of men who will be firm without rudeness, scrupulous without prudery, vigilant without morbid jealousy, faithful without intrusive self-complacency, outspoken without uncharitableness, valiant for the truth upon the earth from their own grateful and evangelical consecration to the truth. What preachers they would make ! what lecturers ! what jurymen ! what witnesses ! what judges ! what arbitrators ! what writers of leading articles ! what reviewers ! what colonists ! In a word, what men they would be for the age !

And why may we not hope for them ? why not believe that you are the very men ? why not rejoice in that you are now taking up your own place on the side of all integrity, there, at all hazards, to pass your lives ? Are you doing so ? Comes there up from the purpose-chamber of your souls the full-formed determination ? At any price will you buy the truth ? At no price will you ever betray the truth ? Then, as the coming men, we reverently hail you ! as the benefactors of your age, we bid you God speed !

3. IT OCCURS TO ME, AGAIN, THAT THE AGE REQUIRES MEN OF LARGE GENEROSITY. It is said that selfishness

is more prevalent than it used to be ; that, having more opportunities and more appliances than formerly, it has become far more intense. The witness, I fear, is true ; for the insatiableness of covetousness is proverbial. Give to it the inch, it will be sure to take the ell. It takes the ell not unfrequently now under the guise of political economy, and by the solemn warranty of law. It is not the vulgar thing now that it was aforetime, much less is it the absolutely dishonourable and the notoriously wicked thing. You will get the admission without difficulty, that in other lands the aborigines are hunted down and indiscriminately massacred, unless they will unconditionally submit ; and that fugitive slaves are followed with packs of bloodhounds trained expressly for the purpose by professed disciples of Christ, and employed expressly for the purpose with the sanction of the very ministers of Christ ! But then, you will be told that the law allows it, and that the law must be obeyed. It is lawful to massacre the aborigines ; it is lawful to put " the dogs, Tiger, Fury, and the rest," upon the hue and cry after Eliza Harris, or Cassy, or Uncle Tom. Haley is not a culprit now-a-days. The nineteenth century ranks Legree amongst the reputable citizens of the most enlightened nation of mankind,—at least the laws of the United States rank him there. It is according to a statute made in this advanced period of the nineteenth century, according both to the letter and the spirit of the statute, that Legree ordered out his bloodhounds to track, though it should be to their destruction, the women who loathed his lust. The fact is the most appalling, in my esteem, in modern Christendom. This diabolic inhumanity is perpetrated with the absolute approval of one of the

most recent American laws,—yes, and with the tacit approval of nearly the whole American Church!

We have heard of English books being expurgated before they have been circulated in the United States. But there is one book which the people of that country will never have expurgated. We recognise their reverence for it; we hail them as our coadjutors in its circulation throughout the world. And yet, what but expurgation of sacred Scripture will avail, unless the Fugitive Slave law be at once disobeyed, and as soon as possible repealed; for thus saith the Scripture (Deut. xxiii. 15): “Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee. He shall dwell with thee even in the place that he shall choose, where it liketh him best. Thou shalt not oppress him.”

Then you will get the admission without difficulty, that in our own land men and women are sometimes reduced to the necessity of toiling through by far the larger portion of four-and-twenty hours just to escape starvation. It will be admitted, also, that almost all our working-classes are worked far too heavily and too long. It will be admitted, moreover, that few of our most favoured artizans can do more than provide what is necessary from day to day. It will be admitted, in addition, that there are the dangerous classes who have got down, apparently, beyond the point where there is any hope of their recovery. But then you will be told that these misfortunes have come to pass through the operation of inevitable laws, of laws inherent in the constitution of things. There are certain commercial principles which cannot be interfered with. There are certain recondite connexions between capital and labour which must systematically be assumed. There are certain inde-

pendent data according to which wages must be regulated from time to time. It is not a matter of choice at all in a commercial community, but of necessity. There is the law; not a conventional, but an aboriginal and irrevocable law.

Now, as far as this statement accords with truth, it must be held in respect. I should be sorry to find this Association committed to a crusade either against the science or the action of sound political economy. My wish is rather that on this really great subject our men here, and our lecturers and our directors, should all hold views in increasing harmony with undisputed facts. Disastrous would the accusation be, presuming it to be deserved, that we are setting ourselves in religious opposition to the principles of all well-conducted transactions, that we are indoctrinating the auditories we address with notions at variance with the just elements of honourable trade.

Let us avoid the occasion for such accusation by understanding enough of Adam Smith, and Mill, and M'Culloch, to foreclose the taunt that we may be very good Christians, but we are certainly very poor merchants. Be the merchantmen by all means in your knowledge of the principles on which commercially you are bound to act.

Political economy, however, is not all. Act as it requires within its own sphere; but remember that it has no right to dictate to you beyond that sphere. You may do what it does not enjoin, what it does not approve, what it does not understand, provided always, that another jurisdiction supervenes, and a higher law comes into play. Another jurisdiction does supervene, even that of brotherly kindness and charity.

The man whom you employ is your fellow The

servant by whose skill your projects are executed is your co-worker. The agent whose assiduity and forecast render your plans successful, is your colleague. The foreman to whom you intrust your professional reputation, is your partner. Not, I grant you, in the reckoning of our civil law; not in any sense whatever that gives to him a legal claim on you beyond his stipulated wages. When you have paid him these, the commercial principle requires no more. But then comes in the principle of doing unto others as you would have them do unto you; and according to this principle, the men without whose co-operation your capital would have been unemployed, ought to partake proportionally of the profits which they have enabled you to amass.

Take the case of a friend of mine in illustration. A few young men had served him faithfully for some time in a branch of one of our ordinary trades. They had become mutually attached, and their aim was to promote each other's welfare. At the close of every year, according to the amount of his ascertained profits, the principal allotted a sum to his assistants in proportion to their standing and general worth. That sum was regularly handed to them, over and above their salaries, which were always fixed at the ordinary rate of our most reputable establishments. Of course, my friend took into careful account their entire irresponsibility, their freedom from risk and loss. It was nothing like share and share alike. That would have been preposterous. But interest of capital being calculated, and liabilities to bad debts being reckoned,—everything, in fact, which a very careful man, as my friend is, thought it right to allow for, being allowed, he then paid a share of the surplus to each man in his employ,

on the principle that by each man that surplus had, in part, been obtained. That is just what I mean; nothing more, nothing less. Call it liberality if you will. Say that such participation of profits would be benevolence, and not equity. Prove, if you can, that to give aught beyond the due conventional remuneration would be generosity, not justice. Very well,—then be the liberal man, the benevolent man, the generous man.

The startling contrast between the condition of the very rich and the very poor in our country is gravely to be deplored. It portends mischief. It generates danger. It makes thoughtful ones anxious. Its removal seems beyond the reach of our profoundest legislation. Our wisest men tell us it is the "vexed question," whose solution will ultimately baffle all our power. I believe that it may be well denominated the vexed question. Albeit, give us a race of men having the other qualities, and then generous dispositions besides,—dispositions, I mean, to look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others, and they will know how to solve your vexed question in the course of time, not so much by devising a new code of formal enactments as by cultivating in themselves and others the moral instincts of a regenerated nature; whereby, with a delicacy of perception which no material jurisdiction could originate, and with a supply of force which no verbal law could summon to its aid, they will apprehend the present duty, and then get the duty done. They may be men who go on accumulating, but they will afford others the opportunity in their measure of accumulating also. They may become wealthy upon a surprising scale, passing into the

unenviable ranks of the millionaire, but they will not pass there without allotting to their subordinate fellow-labourers a seemly proportion of the gathered wealth. And this being done, not only by the principals, but in their turn by the subordinates ; and then other things being done of the like kind in other directions, the age will have less and still less to fear from the dangerous classes, whilst the spirit of a healthy and intelligent confraternity will diffuse its influence throughout the land.

The law of kindness seems nearly our only hope. By that law, at any rate, the evils which prevail in our own country, and the yet greater evils which prevail in other countries, will certainly be mitigated, even where they are not presently removed. The men who diligently obey that law, loving their neighbour as they love themselves, will do the very best that under our circumstances can be done at all. Who, besides, will steadfastly address themselves to defeat the machinations of those who delight in war? Who, besides, will earnestly protest against the barbarous inhumanity which proclaimed the other day, even in the British House of Commons, that the Kaffirs and the Hottentots must be exterminated root and branch? Who, besides, will vigorously co-operate in preventing the compulsory deportation of labourers from the Eastern to the Western hemisphere, without any practical regard either to the due proportion between the sexes, or to their adaptation to the untried servitude, or to their ultimate return to their own land. Who, besides, will assiduously do their best to get the professing Christians of the United States to give up, not only slave labour, which is so demonstrably anti-Christian, and slave-trading, which is so palpably irreligious, and slave-hunting, which is

so outrageously unnatural, but slave-breeding too, which is so insupportably and horribly obscene? Who, besides, will give themselves resolutely to the effective and permanent diminution of the hours of protracted labour,—to the adjustment and conciliation of claims which happen to be conflicting.—to the elevation of the down sunken ones who are really waiting to be lifted up,—to the visitation of those forlorn ones in our solitary London attics who rarely hear the cheerfulness, and who never hear the tenderness, of the human voice? Who, in a word, will hold himself in readiness to bear the diverse burdens of his fellow-men in general, in fulfilment of the law of Christ; who, except the man of disinterested and large-hearted generosity, whose human models are Howard about amongst the prisons, and Clarkson about amongst the slave-ships; whose divine model is He, who though he was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich? Men and brethren, look you well to such models, and in the strength of the Lord make up your minds to become, not merely the righteous men for whom scarcely any one would die, but the good men, for whom peradventure some might dare to die. The age will do well in proportion as its men can say this:—"Whose ox have I stolen? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? or whom have I oppressed? or of whose hands have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith?" But far better will the age do in proportion as its men can say this:—"When the ear heard me, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless and him that had none to help him. I put on

righteousness and it clothed me; my judgment was a robe and diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came on me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

4. IT OCCURS TO ME, FURTHERMORE, THAT THE AGE REQUIRES MEN OF ENLIGHTENED INDIVIDUALITY. The age is remarkable for its institutions. We have societies for everything. Men's temporal necessities are cared for by secretaries and committees. Men's spiritual necessities are the subject of anxious deliberation at business meetings, and the theme of exciting discourse at public meetings. The extent to which this is done is scarcely known. By a full disclosure of these representative operations, the community would be surprised. And they are increasing. Other forms of wretchedness are continually discovered. New methods of administering to distress are found out. Improved schemes of usefulness are set on foot. Sometimes there is extreme indiscretion in the formation of these societies. Now and then indiscretion is not all. There is foolish competition even in philanthropy. Under the garb of benevolent design, moreover, there is occasionally the perpetration of fraud. The multiplication of our charitable institutions is to be deprecated. Of their influence generally we confess that we have some dread. Let us not be mistaken. Co-operation, of course, is not only a privilege but a necessity. It is a right pleasant thing to meet for consultation, to act in combination, to be recognised as co-workers in the various enterprises of truth and love. It is an absolutely incumbent thing withal. Too highly do I value the

larger number of our various missions, as the best, if not the only agencies for the present accomplishment of great results, to say one word to their detriment or their reproach. They are the grateful indication of the age's benevolence; my fear is lest of the age's selfishness they should now become the excuse. There is danger of this; and the danger is on this wise. A man admits that for him, amidst his luxury, to withhold relief from the necessitous would be wrong. A man admits that for him, rejoicing in domestic blessedness, to have no compassion for the fatherless and the widow, would be criminal. A man admits that for him, favoured with the privileges of knowledge, to be careless about the education of others, would be ungrateful. A man admits that for him, rejoicing in the blessedness of salvation, to let men go on unwarned and uninvited to come to Christ, would be to discredit his own discipleship. The obligation is an unquestioned one. Your catalogue of philanthropists will be incomplete without his name. Your list of the well-known friends of humanity will, of course, comprehend him. He may be but a recent convert to the ranks of the benefactors, but he is a most sincere convert. He may not be able to do everything that others do, but he will do what he can. Nothing could be more promising. What, then, shall he do? What he ought to do is this:—To visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction; to lift up the hands which hang down and the feeble knees; to please not himself, but his neighbour for his good unto edification; to rejoice with them that do rejoice; to weep with them that weep; to do good and to communicate. To communicate, you observe, that is, to share jointly, the giver to reciprocate with

the receiver, the benefactor to participate the then existing necessities of the beneficiary, and the beneficiary to participate the then existing resources of the benefactor. How emphatic our Lord's teaching, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat : I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink ; I was a stranger, and ye took me in ; naked, and ye clothed me ; I was sick, and ye visited me ; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." How instructive our Lord's explanation : " Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." The service indicated here is unquestionably personal service : the service which a man renders with his own attention, with his own sympathy, with his own presence, with his own voice, with his own inquiries, and his own ministrations of self-denying love. To the question, then, What ought the man to do who desires to enact the benefactor ? the answer is just this, Let him go and render personal service both to the world and the Church ; let him be seen within the abodes of wretchedness ; let him be heard amidst the groups of the ungodly ; let him be known by those who ask earnestly for co-operation ; let him be felt by those who are struggling their way upwards from darkness into marvellous light. That is what he ought to do. But now, what is he very likely to do instead ? There is a society for the purpose—let him subscribe to that ! There is to be a collection for the object—let him contribute to that ! There is an institution exactly adapted to the case—let him give pecuniary aid to that ! There is an office, with a regular staff of officers—let him save himself all further trouble by liberally supporting that ! So saith a popular tendency of this age, and, so, indeed, saith that

selfishness of our hearts to which the tendency is to be ascribed. "Save yourselves all further trouble. Get people appointed to do all such things. Pay them for the labour, and let them undertake the responsibility. What difference can it make? If the hungry be well fed, and the ignorant be kindly taught, and the sad be tenderly pitied, and the wicked be effectively warned, why—then your obligation is discharged. If you have not done it, your substitute has. By your proxy you have done it all." But has any man yet to learn that proxy service is always likely to become perfunctory and inefficient? Has experience brought us no adequate proof yet that official kindness can never be trusted, for any long time at least, by itself alone? Tell us of the hungry being well fed, and well fed in continuity! Tell us of the ignorant being kindly taught, and kindly taught in continuity! Tell us of the sad being tenderly pitied, and tenderly pitied in continuity! Tell us of the wicked being effectively warned, and effectively warned in continuity! Tell us this when the zeal which warns us is zeal which is bought and paid for; when the sympathy which pities is so much sympathy for so much salary; when the patience which instructs is patience which must have its wages; when the solicitude which feeds is solicitude rendered to you at the market prices! We have no faith in any of it. No doubt that a large amount of paid agency, secular and religious, lay and ministerial, is genuine to the highest possible degree. But at its best estate, paid agency will degenerate into professionalism, unless the agent be thoroughly a man of God; whilst, when not at its best estate, that agency may pervert the appliances of benevolence to the perpetration of the most grievous

wrong. Many are the pensioners upon our bounty who cry, "Save us from the heartlessness of your officers!" many the opening minds of our youthful population which say, "Would that our benefactors were aware of the indifference of our teachers!" many the broken-hearted ones who receive your gifts from some official almoner with thanksgiving, but who wish you only knew how unfeelingly your almoner behaves; many the troubled ones about salvation, whom the infidel entangles with the representation that the exhortations of the preacher are well-remunerated exhortations, and that his anxiety for your conversion is, in point of fact, the man's trade. Your personal service will do more than anything besides to mitigate these evils. Your service by proxy will inevitably conduce to their aggravation. The discharge of your own responsibility individually will confer positive blessing upon the age. The transference of your responsibility to official substitutes may actually inflict injury upon the age. The old saying is true in more respects than one, "If you would have a thing done well, you had better see to it yourself." Nor is this all. Bad enough is it to have our beneficence rendered unavailing for those to whom we should be kind; quite as bad is it to have it rendered unavailing for ourselves. Real beneficence is self-improving. To do good is to get good. Practical kindness is personal discipline. A man who is always performing truly philanthropic acts, is always getting to be a better man. But the mere act of subscribing to a society will not long remain a truly philanthropic act. The annual cheque on the bankers will become an ordinary pecuniary transaction. The contribution at the anniversary will degenerate into a compliment to the preacher's eloquence. It will not be the

administration of a gift at all : it will be nothing more eventually, than the mechanical indorsement of a form. See you that man at his desk yonder ? He is drawing cheque after cheque, cheque after cheque ; but no difference of bearing is perceptible. There is no pause ; there is no expression of interest ; there is no alternation between indifference and gratification. He is altogether unconcerned. And do you ask " Why not ? " Are you surprised that we expect the relaxation of his countenance into a pleasant smile as he signs one cheque, and the utterance of some grateful words as he signs another ? Yes, you are surprised. Let the man do his business in a business way. Pleasant smiles and grateful words in their proper place : at his desk they would be out of place. That is just my case. The man has reduced his beneficence to an affair of the counting-house, and by the laws of the counting-house it must be controlled. Devout reference to the abominations of heathenism would be unsuitable there. Sustained consideration of the immediate necessities of a benighted neighbourhood would be impracticable there. The manifestation of emotion towards some unhappy, unfriended ones would be uncongenial there. It would not do ; and because it would not do, the cheque for the City Mission and the cheque for the house-duty are dealt with just the same ; the cheque for the Hospital for Consumption and the cheque for the dog-tax are filled up with the same indifference. The cheque for the school-master excites no more interest than the cheque for the coal-merchant ; the order to pay five pounds to the society for evangelizing China is as prayerless an act as is the order to pay the quota for the lighting of our streets.

Even where at first a money payment is a *bonâ fide* expression of philanthropic or evangelical sympathy, if personal service be discontinued it will become nothing more than a money payment; and thus the moral discipline of beneficence will be all lost. There will be no elevation about it, no dignity, no approximation to that divine beneficence which thinketh upon us, which boweth down its ear to hearken to us, which putteth our tears into its bottle, which maketh all our bed in our sickness, which counteth the very hairs of our heads, which delighteth in us that it may do us good. In all ways, substitutionary beneficence, beneficence by proxy, is bad. I say not that we are not to act at all through the medium of other persons. Nay, I have distinctly said, that some of our societies present the best, if not the only agencies, through which, for attempting certain great objects, we can act at all. I do sincerely believe this. But, then, I believe, moreover, that the purest society we have needs to look with incessant jealousy to its own ways, and that its contributors with equal jealousy need to look to theirs. Furthermore do I believe, that the liability to neglect this jealousy is so strong, that unless the young men of our day become somewhat profoundly alive to it, the philanthropy of the age will sink down into a species of self-imposed taxation; and the religious action of the age, abandoned by individual Christians, will be monopolized by dilatory committees with their well-paid, or peradventure their ill-paid, official staffs. Thoughtful men say it is coming to this. Good men intensely deprecate this. Humanity groaning and travailing in pain dreads this. Our enraptured predecessors now around the throne would be dismayed at this. Our divine Lord

calls on us to avert this — reminding us of his own example, that he pleased not himself; reminding us of his express requirement, that we present our bodies a living sacrifice; reminding us of his own promise, that he will not forget our work and labour of love which we show to his name, in that we have ministered to the saints, and do minister; reminding us of his assurance to all his faithful ones, that he will make us perfect in every good work to do his will, working in us that which is pleasing in his sight.

Gentlemen, be admonished and encouraged! Gird up the loins of your minds to resist these transferential tendencies of the present age. Comply neither with the suggestions of indolence, nor with the pleadings of self-enjoyment, nor with the habitudes of fashion, nor with the urgencies of business. Be humane enough to be your own almoners. Be wise enough to be the givers of your own gifts. Be free enough to do your incumbent duty. Be resolute enough to enjoy your godlike privilege. Let nothing denude you of your individuality. Give no heed to the doctrine of commutation. Stand fast against the practice of compounding for omissions of duty by mere gifts of filthy lucre. Subordinate to the better instincts of your humanity the technicalities of our best-ordered institutions. Be singular enough — if unhappily it savour of singularity — to have bowels of compassion for the disconsolate; and deem it not a frailty to be concealed, but a virtue of which to be enamoured, that you let those bowels yearn over those who are in distress. “When he saw him he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took

care of him." That was enlightened individuality. Remember this, and show yourselves men.

5. IT OCCURS TO ME, AGAIN, THAT THE AGE REQUIRES MEN OF INTELLIGENT ATTACHMENT TO DIVINE REVELATION. By divine Revelation I understand the sacred Scriptures just as we have them now. Mindful of the doubts which have at times been expressed about certain portions of our Scriptures, doubts, however, which adequate investigation has satisfactorily removed; mindful, too, of the older and the more modern scepticism; mindful, indeed, of all that a candid opponent would have us bear in mind, I aver that the Bible is a direct communication from God to man. Apart from all religiousness and irreligiousness of ours,—independent altogether of every intuition, and every impulse, and every instinct of our nature, there the Bible is, a message from God unto us, dictating through the medium of written language what it behoveth us to believe, and what it behoveth us to do. The book is nothing less than the oracles of God.

But it is disliked, it is depreciated, it is contradicted, it is despised. Argument is offered in disproof of its authority. Instances are adduced in which its teachings are said to refute one another. Its ability to furnish men thoroughly unto all good works is craftily questioned, or laughed bitterly to scorn. Great talent is devoted to the task. Scholarship, as well as talent, is engaged. In some cases there is much apparent seriousness besides. There are ruder sorts of infidelity, and there are the sorts which are the more refined. There is the class of adversaries whose profanities Bishop Watson would put to silence. There is the class of adversaries whose disingenuousness the great Analogy of Butler would refute.

There is the class of adversaries whose array of chronological discrepancies would be reduced to nothing by the "Horæ Evangelicæ" of Mr. Birks. There is the class of adversaries whose theories of inspiration have been so triumphantly annihilated by our trusty and well-accounted co-adjutor, the author of the "Eclipse of Faith:" and these various adversaries are at their posts incessantly, and they do their work adroitly, and, unless they be well resisted, they will succeed.

I say *well resisted*, for by mere declamation they will be unaffected; by formal appeals to antiquity they will be unsilenced; by the utterance of stereotyped, evangelical generalities, they will be wholly unconcerned. Nay, such resistance will be hailed by them as auxiliary to the object which they have in view. The ignorant repetition of a statement whose credibility has aforetime been shaken will be a positive help to them; so will be the reiteration of an argument which augmenting light has shown to be untenable; so will be the maintenance of an interpretation which facts confessedly discredit, and which, of necessity, philology disclaims. I believe that the higher class of the adversaries of Revelation rejoice in nothing with more hopefulness than in the ignorance and argumentative indiscretion of the friends of Revelation. Too well versed are those adversaries, many of them at least, in the science of external nature; too completely are they masters of the philosophy of mind; too familiar are they with the art of intellectual fencing; too eagerly are they bent on bringing the Scriptures into disrepute to let the threshold of an opportunity escape them. With the sleight of men, and with cunning craftiness, do they lie in wait to deceive.

.

Speak I as though, from the science of external nature or from the philosophy of mind, the Scriptures were in any danger? Say I that the old Book is in jeopardy at last? that, having weathered the honester assaults of other days, it is about to founder through the blander but right Jesuitical assaults of our own? Do I admit that the light of this nineteenth century is too strong for our revelation? that the intellectual forces of this more masculine age are too much for it? that its authority is nearly superseded? that its requisitions are about to be cancelled? that its information and its doctrines will ere long be obsolete? By no means. What I do admit is this,—that it must be defended more worthily than it sometimes has been defended. What I feel it incumbent to proclaim is this,—that our attachment to it must arise, not from educational prepossession, but from personal conviction; not from traditional association, but from individual sympathy; not from impressions which were received, somehow or other, and received once for all, but from impressions which are diligently renewed from day to day.

With such impressions you will not be confounded when asked,—of what use is the Pentateuch to us now? You will not be startled by the assurance that a sacred writer says one thing in a given portion of his document and a totally different thing in another portion of it. You will not be persuaded that uncertainty about the precise date of a remote event is positive disproof of the event itself. You will not be staggered by the ostentatious parade of the various readings of Holy Scripture. You will not be without an answer when told how purely impossible it was that the wicked one should tempt our Saviour. You will not be put to shame by

the scornfulness which inquires whether inspiration was required to get Paul's cloak brought to Rome. You will neither be flattered nor frightened into the acknowledgment that, until all possible objections are removed, Revelation must be doubted, if not, indeed, disowned. No. On the contrary, being acquainted, in some measure, with the several treatises of which the Bible is made up ; being well aware that certain portions of the same are narrative and others didactic, some prophetic and others devotional, some historical and others experimental ; being familiar with the principles on which examination should be conducted, according to the nature of every case in succession ; being accustomed to distinguish between the circumstantial and the essential, between that which constitutes a fact and that which is a separable accident of the fact ; being mindful of the truth that there are some things which are hard to be understood, and some which are not to be understood at all ; being always ready to acknowledge that there are difficulties, and being ever ready patiently to put up with them, even though they should never be removed ; being thus thoroughly furnished for accounting for your belief in Revelation, for explaining the requirements of Revelation, and for vindicating the claims of Revelation, in your hands Revelation will be safe. It will not be held answerable for mistakes which it never made. It will not be charged with failure where it never gave promise of success. It will not be upheld with arguments which can be retorted to its disadvantage. It will not be wounded, as oftentimes it has been most sorely wounded, in the house of its own friends. So far from these calamities occurring, Revelation will become invested with nobler dignity, environed with firmer safe-guard

identified with more humanity, verified and authenticated with stronger and yet kindlier claims on the entire intelligence of the age. And inasmuch as the age doth need all the restraints which even divine Revelation can maintain; inasmuch as, despite every pretension to the contrary, divine Revelation alone provides man with help for his feebleness, with guidance for his perplexity, with tranquillity for his distraction, with control for his passions, with assurance for his immortality, and with pardon for his felt guilt; inasmuch as to deprive the age of the general and the specific benefits of divine Revelation would be, by so far, to relax the honourable obligations of life, to arrest the incipient improvements of society, to reduce this free and glorious land to the alternate anarchy and despotism of the Continent, to bring ourselves, and our children after us, within the cancer-claw of an insatiable priesthood, and beneath the preter-human tyranny of an adulterous and an apostate Church; inasmuch as the withdrawal or the concealment of divine Revelation would entail all this—Tuscan persecution, Austrian espionage, Roman intolerance, Gallic duplicity, Irish degradation, Spanish despotism, Neapolitan barbarities, and the ten thousand times ten thousand enormities besides of which Popery is the natural and the congenial source, whilst the maintenance of divine Revelation will secure for us irresistibly, though by slow degrees, the reverse of all this, then the men who know how to maintain divine Revelation are the men—the men pre-eminently for the age.

6. IT OCCURS TO ME, MOREOVER, THAT THE AGE REQUIRES MEN OF GENUINE CATHOLICITY. The wish has sometimes been expressed that the disciples of Christ could attain to positive uniformity. The wish

has indeed led men to attempt to secure it. Measures have been taken for prohibiting the least difference, not only of action, but even of judgment, among Christian men. A royal declaration is extant and in full force, which saith, "From the doctrine now established, we will not endure any varying or departing in the least degree." Church covenants and kindred documents in abundance are extant, which say the same thing. But it has all been gainsaid. Such prohibitions avail nothing.

Every Christian being required to be fully persuaded in his own mind ; every disciple having had the right of private judgment conferred on him, and the duty of private judgment devolved on him, compulsory uniformity is out of the question. Not less obviously is uniformity itself out of the question, when we remember how dissimilarly men's minds are constituted, how variously men have been educated, under what manifold modifying circumstances men go about the examination of the truth. It is quite possible to give a representation of religious differences which would so distress us, and then a representation of religious harmony which would so delight us, that we, in our turn, should address ourselves to bring all ecclesiastical and theological diversity to an end. How grateful it would be if we were precisely of the same opinion about baptism, and about Church-government, and about the doctrines of the word of God ! What a relief it would be if Calvinism and Arminianism could be got rid of altogether ! What a jubilate might be chaunted if the Churchman would say nothing more about his establishment, nor the Nonconformist about his voluntaryism ! That would be a millennium ! The thought of such a

condition of the Church has great charms for some minds. But it can never become a reality.

Robert Hall adopted the practice of believers' baptism from necessity ; Dr. Chalmers adopted the practice of infant-baptism from necessity. Richard Watson had no alternative but to tell the believer that possibly he might fall from grace ; Andrew Fuller had no alternative but to tell the believer that certainly he could not fall from grace. Edward Bickersteth would have been a traitor to his convictions, had he not advocated the alliance between the Church and State ; Pye Smith would have been a traitor to his convictions, had he not held that that alliance is greatly to be deplored. Each of those sainted men came to his conclusions conscientiously. Each of them was as much under obligation as the others to declare his conclusions to the world. Each of them, no doubt, was equally acceptable to God ; as, so far, each of them ought to have been equally acceptable to his fellow-man. So likewise with every man who, in our time, may believe as severally they believed, and who may act as they acted. Real religion advances. The converts to Christianity multiply. As you get on in life the number of the disciples will abound yet more and more. But there will be no uniformity. There will be Carsons writing their books in defence of immersion, and Wardlaws writing their books in defence of sprinkling. There will be M'Neiles insisting that with the free-will offerings of the people the contributions of the State should be associated in support of Christianity ; and there will be Baptist Noels beseeching the friends of Christianity always, under God, to rely on those free-will offerings alone. There will be such men as your third lecturer, ready with his

defence of Presbyterianism; and such men as your tenth lecturer, ready with his defence of Episcopalianism; and such men as your present lecturer, ready with his defence of Congregationalism; and there will be those who will be convinced by them from time to time. You cannot repress discussion; you cannot command unanimity; you cannot compel the several disciples to agree, and the several teachers to hold their peace; and surely, Sirs, you would not if you could. I am certain that no member of this Association would think of re-establishing that most disastrous of all our statutes, the Act of Uniformity. I take implicitly for granted that none of you would be a party to the re-imposition of the Test and Corporation Acts. I know you well enough to know that you would resist to the last an ecclesiastical censorship of the British press. This Association would be among the first to maintain the right of the obscurest member of the evangetic family,—yes, and of any other family,—to say all, and to do all, to which his conscience called him, provided only he kept in mind the good order of the State. Of all this I am well assured. You are not the men forcibly to prohibit either the investigation of truth, or the utterance of what a man believes to be the truth. Your maxim is, “By all means let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.”

Then I am assured, moreover, that you think there is a truth about which a man may be, and ought to be, persuaded. No sympathy have you with the notion that there is no such thing as a creed inherently sound, or a creed inherently unsound. Your doctrine is that an evil tree cannot produce good fruit. Whatsoever may be said or sung about “modes

of faith" as things unimportant, if not contemptible ; about "senseless bigots," as persons for the truth's sake to be abhorred ; or about "life being in the right," as the only thing to take into our account at all ; your conviction remains unaltered, that it is the truth alone which sanctifies men, and the truth alone which makes us free ; that it is for the truth, consequently, that men are bound, after the prescribed manner and in the becoming temper, to inquire. Hence, whilst you would never persecute or punish the man who is, in your esteem, practically indifferent, if not positively inimical, to the truth, you would not make him your Christian associate, neither would you regard him as the fellow-disciple of your Lord. Recognising his right to his conscience, you have no delicacy in insisting on your right to your own. You do not think him a new creature in Christ Jesus, and you do not choose to treat him as though he were. Great will be the necessity for steadfastness in this respect in your time. Great, indeed, is the necessity for it already. Latitudinarianism is abroad, teaching that there is nothing essential, nothing obligatory, nothing from the absence of which any man need to be in dread.

Within a few days the following specimen of this oracular latitudinarianism has appeared in a London journal. "Religion is not dependent on orthodoxy ;" and then in comment upon this text it is said : "There may be an unconscious piety ; the name of God be scorned, and yet there be a real love of truth. There are men who have the love of God though they know it not,—yea, though they deny it." And upon this assumption we are urged to regard even the avowed atheist as a religious man. He denies the world-wide belief of the

incarnation of the Son of God,—but he is a religious man. He denies the authority of the Scriptures altogether,—but he is a religious man. He denies the universal testimony to the lapsed estate of human nature,—but he is a religious man. He says without a blush that the idea of a personal God is an absurdity,—but he is a religious man. Yes, and as a religious man he is to be treated.

No matter though Thomas Paine blasphemed the Saviour, and William Carey went to India to glory in the Saviour,—they were alike acceptable to God. No matter though the followers of the Grand Lama estimate their prayers according to the revolutions of a wheel, and the votaries of the Church of Rome estimate theirs by the accumulations of the beads, and the disciples of Christ estimate theirs in proportion to their spirituality of mind,—it is all the same. A man may believe anything he likes to believe, or he may declare that he believes nothing; only let him be sincere, and to the brotherhood he must be received of course. Woe betide you for your bigotry if you dare to ask the good plain question of the Scripture, “How can two walk together except they be agreed?” Receive him, sir, or Theodore Parker will publish you as a dawdling hypocrite; and some people nearer home will tell you that, could they have their way, your Exeter-Hall uncharitableness should presently be restrained by the force of the law.

Brethren! bid calm defiance to these unphilosophical philosophers. Bear, as patiently as you can, with these intolerant tolerationists. Dare, in the face of their abstrusest puerilities, to avow yourselves a peculiar people; peculiar in that you receive the testimony which God has given you concerning his Son;

peculiar, too, in that you will not regard the rejecters of that testimony, as with yourselves, the friends of God.

But the men who receive that testimony are his friends, and therefore they are yours. Of their manifold diversities we have already taken distinct account. Let any other account be taken which, whilst it comprehends every known diversity, shall clearly recognise their repentance towards God, and their faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ. Give me these characteristics of evangelical regeneration, and then of all who possess them I say, you are to rejoice in their prosperity; you are to sympathise with their afflictions; you are to co-operate with their aggressions on the world; you are to unite with them in the worship of the Redeemer; you are to welcome them to every privilege pertaining to the Church of God.

Of denominational privileges, if such there be, I say nothing. With ecclesiastical arrangements necessary to the carrying out of our conscientious convictions, I desire not to intermeddle. They may, perhaps, in time be somewhat diminished. Pulpits may be interchanged where now such interchange is impossible. Christian fellowship may be available in forms not just yet to be enjoyed. We live cheerfully in nope.

In the meantime there is goodly opportunity for the practical and unequivocal manifestation of Christian unity. In speaking of our own Church we may bear fraternally in mind that there are other Churches. In commending our own institutions, we may bear fraternally in mind that there are kindred institutions. In eulogising our denominational literature, we may bear fraternally in mind that there is other denominational literature. In our gratification at what our

body has devised, and undertaken, and accomplished, we may bear fraternally in mind what other bodies have done in the same directions, not boastfully claiming the credit for their operations as well as for our own, much less making those operations of no account.

There is a great deal that could be improved in our modes of public and private speaking about our particular doings. The age takes notice of the emphasis with which we speak of "our mission," of "our conference," of "our colleges," of "our union," of "our translations," of "our professional staff," of "our leading ministers," of "our baptisms," and the like; and the notice produces an impression detrimental to the truth. It strikes a bystander that we ungenerously ignore one another; that there is a good deal of rivalry, and some measure of injustice besides. He may be mistaken, but it would be better if we gave no occasion for the mistake. There is a looking towards the Church of God which we should attract, not repel. There is a measure of readiness to give heed to Christianity, which we should treat with the utmost delicacy and care. Sectarian ostentatiousness will repel it. Sectarian self-complacency will repel it. Sectarian exclusiveness will repel it, but modesty in the maintenance of our denominationalism will certainly encourage it; and congenial recognition of the denominationalism of our brethren will still further encourage it; the consequence of which will be that those inquiring ones will say, "We will go with you, for we see that God is with you." In yet larger measure will men of this kind be encouraged; and thus in progressive measure will the age be benefited, if in things about which they are agreed, Christian men will act in fuller harmony to-

gether as one man. Much has been done already; far more than enough to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. But we must do more. All evangelical Christians must do more. Would we win the worldly; would we confound the gainsayer; would we bring the age beneath the influence of the Gospel, we must first make it evident that the Gospel is divine by our love toward one another, and then we must strive together with one mind for its promulgation. In no other way will it be effectively promulged. What Church in Christendom is equal to the task alone? What one section of God's regenerated family can say to the other sections, "I have no need of you?" No need of each other! Is the defence of the Gospel then such a trivial thing,—its defence against self-righteousness, against will-worship, against worldliness, against the hybrid Popery of Oxford, and the imperious, the implacable Popery of Rome? Is the advancement of the Gospel such an easy thing—its advancement against the moral *vis inertiae* of our countrymen at home, and against the commingling superstition and infidelity of mankind abroad? Shall the ominous confederation of the ultramontane Papist with the philosophical Radical be the signal for our continued separation? Shall the gathering thunder of the Vatican be the summons to us to leave our common evangelical position undefended, till we have put our specific denominational position beyond all possible dispute? Shall the ecclesiastical signs of the times, which even our profoundest statesmen pronounce to be portentous, be so insanely disregarded, that "Churchmanship" shall be the watchword and not "the sole authority of the Scriptures;" that "Non-conformity" shall be the rallying point, and not "the

duty of private judgment ;" that " Calvinism " shall be the war-cry and not " justification by faith ;" that " immersion " shall be the first and foremost thing, and not " regeneration by the immediate power of the Holy Ghost ?"

No, we will not be so infatuated. If Churchmen, we will defend our Churchmanship ; if Nonconformists, we will defend our Nonconformity ; if Calvinists, we will defend our Calvinism ; if Immersionists, we will defend our immersion ; but it shall be after the manner in which men defend subordinate positions. Our great defence shall be of " the faith once delivered unto the saints." To the summons, " Strive together for the faith of the Gospel," we will give supreme attention. For the " common salvation " we will be faithful unto death. " To the help of the Lord " will we come, in this age of unexampled opposition to his truth, " to the help of the Lord against the mighty ;" inspiring one another ; as when united we may inspire one another, with the exultations of prophetic psalmody : " Who art thou, O great mountain ? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain !" " Behold, how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity !"

My limits warn me that I must abbreviate.

7. IT OCCURS TO ME THEN, LASTLY, THAT THE AGE REQUIRES MEN OF HABITUAL GODLINESS. Without this, indeed, we can have but little hope of any vigorous cultivation of a single quality I have enumerated. There is great significance in the statement, " The fear of the Lord is *the beginning* of wisdom." Discover that in a man, and you have discovered the germ of all good things. It may, by unpropitious circumstances and uncongenial atmosphere, be more feeble in its development, and more stunted in its growth in some cases

than in others ; but let the fear of the Lord be really within a man, and other things being equal, he will be the useful and honourable man. His godliness will make good things better, and set wrong things right. There will be discernment, integrity, generosity, individuality, reverence for the Scriptures, catholicity, and whatsoever things are of good report.

I might have made godliness the one topic of my lecture, seeing that the men who have the fear of God before their eyes, will be, beyond all others, the men for the age. This is the seminal quality—the one thing needful for all besides. Possess this, brethren, and the root of the matter will be yours for ever. Hearken, and I will tell you what you have to do in order to possess it.

First, then, you have habitually to recognise the existence of God. The man whom we want you to make your model thinks after this manner : “There is a God I am sure. In the book of nature his operations are indicated, and in the book of Scripture his character is revealed. No man hath seen him at any time ; yet with the information which Christ has communicated we are able to apprehend him. He is not like ourselves in corporeity, in changeableness, in mortality, in imperfection. Albeit God is a being—living, personal, and independent, with his own essence, his own attributes, his own modes of existence and of action, over all blessed for evermore. In him we live, and move, and have our being ; he is not far from any one of us ; that he is near, his wondrous works declare.” Thus he thinks, until he stands in awe. It is not nature that bringeth about the seasons—it is God. It is

not the earth that provideth food for man and beast—it is God. It is not constitutional strength that upholdeth our souls in life—it is God. It is not the inaugurated and daring tyrant who is supreme—it is God. Of him are all things, through him are all things, to him are all things. He worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will. Greatly must he be feared.

Secondly, you have implicitly to submit yourselves to the authority of the Word of God. The man for your imitation goes on thinking thus:—"God has spoken to us. The Bible is an authentic and an authoritative revelation from God. Scripture is given by inspiration of God. Nothing, therefore, remains to me but reverential acceptance of the Scripture. If it commands, I am bound to obey. If it warns, I ought at once to be upon my guard. If it invites, I am under obligation to respond. If it threatens, woe is me if I remain indifferent. If it promises, I am to overlook all impossibilities, and in the 'full assurance of faith' to rejoice." Thus he thinks, until the Bible becomes to him the very voice of God. It is not that Moses narrates, but that God proclaims; it is not that Isaiah conjectures, but that God foretells; it is not that Peter advises, but that God enjoins; it is not that Paul theorises about sin, but that God concludes all men everywhere under sin. Hence his Bible is his great statute-book. Charge him with Bibliolatry if you will. Flatter him with his competency to do without a book-revelation, or despise him for the fanaticism which thinks such a revelation possible, he holds the book fast; in his esteem to hold it fast is to fear God. The

inward and spiritual grace of veneration for God himself is manifested by the outward and visible sign of inviolable attachment to the book of God.

“Should all the forms that men devise
Assail his faith with treacherous art,
He'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the Bible to his heart.”

Thirdly, you have diligently to depend on the communication of the help of God. Nothing is more certain than that man needs help from without. In his condition of innocence he needed it; in his condition of alienation and guilt he needs it much more. Hence the man, to whose example we refer you, goes on thinking thus: “To will is present with me: but how to perform that which is good I find not: in myself I find it not. In God I am told I may find it always. If I seek his interposition, the book declares it will be given. To my earnest supplications I am promised ministrations of divine relief. At my right hand there stands continually, awaiting my appropriation, the power that belongeth unto God. I will rely on that power. I will make it my trust. When I go about the performance of what is right, I will go in the strength of the Lord. When I stand upon my refusal to do what is wrong, I will stand in the strength of the Lord. I will be obedient to every commandment of my Bible, not as though I were sufficient of myself to obey, but because through Christ strengthening me I can do all things. My sufficiency is of God.” Thus he thinks until his dependence upon God becomes positively conscious and sensible dependence. His faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of

things not seen. God proffers help ; he receives it. God stretcheth forth the right hand of his omnipotence ; he taketh hold of it. God provideth him with his whole armour , he puts it on. God saith to him, " Fear not, for I am with thee ; " he saith unto God, " I will trust and not be afraid." Solemn and sacred are the transactions which he maintains with his Creator. Without him, he could do nothing, without him, he would do nothing if he could.

Fourthly, you have gratefully to rejoice in the assurances of the grace of God. The man to be imitated bears in mind that his Maker is not a hard master. of which he finds the proof in the " exceeding great and precious promises, which are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus." His thinking goes on accordingly. " Where my sins abound, the grace of God much more abounds. God has so loved me as to give his only-begotten Son to be the propitiation for my sins. If I believe in his Son I am really entitled to expect whatever good things may be necessary for this present life, and glory everlasting in the life to come. Since he hath not spared the express image of his own person, but hath delivered him up for me and for us all, how much more shall he not with him also freely give me all things ? " Thus he thinks, until he regards himself as the inalienable heir of all things whatever which are essential to his welfare. All things are his, whether life or death, or things present or things to come. All are his, and he is Christ's, and Christ is God's. Not being perfectly holy, he is not perfectly happy. Times there are when he cannot forbear doubting. It is his lot occasionally to realise deep distress. But there is far more joy than grief. Unhappiness is the exception, blessedness is the

rule. He is an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ. To injure him is to offend Jehovah. Because the Redeemer lives, he must live also. His life is hid with Christ in God; and when Christ, who is his life, shall appear, then shall he also appear with him in glory.

These are the characteristics of the man who feareth the Lord. You get these characteristics, and you will be the young men for the age forthwith. There will accompany them a clearness of perception, and a power of motive, and a steadfastness of purpose, and a confidence of success, which otherwise you will never find. Fearing God you will see what you ought to do, and you will have power to do it well. To palter with the truth will be impossible; to shrink from the place of duty will be impossible; to postpone the fulfilment of obligation will be impossible; to sacrifice the good to the fashionable, or the right to the expedient, will be impossible, when in all your ways God is acknowledged,—when along all your course his presence is realised,—when under sorest temptation his voice is heard. It may be more than you well know how to sustain, the temptation either to neglect some immediate duty or to perpetrate some undoubted sin. “Ply him,” saith the wicked one,—“ply him yet more energetically, and he will give way. He is not the first who has refused for a while to over-reach his neighbour; press him with the prospect of wealth,—he will yield. He is not the first who for a while has refused to give up exercises of devotion; renew the intimations that for him they must be unnecessary now,—he will yield. He is not the first who for a while has refused to commit adultery; surround him

with the fascinations of prostituted beauty, — he will yield.”

The plying suggested by the tempter goes on, until for a moment you feel as though you must yield. And yet you won't yield. Does not God's word assure you that to tell a lie, to over-reach your neighbour, to neglect devotion, to commit adultery, is to offend God? Does not God's word declare that a lake burning with fire and brimstone is the everlasting portion of all liars? Does not God's word proclaim that no covetous man can see the kingdom of God? Does not his word show that the closet is the portal of Paradise, that to watch and pray is to prepare for the coming of the Lord? Does not God's word put this emphatic question, “Know ye not that your bodies are the members of Christ? Shall I then take the members of Christ and make them the members of an harlot? God forbid!” You say “God forbid!” too. You cannot, you will not do this wickedness and sin against him. He marks the struggle and interferes. You are aware of the interference, for he is strengthening you with strength in your soul. Yet more vigorous is your resistance, until, strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might, you are triumphant, — more than a conqueror through him that hath loved you, standing fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free.

All this will come from fearing God. Yes, and a great deal more will come besides.

Oh! if there should arise a race of men who will demean themselves as seeing God who is invisible, who will esteem all God's precepts concerning all things to be right, who will make God their refuge and their

strength, who will rejoice in God's salvation, and in his name will set up their banners, who will by solemn evangelical determination live godly in Christ Jesus—then with the age it must needs be well. Who will laugh *such men* out of countenance? Who will ensnare them with plausibilities? Who will terrify them with threats? Who will absorb them with selfishness? Who will get them to do what they once feel they ought not to do, or to leave undone what before God they are convinced they ought to do? Their ruler is the King of kings; their helper is the Lord of hosts; their counsellor is the only wise God; their model is Immanuel, “who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.”

The mind that was in him, the same mind also is in them—the mind to perform at any sacrifice the work which God giveth them to do.

Well spake Solomon to the young men of his times, “Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.” As an epitome of my lecture I say the same to you,—Fear God. With all your hearts fear God, and you will be the salt of the earth, you will be the lights in the world, you will be the benefactors of your age. At your sepulchre Humanity will weep, and on your grave-stone Veracity will inscribe the epitaph, “Having served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep, and was gathered to his fathers.”

I said at the commencement that the elements of

evil and the elements of good are to be found in the history of every former age. I think it right to say in conclusion, that never were they found in combinations so concentrated, or in forces so intense, as in the present age. Our fathers would stand astonished, for example, at our rate of travelling; yet more astonished would they stand at our rate of thinking. Whatever the alterations within the sphere which is material, the alterations within the spheres which are social and moral have been, since their time, immense. The gibbet and the scalping-knife have been wholly abandoned. The slave-trade and the suttee have been indignantly denounced. The penal code has been humanised; and laws which legalised injustice in numbers have been repealed. Public sentiment has changed itself so entirely in matters of highest moment, that were the citizens of a century ago to reappear in our metropolis, they would certainly be either bewildered or entranced.

The principle of good has been, and still is, assuming most mighty power. At the same time, the principle of evil has been and still is assuming a position of inveterate antagonism. To be or not to be is the question now as it will be the question for some time to come, both for the virtues which are the safeguard of society, and for the privileges which are the birthright of the Church.

The battle is not for the specific form of the things which good men revere, and which bad men abhor, but for the actual existence of the things. The conflict is not for a distant out-post, but for the citadel. The struggle relates, not to a doctrine of the Son of God, but to the very being of the Son of God. The demand

of anti-Christ is not equality, but ascendancy. The cry of infidelity is not deism, but pantheism. The challenge which Secularism proclaims is not the importance of the present life, but the ineffable absurdity of anything like a life to come.

Right vigorously do our adversaries act upon their avowal that it shall be a war of extermination now, and that one party or the other shall finally and for ever lick the dust. The contest thickens, the immediate prospect gathers darkness, the walkers by sight are found trembling for the ark of the Lord, the devil and his angels construe the signs of the times into occasions for exultation. But assuredly the exultation is premature. So far from science renouncing its allegiance to Revelation, it yet more illustriously renders its homage to Revelation. So far from enterprise becoming inimical to Christianity, it yet more effectively promotes the extension of Christianity. So far from the unparalleled developments of the coming age endangering the cause of God and truth, every one of those developments is under prospective obligation to subserve that cause. Come what may, the Church which Christ hath purchased with his own blood is safe. Come what may, all interests identified with his Church are thereby secure. Come what may, the enlargement of his Church will thereby be accelerated. Come what may, the doctrine will receive augmenting demonstration that Christ is Head over all things to his Church. To write as if the Gospel survived by the merest sufferance—to speak as if the Gospel is safe amidst the darkness, but unsafe amidst the light—to lecture as if the Gospel may flourish in the sunshine, but must founder if overtaken by the storm—to preach as if the Gospel

feared anything on earth, but one thing, is practically to betray the Gospel. Save it from that one thing, and the fiercer the onset assailing it, the more illustrious the power which it will display. Save it from that one thing, and though the age which is approaching shall be a thousand times more threatening than it bids fair to be, and ten thousand times more scrutinising than it inclines to be, and indefinitely better furnished than it promises to be, yet the Gospel will be the wisest teacher of the age, the mightiest guardian of the age, and the kindest benefactor of the age

Yes, and more than that, its opponents will be constrained to admit its truthfulness. Its despisers will be glad to receive its counsel. Its calumniators will anxiously entreat its sympathies. Its blasphemers will gratefully accept its succour.

Save it from that one thing, and I foresee it subduing kingdoms, working righteousness, obtaining promises, stopping the mouths of lions, quenching the violence of fire, escaping the edge of the sword, out of weakness made strong, waxing valiant in fight, turning to flight the armies of the aliens. I foresee its triumphant entrance into every country, its jubilant admission into multiplying households, its joyful and rapturous inauguration in regenerated hearts. The end is not yet; but the end cometh. Let the one thing we deprecate be a thing unknown, and it will come in power and great glory. That dreaded thing is faithless discipleship, or practical infidelity to acknowledged Gospel truth.

Pledge me that that shall be avoided. Undertake that those who profess themselves to be converted, shall follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, and I

give you as the doxology with which to bring our Lectures to their conclusion, the 145th Psalm: "One generation shall praise thy name to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts. They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness. They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom and talk of thy power. Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end Amen."



What Fifty Years have done
for the Bible;

AND

What the Bible can do for Ourselves.

A LECTURE

BY

JAMES HAMILTON, D.D. F.L.S.

MINISTER OF THE NATIONAL SCOTCH CHURCH, REGENT SQUARE.

WHAT FIFTY YEARS HAVE DONE FOR THE BIBLE ; &c.

THE British and Foreign Bible Society was instituted in March 1804 ; consequently, it has now entered on the fiftieth year of its existence. Such a year is an important epoch in the modern history of the Bible, and it is interesting to review what has already been effected.

In the first four years of its existence the Bible Society circulated 80,000 copies of the Scriptures. Up to the present period it has directly or indirectly been accessory to the circulation, in whole or in part, of 43,000,000 of copies of the Word of God. These Bibles include 148 languages or dialects, of which 121 are translations never before printed. Many of these languages were never reduced to rule, had no grammar, no lexicon, had never been seen in print, had never been written down, till Bible translators undertook the arduous task ; and, altogether, it may be presumed that the Gospel story can now be read in the speech of three-fourths of our earth's inhabitants. It is difficult to estimate the number of copies of the Bible at this moment in existence. School Bibles are

rapidly destroyed. Great numbers have been burnt by the police in Austria and Italy, and by the priests in Belgium, France, and Ireland. But after allowing for wanton destruction and necessary waste, and adding to the circulation of the British and Foreign Bible Society the efforts of kindred institutions in Scotland and America, and the vast number of copies published in every free country by private enterprise, and those which are included in every commentary, I should not wonder though there were 40,000,000 of Bibles at this moment in existence, or an average of one copy for every six families of the human race. At the beginning of the century it is estimated that 4,000,000 of copies could not have been found in all the world; so that these fifty years have multiplied the Bread of Life tenfold.

Taking a retrospect of these fifty years, a few reflections suggest themselves:—

1. How secure from extinction the sacred books now are! There was a time when a human spectator would not have deemed them free from peril. At one period they were in the hands of the priesthood; and although, no doubt, the Greeks and Armenians possessed them as well as the Latin Churches, yet you would have said that it was a critical time for Scripture, when it was almost entirely in sacerdotal custody—when there were scarcely any Bibles except in cathedral and convent libraries. But just as the Jews guarded, with superstitious care, the Moses and the Prophets who were destined to accredit a Messiah whom they hated, so the monks and the middle-age clergy transcribed and transmitted those Gospels which were destined to give birth to the Reformation and deal the death-blow to Popery. Doubtless numbers regret it now The

burners of printed Bibles regret the preservation of written ones, and bitterly do some of them lament that Mother Church should have cherished in her bosom the very serpent that stings her. But the thing has been done. From the day that Faust threw off the first copy, the Bible was safe. Instead of a thousand written ones, there speedily were myriads of printed Testaments; and although the Inquisition and the Confessional have consigned to the flames shop-fulls and ship-loads, every year has made the task of the Papacy more tremendous; and, to say nothing of the 40,000,000 of Bibles in actual existence, so pervaded with Scriptural fact and allusion is all our literature, so fraught with Scriptural hope and principle are multitudes of our fellow-men, so bright with Bible knowledge is our modern atmosphere, that it would be almost as easy to close the portals of the East and shut out the day-spring, as to exclude the morning of Truth now dawning on the mountains of Time—that it would be almost as easy to make the Mediterranean another Haarlem Lake, and pump it dry, as to drain off from the Old World and the New that knowledge of the Lord which is beginning to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

2. Whilst the sacred volume has thus multiplied, how amazingly has the evidence of its truth and divinity augmented! Its external evidence was never so strengthened in so short a time. Remember that there never was a period of research so sifting,—of inquiry so unscrupulous,—of discovery so unprecedented as the last forty years. Never—if we except the great Reformation upheaval—never was there a time when so many shams have exploded and so many phantoms been torn to tatters—never have so many hoary pre-

judices been marched off the stage, and so many time-honoured errors been consigned to oblivion, as within our living day ; and betwixt the severe tests of historic accuracy introduced by Niebuhr and the unexpected revelations of antiquity which have rewarded exploring enterprise, much that once passed for history is now no more than historic fable. It has been a nervous time for imposture ; it has been a noble time for the Bible. Each fresh discovery has been a new leaf to its laurel, a new gem in its coronet. Lieutenant Lynch has floated down the Jordan, and explored the Dead Sea ; and his sounding-line has fetched up from the deep physical confirmation of the catastrophe which destroyed the cities of the plain. Robinson, and Wilson, and Bartlett, and Bonar, have taken pleasure in the very dust and rubbish of Zion ; and they come back, declaring that the Bible is written on the very face of the Holy Land. Since Laborde opened up the lost wonders of Petra, its stones have cried aloud, and many a verse of Jehovah's Word stands graven there with a pen of iron in the rock for ever. Scepticism was wont to sneer and ask, Where is Nineveh, that great city of three days' journey ? But since Botta and Layard have shown its sixty miles of enclosing wall, Scepticism sneers no longer. Hidden in the sands of Egypt, many of God's witnesses eluded human search till within the last few years ; but now, when Bibles increase, and are running to and fro through the earth, and when fresh confirmations are timely, God gives the word, and there is a resurrection of these witnesses ; and from their sphinx-guarded sepulchres old Pharaohs totter into court and testify how true was the tale which Moses wrote 3000 years ago. " In my youth," said Caviglia,

when Lord Lindsay found him in the East, "I read Jean Jacques and Diderot, and believed myself a philosopher; I came to Egypt, and the Scriptures and the Pyramids converted me." And even so, a visit to Palestine, the reading of Keith's "Fulfilment of Prophecy"—nay, the mere sight of the Assyrian excavations, has converted many a one—just as I could scarcely imagine any one reading Dr. Stroud on the "Physical Cause of Christ's Death," or Mr. Smith on the "Shipwreck of St. Paul," without carrying away the firmest conviction of these historical facts, and, consequently, of all those vital truths which the facts by implication involve. And if, during this interval, the rampart has been strengthened, the rock itself has risen higher. It is not only the wall of circumvallation which has received fresh facings, as well as vaster blocks into its fabric, but the citadel itself is become a taller and more defiant stronghold. The outward confirmations have, no doubt, multiplied; but the internal evidence has augmented manifold. I do not so much refer to those minute mutual confirmations which the sagacity of Paley was the first to indicate, and which Blunt and Birks have so acutely followed up; nor to the appearance within these years of the works on internal evidence, so beautiful and so establishing, by Erskine and Gurney; but I mean those demonstrations of the Gospel's divinity which have been given on a larger scale in our own day than in any age since Pentecost,—the individuals and the communities among which it has been signalised as the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation.

3. I have said that never was the Word of God so abundant, and that never was its truth more incon-

trovertibly established. I would venture to add, that never was its meaning better understood. Thanks to the progress of philology and the exactness of modern exegesis, the precise force of words and phrases is now so thoroughly ascertained, that if no new doctrine has been added to the Creed, many a dark saying has cleared up, and many a passage faintly apprehended has beamed forth in full-orbed significance, or resolved, like a nebula before a powerful telescope, into so many sparkling felicities. Thanks to the progress of archæology, a man like Bekker knows the every-day life of an old Greek or Roman better than most people know the life of a modern Turk or Spaniard; and a man like Hengstenberg or Jahn knows the religious observances, the domestic economy, the daily on-goings of an ancient Hebrew, better than most of us know the habits and usages of the class in English society a little above or a little below ourselves. Thanks to the progress of this antiquarian zeal, a flood of illumination has overspread the historic Scriptures,—and with the home-life and sanctuary-life of ancient Palestine reproduced and restored; with its people reaping and threshing, and shearing sheep; arming for the battle, and burying the dead: travelling up to the temple, or attending a wedding,—with all this going on before our eyes almost as vividly as if we had existed alongside of Ruth and Araunah, David and Lazarus, Job and Nathanael, it is easy to see, not only what helps we have for realising the scene, but for dissolving many a difficulty and appreciating many a recondite, but interesting and instructive, detail. And thanks to a style of exposition at once rational and devout, the Scriptures have lately emitted their import with a spontaneousness and

fulness too little known to earlier commentators ; and by comparing Scripture with Scripture, and by seeking the mind of the Spirit in each particular passage ; by trying to find out the meaning of the text rather than confirmations for a tenet ; the lively oracles have yielded a richness and a variety of instruction which never rewarded the Procrustean exertions of prejudiced and predetermined commentators : so that, much as we love our churches, and much as we value our systems, we must all confess that Christianity is wider than any church, and Scripture more comprehensive than any system.

4. Finally, I may add, that never were there so many minds under Scriptural influences as at the present time. Not that we attribute all the effect to the direct perusal of the Scriptures. The persons impressed by the solitary or social reading of the Word may be comparatively few, but all who are wrought upon by the preaching of the Word, by the conversation of Christian friendship, by the instruction of Sabbath-schools, ultimately owe any good they get to that incorruptible seed of the kingdom. Silent, and often superficial, as its influence is, I scarcely know whither to turn without encountering the ubiquitous pervasion and universal ascendancy of the Book of books. The galleries of our princes blaze with canvass which catches inspiration from its themes, and the walls of the humblest cottage are adorned with pictures of Joseph and his Brethren, of David and the Giant, of Daniel in the Den, of the Wise Men at Bethlehem's Manger. Our art-manufactures borrow a charm from this exhaustless source, and in their applications of Scripture incident they faintly prefigure the day when on the horse-bridles and the bowls

of the altar, "Holiness to the Lord" shall be the glittering legend; and brightly in advance of the godless or Pagan poetry of other times—the literature of our living age, even when least professedly religious, like the wild deer that carries with it the odour of the herbs which it brushes in its course—that literature bears with it an aroma from the Mountain of Myrrh, and tells how thickly in the outside world plants are now blossoming which once were exotics confined to this sacred enclosure. Our legislation waxes more and more Scriptural, less sanguinary, less selfish, less profane, since the date of the Bible Society, and, in some degree, its doing. It has done away with a multitude of unnecessary oaths; it has repealed a hundred capital punishments; it has abolished the slave-trade and slavery; and it has done a great deal for the education of the people. That Bible has made us philanthropic. Multiplying institutions for every form of misery—for the blind, the deaf, the orphan, the diseased, the insane, the idiot, it has cleared up a wide and open channel where other ages only saw a misty and land-locked inlet, and in its cruise of kindness, and at a cost of many hundreds of thousands yearly, it leaves its Gospel on the shores of either hemisphere. The builder of our churches and chapels, the originator of our Ragged Schools, it is the father and the fosterer of all our evangelistic societies, for few except Scripture-readers are supporters of missions. All this it has chiefly accomplished through the minds who have come under its saving and transforming power. Far too few, these are no longer a solitary à-Kempis or a Bernard in his cell—no longer a shivering handful in a Waldensian valley, or a withered remnant, as in the black and blaspheming afternoon of the bygone century,

but already they constrain you to think of the multitude which no man can number. When the Bible Society was formed, its founders rejoiced because there was even one nobleman who would consent to preside over it ; there are twenty at least who would now be worthy successors to Lord Teignmouth. There were three or four members of Parliament who were not ashamed to speak at its meetings ; the Parliament now sitting could send to Exeter Hall ten times as many. And when you cast your eye over this British commonwealth, and over the equally numerous Transatlantic republic—when you recall the lesser companies of believers in France, Italy, Switzerland, the goodly bands in Prussia and Holland, and the mission churches of Polynesia, India, and Caffraria—when you think what all the Bible has been to you—when you think of the Saviour whom it has revealed—of the earthly home it has gladdened, and the bright hereafter which it has opened and ensured ; and when you further consider that all which your Bible has been to you is as nothing compared with what it has been to more vivid believers, to those not only *for* whom, but *in* whom Christ lives—to whom all its promises are “Yea and Amen”—to whom its heaven is not a mere futurity commencing by-and-by, but a blessed *present* which can never cease ;—when you consider all this, you will allow that it would be a less calamity which would withdraw the sun from the firmament or the oxygen from the atmosphere, than that which would rob regenerate humanity of the vital air and cheering light of Revelation. Or if you look at it as a patriot looks, you will allow that the Anglo-Saxon temperament—that mysterious and magical amalgam of races which makes the pentathlete and prize-winner all

the world over—if once the cementing principle—the Scriptural intelligence and godly fear, were dissolved out of it,—might become very like Nebuchadnezzar's image, partly gold, partly iron, and all tumbling down because it stood on feet of miry clay—you will allow that whatever power there may be in "blood," there is more in God's blessing—that whatever spell there may be in "mother wit," there is more in the wisdom from above—that whatever defence there is in a nation's heroism, no nation can long be heroic which does not look at "the things which are invisible;" and consequently, that whatever protection there may be in the wooden walls of Old England, there is still more in the paper boards of the Bible—still more in that adamant bulwark, the Word of the Lord, which, when armies have withered and flotillas have faded, remaineth for ever.

But God-like and Heaven-sent as the Bible is, I fear that few of us have taken in its entire effect. Few of us have felt the aggregate and collective impression of its several glories. And cheerfully allowing that there are more readers now than ever, and allowing, too, that the Book is better understood each successive year, I would still submit that there are very few on whose minds the Bible produces that manifold impression which its Divine completeness is fitted to imprint. I would like to make my meaning plain; and to make it plain, I would ask,—What constitutes your ideal of a perfect man. If you were asked to describe the normal type of humanity—the pattern man—what are all the mental and moral qualities which you would ascribe to him? Would you not give him an eye for the beautiful, and an ear for the melodious? In other words, would you not give him taste? Would you not

assign to him the ability to reason, and a relish for information? In other words, would you not assign to him the love and the faculty of knowledge—in one word, intelligence? Would you not endow him with a susceptibility to what is glorious in the Godhead, and what is endearing in manhood? In other words, would you not endow him with the devout and the benevolent affections? And, finally, would you not impart to him a conscience so tender that he would be wretched when doing wrong, and ready for the doing of all right? In other words, would you not impart healthy and active moral powers? Taste and intelligence, affections, devout and benevolent, and healthful moral powers,—these go together to make a perfect manhood. These went together when God made the first Adam, and these reappeared again together when the second Adam came. And to these various faculties, the book of man's Maker is marvellously and divinely adapted.

1. Have you taste? Then this is of all books the most sublime and beautiful. So Burns, and Byron, and many others have confessed, who still had no eye for its spiritual glories. But it would not lessen your appreciation of these last, if you enjoyed the other also; and if the same reader, who with the meekness of a new-born babe received the engrafted word which is able to save his soul, withal surrendered to the graphic and glowing word which is able to fire his fancy or refine his taste. This is a matter to which many men are indifferent; but it is not a matter to which the Creator is indifferent. He has made not only a useful world—a world which shall cover our tables with food, and load our hearths with fuel, but he has made a fair and lovely world, which shall fill our minds

with beautiful pictures, and soothe our chafed spirits with gentle and tender emotions. And though it may sound very shrewd, "Give me the coals and the corn, and I will give you the scenery—give me the solid wealth, and I will give you as much as you can carry off in both eyes!"—to say this is a humbling confession. It is to say that God has made a great deal for which you have no use, and which you cannot admire; and it is to confess yourself the inferior of that neighbour who "inherits all things,"—who agrees with the Almighty Maker in pronouncing his handiwork "very good," and who may enjoy the corn and the coals none the less because his higher nature has first found a feast in the mere sight of the hills and the valleys.

"Doctrine and duty is what I want in my Bible," says one; "I have no use for poetry and pictures." That is to say, you have no use for a large portion of the Book. Many of the precepts, many of the practical lessons of Scripture are embedded in picturesque narratives; and many of its doctrines must be quarried from under a bright and verdant surface,—drawn up, as in the miner's basket, from what is at first sight only a touching incident or a thrilling psalm. Surely he is the completer man, and to him the Bible is the diviner book, whose utilitarian instinct is not more satisfied with its solid commodities, than his æsthetic nature is regaled with its ethereal beauties and transcendent charms; and of the two I expect he will come nearest to a Scriptural theologian, not who merely says in the words of a formula, "God is a Being infinite in power," but who, withal saying this, can accompany the adoring Psalmist in his printless path on the waters, and enter his pavilion of dark clouds, and see Jehovah

looking on the mountains, till beneath his burning eye the volcano smokes, or who with the patriarch of Uz, mounts the spurning charger, and flies till lightning flashes from his feet, and in the clash of conflicting squadrons thunder "clothes his neck," and fluctuates o'er the plain. And of the two, I expect he will come nearest to a New Testament disciple, not who is content with a code of Christian ethics, but whose eye affects his heart, and who, through the music of Christ's words, and the beauty of Christ's parables, and the fascination of Christ's walk, is led to pant after Christ's spirit, and absorb Christ's example.

2. Have you intelligence? Have you a thirst for knowledge,—a love of information? Do you wish to have your understanding expanded by the greatest thoughts, and your memory furnished with the most important facts? Then begin with the Bible. You will find in it the materials of an inexhaustible instruction. Even on such matters as ethnology, or the cradles of the different human races, on the origin of laws, on the commencement of different arts and inventions, you will be astonished how large is the light which it throws; and on matters of infinitely higher moment its information is sole and exclusive. How evil first got into our world, what has been our human history in relation to the Most High, what are his dispositions towards us, and his purposes regarding us, how alone we are to recover the nobility of our nature, and the blessedness of our primeval condition—on questions such as these, there is only one Book which can give an absolute and authoritative deliverance. And yet, from not understanding what they read—or, rather, from reading without understand

ing what they seek for—millions are missing the main contents of the Bible. For instance, there are four great histories contained in it: a History of Redemption; a History of the Jews; a History of the Saviour; and a History of the First Planting of Christianity. And no words can express the moral and intellectual mastery, the firm footing to his faith, the key to other truths, which a man acquires by getting a comprehensive knowledge of any one of these four histories. But there are many chapter-readers, many text-learners, to whom these histories are each a hazy huddle, and who would find it impossible to describe the successive stages by which the great redemption developed on the world, from its first dim dawn at Eden to its full Pentecostal blaze; who could not coherently relate the original segregation, and the subsequent fortunes of that pupil-nation, that scholar-people, to whom God committed his oracles, and into whose arms he was about to consign his Incarnate Son; nay, who could not even give a succinct statement of the manner in which the Saviour set about his ministry, and how he filled up its three short years, and how it really was that he finished the work which the Father gave him to do; and who could as little tell the beginning of the Church's history, and where and how it was that the tender plant of Christianity was first transferred from its Hebrew nursery, its forcing ground in Jerusalem, and planted out in our open Gentile forest. And very much as a consequence of this confusion, there are numbers not careless, not neglecters of the Bible, who have not yet found out the chief things for the sake of telling us which the Bible was given; who hardly know what is God's aspect in the Gospel, whether it is lowering or loving, and whether

salvation is wages to be worked for, a blessing to be prayed for, a boon to be earned by tears and endeavours ; or a gift free and gratuitous, the purest of presents, a donative divine and absolute, only waiting to be enclasped and enjoyed : and who, if they do know that trust in Christ is salvation, can hardly tell whom it is that they believe, or how it is that believing *him* should save *them*.

3. Have you emotions and affections ? Then the Bible tells you things that you should hate. It tells you things that should stir your indignation ; it tells you, too, of One whom you cannot love enough, and to whom you can never feel enough beholden.

After twenty years of labour the missionaries had come no speed in Greenland. They had taught the elements of natural theology, and many a moral lesson, but without the slightest success. One day John Beck was writing out the Greenland version of the Gospels, and some of the savages were looking on. They asked him what it was : he read to them Christ's agony in the garden. Some of them laid their hands on their mouths, and one of them exclaimed, in a loud and anxious tone, " How was that ? tell me that once more, for I, too, would fain be saved." It was the first time that such an exclamation had been heard from the lips of a Greenlander ; and not only Kajarnak, but many of his companions, soon yielded to the " Story of Grace," as told in God's own Word ; and finding how the sharpest of weapons is the sword of the Spirit, the missionaries thenceforth seldom wielded any other.

My dear friends, it would be good for us all if we allowed God himself to speak to us more. There is no voice so soft, yet so solemn ; so authoritative, yet so

considerate and kind. Let us not fear to listen, and however munificent its promises, however gracious its assurances, let us not diminish nor distrust them; for the Speaker means what he says—the Speaker is divine. We have had friends who did a great deal for us, but we have never had one who gave his life for us. Nay, were redemption a thing which had still to take place, and were the Friend of sinners coming to you and saying, “I am willing to die for you; I am prepared to shed my blood as a ransom for your soul; but the prospect is very terrible: even now its awful accompaniments make me sorrowful even unto death:” fearful as would be the alternative, I think you would refuse. I think you would be constrained to cry, “No, no, blessed Jesus, it cannot be! That heaven, with its bright spirits and its happy bowers, is very captivating; and, oh! that hell, with its blaspheming inmates and its sleepless anguish, is very horrible. But thou! thou whose pure soul never felt the shadow of one sinful thought, that thou shouldst perish in torture and in shame to purchase heaven for me, it were atrocious to allow it; it must not, cannot be! Live, kind Saviour, live! and forward to thy deserved fate, oh guilty, hapless wretch!” But the Saviour was too generous to consult you. It was a matter betwixt the Father and himself,—the loving Father and the loving Son. And now that it is all over, he comes to you in the Gospel asking two things. He comes asking, as if a favour for himself, that you would take the benefit of his finished work, that you would trust your soul’s salvation to his God-propitiating and God-glorifying atonement. And then he asks that you would do this other favour for the friend who died for you. He is visibly here no longer.

He no longer goes about dispensing benefits, cures, temporal comforts, salvations, through the abodes of men. But he wishes the work to go on, and he wants it to be carried on by you. Do you love me? then love my brothers, and make them happy. Do you love me? then love all other Christians, and try not to find out their failings, but to foster and help forward their graces. Do you love me? then clothe the naked, tend the sick, visit the prisoner, reclaim the outcast. Do you love me? Minister, teacher, neighbour, lovest thou me? then feed my sheep—feed my lambs.

4. Finally, Have you active powers? Have you energies which can be directed to practical purposes? Then the Word of God tells you how to bestow these in the manner most worthy of your high calling and your immortal destiny. It shows how there is not a thing so trivial or so secular but there is a way of doing it which pleases your Master in heaven, and redounds to the glory of God.

In one part of Burmah there is a village of professing Christians belonging to the Karen race. Fourteen years ago, although they had Christian teachers, they had no Bible; at least, their entire Bible was the Gospel of Matthew in manuscript. One day the missionary's wife was reading to a group of them that chapter where Christ speaks of visiting himself when sick or in prison as represented in the person of his disciples. They instantly took it home to themselves: like most heathens, they had hitherto been very heartless towards their suffering neighbours. But they were not content with knowing the Lord's will; they went their way, and did it. There was one poor widow who, along with her child, was afflicted with leprosy. They had hitherto left her to

pine away neglected and uncared for; they now hastened to her hovel. Some of them cleaned her house; another fetched water; and some brought her rice and other comforts, till the poor outcast was bewildered with delight. In the same way they dealt with other afflicted neighbours. And it was not a mere spurt of kindness, but was sustained with silent and unostentatious perseverance,—none being allowed to lack what they themselves enjoyed.* So was it in the beginning of the Gospel. In some measure inured to that tender mercy which came with the Advent, we can hardly realise what a burst of benevolence shone forth on the world for the first time when the disciples were all of one heart and one mind, and had all things in common; and, inverting the selfishness of fallen humanity, found a deliciousness and a joy in doing good and diffusing happiness. And, although all the busy philanthropies of the present age are so many successive emanations from the same great source of loving-kindness, we are far from fancying that the limit has been reached, or that Christians are yet as kind and genial and beneficent as the Gospel would admit of, or as the God of love desires.

For some years the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists have had an interesting mission among the Khasiah Hills of India. One of the converts said to his teacher, "The Word of God is truly wonderful, for I have some new thoughts every time I look into it. I do not find it so with anything else; but the Word of God is like a fountain which sends forth fresh waters every day. They are not the same; but though they differ, they are all very good. Even the same verse says something new whenever I look into it." This is "the divine fulness

* "The Bible in many Lands," p. 14. (Bagster.)

of Scripture," which Luther adored ; and this is "the exceeding broadness of the commandment" which, when the works of genius and clever compositions looked to the Psalmist like ponds and reservoirs, stretches away in shoreless plenitude, defying a seraph to fathom its depth, or an archangel to see to the end of its "perfection." And though I can foresee great things awaiting the Bible—though I could hope for the Psalms of David a transfusion into metre worthy of their matchless grace and grandeur—though I would not despair of there yet rising up in the Church of God some intellect at once colossal and devout, a mighty conciliator, who should demonstrate harmonies where at present we see only contradictions, and who should propound a creed that would be not a perspective, but a projection *in plano*, and which should carry general consent, not by its abundant omissions, but by its rightly-placed and rightly-proportioned insertions ; whilst I quite believe that the Christian Church is yet in its ethical infancy, and that, as we follow on to know the Lord, the standard of Christian consistency will rise till the Church of the Future is as much purer than the Church of the Present as that church is purer than Corinth : till, for instance, "hatred, variance, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies," be to its members as rare and revolting as to us already are "lasciviousness, idolatry, murder, drunkenness, revellings, and such like ;" and till a churl, a miser, or an idler, shall be deemed as unfit for Christian fellowship as we deem a swearer or a Sabbath-breaker : though I can imagine and hope all this—though Christendom may not be mature enough to perceive as yet all those beauties of thought and theological riches—all that ethical wisdom and heavenly sustenance with which the Most High has

replenished his Word,—what I wish to impress on your minds and my own is, that there is no end to the discoveries and the delights which await the exploring and prayerful student. Like the Khasiah Christian, you will find that even the same verse says something new every time you look into it, and new circumstances will give it new significance. Even the same Bible, perused in sickness or sorrow, will be as good as a new revelation; and though you should live to the years of a patriarch—though you should attain the comprehensive views of a Butler or a Calvin—though you should carry to the study the learning of a Gesenius or a Scaliger—though you should be blessed with the experimental enjoyment which made Fletcher, Martyn, and M'Cheyne, so mighty in the Scriptures—like the father of the modern astronomy, you will confess, at the last, “I have picked up a few pebbles on the strand, but the ocean is still to explore.”





PT Young Men's Christian
21 Associations. London
V68 Lectures delivered before
1852/53 the Young Men's Christian
Association in Fyeter Hall

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

